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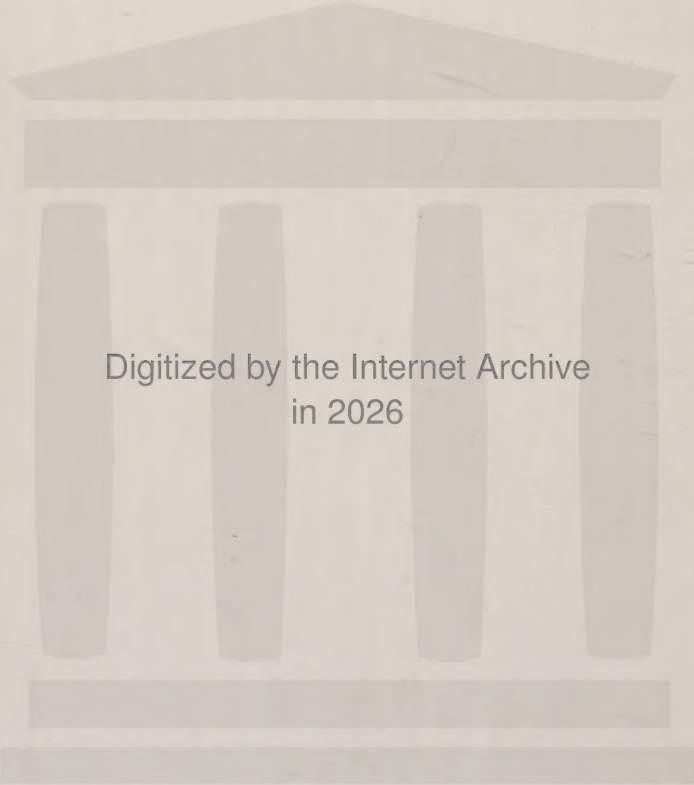
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"OLD JOHN," THE SEXTON, AND ANCIENT CROSS NEAR CHURCH PORCH, SANCREED [p. 263]

ENGLAND'S RIVIERA

A TOPOGRAPHICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL
DESCRIPTION OF LAND'S END, CORNWALL
AND ADJACENT SPOTS OF BEAUTY AND
INTEREST

BY

J. HARRIS STONE, M.A.(Cantab.)

F.L.S., F.C.S., BARRISTER-AT-LAW OF THE WESTERN CIRCUIT,
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WITH 137 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S
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ENGLAND'S RIVIERA

CHAPTER I

LAND'S END, CORNWALL, AND THE ADJACENT SPOTS OF BEAUTY AND INTEREST

ALL beginnings are tiresome. They are often decided nuisances, whether in starting to write a book, or in taking any other fresh step in life. There seems deeply planted in the nature of man a distinct disinclination to launch away, an inherent unwillingness to make a start. The intermediate stages are simply to be endured, because of the object in view. For it is the end, and means to that end, that causes the initiative; that smooths over the roughness of the beginning of every fresh undertaking; that is the spur to action; that is the source of inspiration, whether in Commerce, Art, or Science. "The Seven Springs" has the end in view, when the streamlet timidly starts on its journey to form the Thames. The interesting parts of that river are the course—Seven Springs, and London at the end. Who troubles about the middle, about the miles and miles of intermediate country? Journeys end in lovers meeting, every wise man's son doth know. "The Seven Springs" starts away to the happy end in becoming acquainted with London, and in meeting the sea. *Respice Finem*: "Remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss."¹ So the orator is merely careful about his opening remarks—they are bothersome but necessary: he lets the middle part of his discourse take care of itself, leaving it a good deal to depend upon the feeling in the atmosphere momentarily surrounding his audience; but he looks well to his ending, and that he carefully prepares. It is by his ending that his speech will probably be re-

¹ Ecclesiasticus vii. 36.

membered. It is the last tickle he administers to the mental palates of his audience which remains longest.

The counsel begins by engaging the attention of the jury ; he grows prosy and full of tiresome facts in the middle of his oration ; but his ending is impassioned, persuasive, and deliberately calculated to make impression on their minds, just before they retire to consider their verdict—that is, of course, if the advocate knows his business and understands how best to play his cards.

The beginning of the game may be noticeable ; the play itself may be of interest, but it is the end of the game upon which the attention is concentrated. Placing a coin on the green cloth at Monte Carlo is exciting, but it is the end of the spinning of the roulette which is the thrilling, absorbing part of the business—or pleasure.

Beginning to read a novel is a thing to put off. The middle pages are skimmed through rapidly, to see how all the mysteries, complications, and entanglements end. So people mostly read novels for their endings, and remember them, too, by their endings—not by their beginnings. The successful novels—commercially successful, I do not say artistically successful—have all pleasing endings by which they are remembered, and recommended to others. A novel with a sad ending is looked at askance by publishers.

John o' Groats, the proverbial beginning of this country, may interest some—I know it not, so cannot say in what its interest consists—but Land's End interests all. The end of a country, I care not what, has always interest of some kind or other. That is why small islands always interest me more than continents. You can grasp an end, you cannot grasp a beginning—you do not know whither it may lead you. Islands consist of nothing but ends. They are ends all round. Consequently an island is a comprehensible entity, a complete personality which can be grasped, understood, absorbed, digested—there is no end to a continent, you never get to the bottom of it.

Cornwall is not an island, but it is next door to being an island—it is the most island-part of England, and it consequently presents many of the usual charming features and engrossing characteristics of seductive interest which pertain to islands proper. It follows, therefore, naturally

and logically that the most interesting part of Cornwall is its end—Land's End. The beginning of Cornwall is simply Devonish; the middle portions are, no doubt, worthy of attention, being so insular, with a sea on two sides they naturally would be, but the end—Land's End—is the part which is entrancing.

When the proverbial expression, "From John o' Groats to Land's End," first arose I have failed to ascertain, but its meaning is obvious. It is used to express in forcible language the length and breadth of the land; to the uttermost parts of the earth. In this respect it is similar to Sterne's "Dan to Beersheba"—"I pity the man that can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, 'Tis all barren.'" "China to Peru" is another favourite phrase, expressive of the same meaning:—

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."¹

Pope is more modest:—

"Waft a sigh from Indus to the pole."²

Burns used John o' Groats proverbially, but he ends his proverb at modest Maidenkirck:—

"Frae Maidenkirck to John o' Groats,
A chiel's amang you taking notes."³

Still the homely English expression, well understood of the masses, is always "From John o' Groats to Land's End."

In shape Cornwall is very much like Italy, being remarkably leg-like in appearance. This southernmost and westernmost county of England has a long coast-line, and the land at the sea-coast is very jagged, and much broken up into bays and sharp headlands. Referring to the comparison to the human leg, one sees at a glance that the toe is Land's End, the heel is the mass of serpentine rocks known as the Lizard, the intervening district, or sole, Mount's Bay. The instep is St. Ives, and the body of the leg (if legs have bodies) is the main portion of the county. The calf has, like the padded calf of footmen in comic papers, got out of position, and has twisted round to the front of the leg, and

¹ Johnson, "Vanity of Human Wishes."

² Pope, "Eloisa to Abelard."

³ Burns on "Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland."

lies between Tintagel and Newquay, with Padstow in the middle of the hump. The proper place for this calf of the Cornish leg should, of course, have been at St. Austell. If the leg were booted, the spur would find its exact position at Falmouth Bay.

But here let me at once say that the casual tourist to Land's End must not go away after his day's visit, or even his week's, with the idea that he has taken in all the beauties of this remarkable spot. The varied and ever-changing aspect which these bold and romantic cliffs assume have quietly to be assimilated to be properly appreciated and comprehended. In these days of quick transit and rapid change from place to place, we are too apt to draw conclusions from insufficient data. We live in a blotting-paper age. We do not allow even our ink to dry.

To be appreciated and estimated at their proper value, the cliffs of this part of Cornwall must be seen in calm and in storm; in sunshine and in cloud; in bright gladness and in sombre despondency.

We English love the sea and all belonging to it. We are in the first place a nation of sailors. No wonder the Cornish folk especially love their country, for it has sea nearly all round it. Those who have known the musical sound of the immeasurable waves from their childhood, like all the Cornish-born, can never be content to dwell amid what is to them the dreary quietude, the comparative platitude of inland scenery. A landscape without sea is to them like the face of a mute, devoid of movement and life. They pine for the ever-changeful sea, the insatiable ocean never the same two moments together, with moods as manifold and emotional as a woman's. For always the sea is living, always beautiful. A mountain scene is beautiful, but with a dumb, dull, inarticulate beauty. The sea speaks. Little wonder, then, the Cornish people are clannish, for they are bound together with the best of all ties, the interesting and deep-seated love of their country, and even to this day, when leaving it to journey north, they speak of going to England.

How long that granite buttress of England, Land's End, has stood there bravely defying the wild fury of the Atlantic we know not. Geologists, dealing in awful ages,

attempt to tell us from time to time, but their utterances are mere words, conveying no realisable facts graspable by our human understanding. But it is sufficient for us to know that Land's End, and the neighbouring country, contain relics of the most ancient civilisation of Britain.

"It is impossible to spend a few weeks in Cornwall without being impressed with the air of antiquity which pervades that country and seems like a morning mist, half to conceal and half to light up every one of its hills and valleys. It is impossible to look at any pile of stones, at any wall, or pillar, or gate-post, without asking oneself the question, Is it old or is it new? Is it the work of Saxon, or of Roman, or of Celt? Nay, one feels sometimes tempted to ask, Is this the work of nature or of man?"¹ As you visit one strange monument after another, as you go from ancient Celtic cross to cromlech, from prehistoric bee-hive hut to Danish castle, a sort of old-world sensation creeps over you—you can't prevent it; you feel as if you have got down to the very beginning of things, and the extreme antiquity of this part of England presents itself before you with peculiar insistency. That, however, is quite understandable, for the idea is conveyed, not by abstractions or by mental exercises, but by palpable and tangible relics which, rude and rudimentary as they are, yet bear on their faces, plain for the wayfaring man to see, the imperishable records of the shadowy past and bear irresistible testimony to the fact that they were made and graven by art and man's device.

The only spot I know which compares at all with this part of Cornwall for its richness in antiquities is also very Celtic. The Arran Islands off the west of Ireland are remarkably rich in interesting remains. There, in a walk of nine miles, one meets with the ruins of some fourteen churches, as well as the remains of monasteries and hermitages besides round towers and fortresses galore.

Land's End is the land of the wild, the picturesque, and the imaginative. It is the land of giants and romance, the birthplace of stories and children's tales which have achieved imperishable fame.

¹ Max Müller, *Chips from a German Workshop*, Vol. III, p. 248.

And this part of Cornwall is very stony—naturally stony. It is a typical *Balbus* country ; remarkably reminiscent of that *Balbus* of the old Latin grammar, who was so partial to building walls, and so upsetting to our youthful minds, by reason of the varying moods and tenses in which he built those walls. Stones are the prevailing feature of Land's End, not only on the sea border, but inland. They are used to mark boundaries. They are used as stiles. They are used as hedges, for in Cornwall a hedge is the name given to any fence, stone or otherwise, which has vegetation on it. The stones are often high pillars, monoliths, four, six, even ten feet in height, of hard granite ! You come across them all over the barren country of Land's End, taking the place of trees. Where timber is employed in other countries, stones are employed in this district of Cornwall. The houses, of course, are all built of stone, solid granite, looking substantial and well-to-do, no matter how humble they really be. The boundary stones are large blocks of granite, set up, cheek by jowl, in stern, soldier-like rows impervious to the wildest storms, and storms are by no means rare over Land's End. These rows of roughly hewn monoliths, ranged over the bare, grass-covered downs, are distinctive features of the landscape. The country field-gates are hung on larger blocks of granite from iron staples let into the stones, and their wonderful substantiality is impressive.

But it is not only antiquaries and health-seekers that love the British Riviera. The Land's End district of Cornwall is rapidly becoming, if it has not already become, the centre of English art. Not only is there always a larger proportion of obviously Cornish subjects exhibited at Burlington House and other galleries than of any other county of England, but a still larger number of canvases (not of named Cornish scenes) have been painted there. The reason is twofold. When the other counties of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland are murky and dull with fog, pronounced or incipient, there is light in Cornwall, and artists are children of light. And then again, painters are a very gregarious set. St. Ives alone has now close upon a hundred studios, and there is seldom a vacant one. Newlyn, a name which has given rise to a distinct school of art authors, is a little compact colony of artists. Mr. Stanhope Forbes,

R.A., who may be called its father, is the pioneer of the open-air, realistic style of painting, and with Mrs. Stanhope Forbes has made the place also a great teaching centre. Other well-known Newlyn artists are Mr. Walter Langley, Mr. T. C. Gotch, Mr. Norman Garstin, Mr. Lamorna Birch, and Mr. Sherwood Hunter, but at Sennen also and all round this coast do artists congregate, so it is no wonder that the fame and the beauty of the Land's End district of Cornwall get noised abroad.

CHAPTER II

THE INDIVIDUALITY OF COUNTIES AND CORNWALL IN PARTICULAR

A FRIEND of mine who recently took a cycle tour from Malvern to Salisbury and back, completing a large circle of some two hundred miles, was struck with the diversity of features and manners of every county through which he passed. Without consulting map or book he always knew when he was in another county. Each county seemed to possess an individuality of its own, that could not be attributed to merely physical, political, religious, or social barriers. The very material of which the roads were composed, the peculiar disposition of houses, telegraph wires, of architecture, seemed to contribute to this individuality of character.

The physical appearance of the people in each county varied. The choice of words, the accent, even the slang employed in one county, were not exactly similar to those in another. The physical geography of the county, or as some call it climate, may, of course, be accountable for some of these differences, but not for all.

To what, then, are we to attribute these distinctions of counties? We cannot trace them to William the Conqueror and the *Domesday Book*. They seem to be racial rather than physical distinctions, each instinct with its own tradition, which has transcended all the varieties of historical experience without losing its originality.

For example, Canterbury still remains what it was in Chaucer's day, when the pilgrims of the *Canterbury Tales* arrived at the Chequers Inn, and Kent, as a whole, still produces sturdy, God-fearing, independent folk, who seem still to reflect the Christianity which first came to be preached in their county.

Tunbridge Wells, since the year 1685, keeps its Puritan associations in the names of its streets (Mount Pleasant, Beulah Road, Zion Hill, Calverley, Calvary Road, Mount

Ephraim, etc.), and even in the type of its inhabitants. They are to this day an exclusive community of puritanically minded, austere, simple, strait-laced, unworldly people.

Dover has changed little in its character or its people since the landing of Charles II.

Deal still produces the hardy boatmen and daring long-shoremen for whom it has always been famous.

Devonshire, as Mr. Froude has pointed out, produced all our great English seamen. In the days of Elizabeth, Drake and Hawkins, Sir Richard Grenville and Sir Walter Raleigh. That county was most noted for weaving and song, till within our own memory. It remains untouched by modern civilisation with its love of money, its socialistic ideas, its love of luxury. Barnstaple and Bideford representatives of old-fashioned Elizabethan market harbours, from which the merchant princes went forth to win renown beyond the seas. On the other hand, the democratic city of Bristol, with its love of mayors, of Quaker associations, or religious trusts, of local committees, still retains its purely commercial aims and interests. Even the Church of England refuses the Bishop of the diocese a hand in more than one-third of the appointments to livings.

The flats and fens which give such a melancholy and gloom to the five counties round and including Huntingdon, were factors, as Bishop Creighton suggests, in *The Stories of Some English Shires*, in producing the Puritan Cromwell. "The bridge of St. Ives still retains the old bridge-chapel, now converted into a house, which testifies to the sense of our ancestors of the perils of a journey. Everywhere there are traces of old-world life. The traveller feels that he is in Cromwell's county, in the land where a sober discharge of daily duties taught one of England's greatest heroes to understand the spirit of the nation's past, and form a clear conception of its future mission."

The county of Derby, since the sixteenth century, has been famous for a long list of mechanical inventors and erudite antiquaries, such as Agard and Arkwright, Outram—who gave the name to tramways—Dr. Samuel Pegge, Chantrey, the sculptor, Sir Joseph Paxton and Sir Charles Fox, the engineers of the Crystal Palace, Bateman and Bloore, distinguished antiquaries and topographers, Rad-

cliffe, the inventor of the "dressing machine," and Fitzherbert, the father of English husbandry.

"Cumberland, as a whole, has not been changed by the spirit of modern industry. It keeps more clearly than any part of England the traces of old times. Its people are stalwart, sturdy, and independent. The sense of personal dignity is strong, and secures a genuine social equality. The Cumbrians pride themselves on being kindly, homely, and outspoken. Even a passing traveller through the county feels that he is amongst a folk who have their roots in an historic past."¹

Somerset has always borne a reputation for sturdy independence, a love of liberty, and intolerance of oppression and wrong, combined with a certain amount of austerity. The county's sentiments were rather with Cromwell than Charles.

Warwickshire has always been in the forefront of English endeavour. As Bishop Creighton says, "It was not accidental that Warwickshire produced the greatest of Englishmen. 'The heart of England,' as the county has been called, summed up all that was most purely English in its scenery and its associations. The quiet beauty of the winding Avon is still the same as when Shakespeare wandered along its banks. The neighbouring country had, in a still greater degree than now, the charm of English woodland; for the region of Arden, which Shakespeare has immortalised, had not been enclosed, though the clearings were frequent enough to rob it of its old wildness, and make a conspicuous example of all that is most charming in rural life. . . . Shakespeare's genius, in true English fashion, was combined with homely common sense."

Now Cornwall has always been a peculiar county, set apart—as it were—from the rest of England. By Nature it was separated from England, or nearly so, by the Tamar; so that practically it is an island, and may be considered as such.

The natives of the east end of Cornwall still talk of going to England when they cross the Tamar, as we have said. Counties which are insular or peninsular "breed an obstinate provincialism, unknown in the merely historical or administrative divisions of a great plain; and this rooted provincialism, rather than finished cosmopolitanism, is a source of

¹ Mandell Creighton, Bishop of London, in *The Stories of Some English Shires*.

the varied initiative without which liberty would lose half its significance.”¹

Its civilisation is as early as, if not earlier than any other part of the country, which again is only natural, for foreign ships approaching England sight first Land’s End, Cape Cornwall, or the Lizard, and the enterprising mariners of the ancient civilisations would first land there. Its remarkable history and its deeply seated individuality owe inception in all probability to the element tin.

Until quite recent times most men and women lived their lives in the neighbourhood of the place where they were born. Even at the present day instances of this are less uncommon than many would imagine, especially in Cornwall. For example, I went into a cottage at Sennen Cove and entered into conversation with the solitary old lady living there quite alone. She told me she had never once slept out of her cottage, and the farthest journey she had been was once to St. Ives. When at the Lizard I came across a most intelligent man—a “serpentine-worker,” that is, a maker of little ornaments out of the local marble, which is a great industry of the promontory. I ascertained that though past middle age he had never been away from home farther than Truro, and that his mother and father before him had made that town the limit also of their travels. He was one of the “José”—clan-descendants of Spaniards who had intermarried at the Lizard with the natives. These are not notable exceptions, for even on the busy thoroughfare of Penzance to Land’s End the driver of the old-fashioned ’bus still carrying His Majesty’s mails said his greatest journey had been to Bodmin to attend as a witness at the assizes, and he had no desire to visit London, though he had had tempting offers to do so.

So we see it is probably the rule that, except in the case of London and some seaport towns, where foreigners came and settled, each person alive a hundred years ago only was, as a rule, descended from a few hundred ancestors who had all lived in his own neighbourhood for centuries past. “Since the beginning of the present century,” says Mr. Mackinder, “pedigrees have become more complicated, owing to the frequent shifting of population in the process

¹ Mackinder, *Britain and the British Seas*, p. 15.

of economic readjustment. A national solidarity of blood is being gradually substituted for provincial solidarities ; but there are still strongly marked local characteristics in the great majority of the humbler population, although the upper classes, at least of England, have already blended more or less into a common type."

Diodorus the Sicilian, a contemporary of Cæsar and Augustus, probably wrote his famous work after the year 8 B.C., when Augustus corrected the calendar and introduced the intercalation every fourth year. His undoubted reference to Cornwall is most interesting and valuable. He says (Book V, chap. 11), "But Julius Cæsar in our time . . . was the first . . . that conquered the island, and compelled the Britons to pay Tribute. . . . We shall now only say something concerning the island, and the Tin that is found there. In form it is triangular, like Sicily ; but the sides are unequal . . . but the other point called Balerium is four days' sail from the continent." This point is evidently either Land's End or Cape Cornwall. "Now we shall speak something of the Tin that's dug and gotten there. They that inhabit the British Promontary of Balerium, by reason of their Converse with Merchants, are more civiliz'd and courteous to Strangers than the rest are. These are the People that make the Tin, which with a great deal of Care and Labour they dig out of the Ground ; and that being Rocky the Mettle is mixt with some veins of Earth, out of which they melt the Mettle and then refine it. Then they heat it into four-square Pieces like to a Dye and carry it to a British isle, near at Hand, called Iktis" (St. Michael's Mount). "For at low Tide, all being dry between them and the Island, they convey over in Carts abundance of Tin in the meantime. But there's one thing peculiar to these islands, which lye between Britain and Europe ; For at Full Sea they appear to be Islands, but at low water for a long way they look like so many peninsula's. Hence the merchants transport the Tin they buy of the inhabitants to France, and for thirty days journey they carry it in packs upon horses backs through France, to the mouth of the River Rhone. But this much concerning Tin." ¹

¹ *The Historical Library of Diodorus the Sicilian.* "Made English by G. Booth, of the City of Chester, Esq. London, MDCC." Page 185.

CORNWALL, TIN AND THE BIBLE 13

For which, Diodorus, we owe thee many thanks, as you show us how far in advance at that early period was this part of Cornwall over the rest of Britain in commerce. While the remainder of this island of ours was peopled by half-naked savages, living on their flocks and herds, and internecine wars; clothed in skins, or only clothed in war-paint at times; while Paris was not; while the artistic cities of the Continent were primeval forests or swamps, peopled by lake-dwellers or savages, Land's End and Mount's Bay were peopled with industrious inhabitants living in little bee-hive huts, burying their great men in state under cromlechs, and not only forging their own weapons of metal, but bartering ingots of tin for the commodities of foreign parts. In general education the Cornishmen of those days must have been far in advance of their compatriots.

Herodotus, who wrote in 440 B.C., knew something of Cornwall from hearsay, for he says, "I have nothing certain to relate concerning the western bounds of Europe. I know as little of the islands called Cassiterides from the tin, which is thence imported amongst us." Here again notice, it was tin which in those early days made Britain known to ancient civilisation; not oysters, as some have said, and certainly not coal.

If Cornwall (and the Scilly Isles) supplied the ancient world with tin, as seems most probable, then it follows that the tin mentioned in the Bible came from the county. "Tarshish was thy merchant by reason of the multitude of all kind of riches; with silver, iron, tin, and lead, they traded in thy fairs" (Ezek. xxvii. 12).¹

If it be true that the tin of the Bible came from Cornwall, as most think who have studied the subject, how it exalts our estimate of the county, and of the mining industry which is its leading characteristic! The picture of the arrival of the merchants is thus graphically drawn by Mr. Lach-Szyrma: "Lo! to the south, ships are coming,—strange quaint, beaked galleys, with bronzed Jewish-looking crews in long Asiatic robes! They enter the Bay and make for the Mount, the appointed emporium of their trade with the natives, who are jealous of the foreigners landing on

¹ Also Num. xxxi. 22; Isa. i. 25; Ezek. xxii. 18, 20.

the mainland. Out of the bee-hive huts, now stream to the shore little crowds of the natives. They are a fair-skinned, bright-coloured people, and talk in a quaint Celtic language. Their dress is very queer,—‘long black cloaks and tunics reaching to the feet, girt about the breast,’ and they are ‘walking with staves’ in their hands. They make for the Mount; and lead with them their hardy little horses, laden with blocks of tin. These they barter with the Jewish-looking Merchants for money, clothes and pottery.”

It is, therefore, to the element and metal tin that Cornwall, from the earliest times of which we have any records, owes its pristine distinctive peculiarities. The commercial spirit which began at so early a period to be associated with Cornwall in conjunction with business capacity and training has never lapsed. Shrewdness, intelligence, directness of purpose, hospitality, are among the characteristics still noticeable in Cornwall, all of which, no doubt, are the fruit of the county’s early participations in business.

But I have no doubt this early trading with the ancient civilised world was also the indirect cause of the introduction of the delight in athletics which the inhabitants of Penwith have always displayed. The amphitheatre also came in its inception from Rome. The wrestling and hurling matches also may have been introduced by the Roman warriors, who landed at the havens of Cornwall. This love of sports is recognised by Macaulay, in his *History of England*, as is also the clannishness of Cornishmen. “The people of Cornwall, a fierce, bold, athletic race, among whom there was a stronger provincial feeling than in any other part of the realm,” were greatly moved by the danger of Trelawney, whom they honoured less as a ruler of the Church than as the head of an honourable house, and the heir through twenty descents of ancestors, who had been of great note before the Normans had set foot on English ground. It was then that the feeling of Cornwall broke forth into a stirring song, of which the burden is still remembered:—

“And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die?

Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why.”

But the counties differ remarkably not only in the character of the people, and their physiognomy and expression, but also in other directions.

Even the well-known folk-lore stories, nursery rhymes, and jingles are found to differ in details in the various counties, as do also the methods of using charms and the extent of, and belief in, peculiar superstitions.

The clannish feeling of the counties is in no way better exemplified than in the endeavours which are so repeatedly made to change the present judicial circuit system. It is found that jurymen of one county very much object to try causes and cases of other counties besides their own.

What is the *genius loci* which created these county entities, these remarkable local idiosyncrasies? William I could not have made them when he artificially divided up the country, and even the Roman invasion disturbed them not; witness the camps at Chester, Lincoln, Exeter, Dorchester, Camberley, which, though they remain in visual evidence to this day, never obliterated the local features and characteristics of the people. The question is one, we fear, which will take long in answering, and the solution, after all, can only take the form of theory. Buckle would say most of the distinctions were due to climate and physical geography. Mr. H. J. Mackinder has attempted the task, and for that purpose has individualised the counties and given elaborate explanations. For example, he says that the county system of England appears to have arisen in Wessex by a process of swarming from the first settlement of the West Saxons at Southampton and Winchester.

Bishop Creighton, who, as we have seen, evidently had an inkling of the subject, never boldly faced it, or attempted to collate the necessary facts, or explain the observations he had made. But though the causes are difficult to find, it is manifestly obvious that these county individualities are not for nothing. The variety of persistent manners, customs, idiosyncrasies, turns of thought and usages in our counties has gone far to preserve in England that many-sidedness of character and width of outlook which have given our country its primary rank among the nations. To these persistently differing traits are due in large measure our commercial versatility, our colonising genius, our permanent political constitution, which by its happy mixture of Parliament and peers, or mayors and county councils, of boards and boroughs, has solved the problem of how to com-

bine freedom with order and progress with reverence for the past.

In other words, the love of compromise, which is the outcome of our country life, has preserved our Church and State from ever being dominated by a single mind. Of this the complete failure of Cromwell's Protectorate is a sufficient proof. Even one of England's greatest men, the Duke of Wellington, who might have been a mighty autocrat, always asserted that he was the humble servant of the State.

The tendency of the time is to obliterate individuality. People move about more than formerly, travelling is marvellously on the increase, the influence of home and country life is waning. Will it happen that, with the universal levelling which is going on, the nation will become weaker?

The barriers placed by Nature—mountains, rivers, seas, and so on—have all naturally tended to seclude and separate communities. Sometimes, as with the Jews, sanitary laws and religion keep peoples separate from others. One great advantage which these factors for preventing segregation have brought to the front is the protection of minorities. Amalgamation of small entities of peoples, of little coteries of individuals, strongly knit together by common interests, traits, religion, manners, or customs, means sooner or later their absorption; in other words, the disappearance of them in the larger circle they have joined.

I have no doubt the Tower of Babel was anything but a curse. It was in my opinion a distinct advantage to the world.

Had the world started with one language, it would have been peopled with one people, imbued with one set of ideas, one way of regarding the external world, and would soon have sunk in a terribly depressing slough of universality. Competition would soon have died out, commonplaceness would have been exalted into a virtue, and the human race would soon have degenerated instead of advancing. It would soon have presented a picture of what it will be if socialism ever predominates.

Long, therefore, may Cornwall be just what it is—a corner of England replete with a feeling of respect for its great past, and a confident looking forward into the future; and yet always Cornwall, with its own special, pronounced individuality.

CHAPTER III

SENNEN CHURCHTOWN

PENZANCE is the gate of Land's End, and the Great Western Railway Company holds the key.

The drive from Penzance to Sennen, the last and therefore the first village in England—the real village of Land's End—is an up-and-down one, even switchbacky at places, and very sinuous. In several places it winds sharply like the curves in a capital "S." I am glad to say that recently many of these exceedingly sharp angles and quite dangerous curves have been rounded off, and the highway in consequence much improved in safeness and easy going for horse and motor vehicle. What did in old days does not suit the present time of rapid motors and much increased traffic.

The Penzance road going to Land's End passes, just on leaving the town, the municipal buildings and Town Hall on the right—a fine edifice well set back from the road where is also a small museum of antiquities—chiefly local.

At the commencement the way is through some fine Gothic arches of trees and past high-banked hedges where grow luxuriantly honeysuckle, ferns, and bramble. The mildness of the climate is evidenced at once by the dracenas, aloes, castor-oil plants, Australian gum trees, and other quite sub-tropical plants growing in the open in gardens and on the hedges on the outskirts of the town.

At the foot of one of the hills are a pretty avenue of trees and a trout stream, a bridge, and one or two picturesque cottages. Buryan Bridge is one of those picture bits which have often been seen at the Royal Academy and at other picture shows, it being quite handy for the little colony of artists resident at Newlyn close by.

As we near Sennen the landscape becomes tame and flat. Buryan Church is seen on the left, and Sennen Church also, long before it is near.

Houses scattered about over the bare, moor-like downs

are mostly of the simplest style of modern architecture conceivable. Two-storied, a ground floor and one above. The front door in the centre, a window on either side; two windows above, one on either side, with sometimes a centre one to light the staircase. These simple edifices of grey granite with slate roofs, with edging of whitewash picking out the door and windows, frown austere over a landscape in keeping with them in plainness and barrenness. They breathe a spirit of stern simplicity, moral superiority, and Methodist fervour of heart. Exactly similar structures occur in the distant parts of Ireland. But there, alas! the tidiness of the exteriors and the cleanliness of the interiors are wanting.

Soon after leaving Penzance, on the left-hand side in the hedge, the observant traveller will notice one of the old Celtic crosses. This is the first of many similar ancient relics he will see in this part of Cornwall. The contour shows no cross at all. Like all the other old crosses we shall come across in this part of Cornwall—a rich cabinet of antiquities—it is a monolith, and consists of a rudely fashioned granite shaft, with circular head on which is carved a cross. Many of the crosses we see about here are of the Greek form, showing the connection the ancient Cornish had with the Eastern Church. But many of them are of early British origin, or Celtic, of the second, third, or fourth, and perhaps even earlier centuries—venerable relics of antiquity indeed.

Many of them were set up by the Irish missionaries, who exercised a powerful influence over the people of this part of Cornwall in the time of St. Patrick. They were probably carved—a work of great labour in those days of primitive tools—when there were no regular roads in the county, and placed at spots to direct the traveller, and tradition says it was usual for the well-to-do traveller to deposit alms on these crosses for the benefit of the poor wayfarer who might chance to come that way. They also, no doubt, served as prayer stations, just as crucifixes do in the country places in France, Switzerland, Italy, Spain. Many of these Cornish crosses have crucifixes carved upon them.

Then again, they acted as guides to the various cells,

baptisteries, and oratories where dwelt the hermits and saints. Nearly every church, we shall find, has one near the south door, and often others in the vicinity.

A large monolith of granite will be seen standing, a solitary sentinel over some secret of ancient civilisation, on the right in a field close to the road. It is called the "Blind Fiddler," the true history of which, like many more similar stones, evidently artificially hewn and placed, is unknown. To account for these curiosities tradition has woven many fairy tales around them and dubbed them with fantastic names.

These antiquities are just the beginnings of the great wealth of ancient remains for which this district is famous.

The first and last oak tree in England is passed on the left, and after that few, if any, trees of any kind are to be met with on the way to Land's End. Near the Land's End, a quarter of a mile from the actual point, the first and last tree in England is to be seen, which is all the more noticeable because there are no other trees in the neighbourhood on these bare, bleak downs for miles. Judas might have repented before he could have found a tree to hang himself upon had he betrayed Christ in this part of Cornwall. Dr. Samuel Johnson, who loved the sight of forest trees and detested treeless countries, might have said of this part of Cornwall, as he did of Brighthelmstone Down, "it was a country so truly desolate that if one had a mind to hang one's self for desperation at being obliged to live there, it would be difficult to find a tree on which to fasten a rope."

The scarcity of trees in Cornwall generally is no new thing, though there is ample evidence that once the country was covered with dense forests. Carew, the historian of the county in 1602, wrote: "Timber hath in Cornwall, as in other places, taken an universal downfall, which the inhabitants begin now, and shall hereafter rue more at leisure; shipping, housing, and vessel, have bred this consumption; neither doth any man (well-near) seek to repair so apparent and important a decay." I am afraid we in this twentieth century are even now rather cutters down of trees than planters. It requires a most unselfish man to plant an oak; he can never hope to live to see it arrive at maturity.

We pass two roadside crosses at cross-roads, one on the left where a road turns off to Buryan, and one on the right at Crows-an-wra, then the tiny walled enclosure of the Quakers' burial-ground, a solitary chapel belonging to the Bible Christians, and soon on the right (opposite Sennen school-house) the awfully bad side-road leading down to Sennen Cove. A slight hill brings us to the blacksmith's forge on the left (behind which is the King's Table, *Table-Mên*), and then, passing the old church, our trap pulls up at the First and Last Inn, immediately next to it.

This was until recent years truly the first and last inn in England, but another has been established at the base of the promontory of Land's End itself. Still, to all intents and purposes, it is the first and last inn; the sign-board on one side displaying "The Last Hotel in England," and on the other side "The First Hotel in England." The inn-keeper is a farmer, and he also provides carriages for travellers. A very comfortable hostelry it is, though it seems a pity the good old name "inn" should have made way for the modern ambiguity—"hotel."

The visitors' book, as usual, contains a depressing collection of drivel, and pathetically piteous attempts at being funny. Among the best things I found there are these:—

"Mr. Welsh, of London, went into the First and Last,
And ordering a meal, found it a very good repast,
So his advice to others, who chance to pass this way,
Is to patronize the First and Last and spend a pleasant day."

Punning upon the name was, of course, inevitable:—

"These rhymes, from first to last, attest
An excellence of wit,
Where all agree upon a jest,
You cannot better it:
And though the First shall still be Last,
As 'First and Last' 'tis writ,
I was the last to come last night,
The first this morn to quit."

And:—

"At the Last Inn in England
Is excellent Cream,
And for quiet and comfort
'Tis the first Inn I ween."

In Hitchins's *Cornwall* (1824) is this reference to Sennen and the "First and Last":—

"Mean is the last village towards the Land's End, and

as such it is designated by a sign suspended over the door of a house of entertainment, on the eastern side of which it is said to be ‘The Last Inn in England,’ and on the western is inscribed, ‘The First Inn in England.’ This house, in which good accommodations may be found, derives its chief support from travellers, who, from motives of curiosity, visit this western extremity of the British shores, to inhale the spirit wafted from the Atlantic Ocean, and gaze on the wild sublimity which earth, and sea, and sky present to the optic sense.”

The good old English word “inn,” since 1824, has, as I have said, become “hotel,” just as that expressive word of our early dramatists, “lodgings,” has deteriorated into “apartments,” “girls’ school” into “establishment for young ladies,” “shop boy” into “grocer’s assistant,” “chimney sweep” into a “cleanser of chimneys,” and so on.

Sennen Churchtown lies nearly four hundred feet above the sea, and consists of one long, straggling street, the way to the Cove being either down the narrow road we passed on coming, or over a stile of the regular Cornish description and then across one or two fields divided by hedges and more stiles.

The post office is a picturesque thatched cottage, and opposite it a row of upright granite stones does duty as a wall, with a gate in the centre.

A huge granite stone lies on the ground at the back of the blacksmith’s shop. There is no directing post to indicate where it is situated, therefore it has to be looked for. Dr. Borlase, historian of Cornwall, calls this *Table Mean*, on which, according to tradition, three kings once dined together. *Main* or *Mên* is Cornish for “stone.” Hals, the old writer, says there were seven kings, “Ethelbert, fifth King of Kent; Cissa, second King of the South Saxons; Kingills, the sixth King of the West Saxons; Sebert, third King of the East Saxons; Ethelfred, seventh King of the Northumbrians; Penda, ninth King of the Mercians; and Sigebert, fifth King of the East Angles; who all flourished about the year 600.”

Of course, this remarkable stone is associated with a legend as well. Merlin, who has something to say of a

prophetic character about most huge stones in Cornwall, has prophesied that a yet larger number of kings will one day assemble around this rock for a similar festive purpose, previously to some stirring event, or even the end of the world itself. A similar sort of story is associated, as we shall see, with a curious split stone in St. Levan churchyard, and with a rock near the famous Lanyon Cromlech.

The Sennen Dinner Table is a most irregularly shaped granite block. I found on measurement that it was 7 feet 8 inches in length on one side, and 5 feet 10 inches on the side nearer the forge. Another side is 5 feet 11 inches long, and the height from the ground 3 feet 3 inches. So it will be seen how irregular a block of granite it is, and certainly it must have been a very uncomfortable table to sit at. The worthy kings could not have got their legs under it, so perhaps they reclined on couches around it, in the old Roman fashion.

The old Sennen churchyard encircling the church is small, and being full a little walled-in cemetery is now used a short distance on the main road north of the church. This is about 70 yards long by 50 wide. I saw a grave being dug there, and the man had to cut the rock away with chisel and hammer. An old cross, about ten feet high, evidently Celtic, stands in the centre. It was moved to its present position by a former rector from some field in the neighbourhood, where it was used as a bridge to cross a streamlet, and so is now kept from going further to destruction. The side facing the road shows a figure carved in relief, probably a crucifix, much weather-worn, and the reverse a cross carved also in relief. The parsons of Cornwall have been very good in rescuing their ancient remains from serving servile purposes, and I came across many similar instances.

Sennen is said to have derived its name from Sinninus, an abbot, who had been at Rome with St. Patrick, and who came hither with Germochus and Breaca, from whom Germoe and Breaga parishes are denominated. Landing at Hayle they separated from each other, when Sinninus retired further into the west than any of his companions, and took up his abode in the district which now bears his name, but which was formerly included in the parish of



SENNEN CHURCH AND FIRST AND LAST INN

[p. 20]



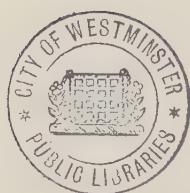
SEVEN KINGS' TABLE SENNEN

[p. 21]



CELTIC CROSS, CEMETERY. SENNEN

[p. 22]



Buryan. Dr. Pryce supposed that Sinninus, on his landing near Hayle, was murdered by Theodorick, and that Breaca and others built this church to commemorate his name. His festival as a martyr is celebrated on June 30th.

St. Sennen's feast, or, at any rate, that of the parish, is on Advent Sunday, or the Sunday nearest to St. Andrew's Day.

Hals raises a doubt as to the place having been named after the Irish saint, St. Sinninus. He thinks the word Sennen means the Holy Valley, from *San*, holy, and *nam*, valley. Modern criticism is against this, as there are no valley and no marks or signs of there having been any special sanctity at Land's End.

The connection between Ireland and this part of Cornwall must have been at one time considerable. Several of the relics found in association with the very ancient antiquities bear a remarkable resemblance to ancient Irish objects of the same class. Notably, I may mention the gold torques and gorgets (especially that found near Padstow) and the gold cup found in a barrow at Liskeard, the golden armlet from Sancreed, and the curious golden and very characteristic fibula found at the Lizard.

CHAPTER IV

SENNEN CHURCH

SENNEN Church—the first and last church in England—is situated in the one street, or rather country road, of which Sennen consists and is suitably in close juxtaposition to the First and Last Inn in England. This close relationship of church and inn in old English villages is not unusual. In the Middle Ages the inn was often owned by the parson, and before the era of good roads all over the country this close connection between inn and church was most convenient, if not almost necessary. Horses and chaises could be put up at the inn whilst the travellers attended service. In out-of-the-way spots in Ireland people to this day attend service arriving on horseback from distant places across the bogs, where roads or even bridle paths are not. In distant Connemara I have seen many a good yeoman with his wife on the same horse, the wife behind holding on to her husband, arrive from far-away spots across the mountains to attend Sunday service. So it used to be all over England before the advent of roads.

The stone mounting-blocks outside so many of these Cornish churches and hostelrys, with steps up either side, also attest the fact that large numbers of the congregation used to arrive at the church door from afar on horseback.

As might be expected in this critical age, this close proximity of public-house and public place of worship has given rise to much banter, probably chiefly by those who have little antiquarian knowledge and are ignorant of the high esteem in which inns were formerly held in England.

Defoe, even in his days, satirises the fact in well-known lines :—

“Wherever God erects a house of prayer
The Devil always builds a chapel there :
And 'twill be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation,”

which, though they may be smart, contain one of the greatest libels ever perpetrated in the English language.

I can remember a very remarkable instance of this close—even touching—association between church and inns. On the north side of Knightsbridge, in London, adjoining the French Embassy, a church actually had on either side of it, and built close up to it, a public-house, the order of houses at that spot being—public-house, church, public-house. This decidedly unique London curiosity was known as the “Trinity,” which also, curiously enough, was the name of the church. The arrangement has now ceased, the inn next the Embassy having been absorbed into the French Republic.

Sennen Church stands 390 feet above sea-level, on the flat land some few hundred yards from the edge of the cliff, below which is the Cove. Between it and the cliff are fields surrounded by stone walls. Around the edifice and abutting on the high road is the churchyard, small in size and now full of graves.

The first feature which strikes the eye on entering is the unusual lowness of the nave and chancel of which the edifice consists, evidently so constructed to withstand the winds which in tempestuous weather sweep with unimpeded violence across this jutting-out piece of land over which the church stands guardian. The square tower contains five bells which melodiously call the faithful to service. Five low round arches of granite separate the nave from chancel; from the floor to inner margin of these arches the height is only about sixteen feet. In addition to nave and chancel there is a small side-chapel, now almost entirely filled up by the organ. Here on the east side, in a niche, is a small headless figure (2 feet 8 inches high) of what was once evidently the Virgin and Child. The remains of the Child are clearly visible, though the beautifully designed drapery is as well sadly mutilated. The dilapidated state is no doubt due to the Puritan zeal of Cromwell's day. The figure was not only rendered headless and mutilated, but also broken in two about the centre, and there the cement joining the pieces is seen. The stone of which it is composed is alabaster, now covered with a thick coating of whitewash.

Close to the alabaster mutilation is the parish iron safe, set in a recess which was evidently the entrance to the road-

loft ; one of the steps leading upwards being even now visible if a match be struck.

The font of Sennen Church is composed of a granite monolith, set on a square base of the same stone, with a quaintly cut inscription running along the four sides and level with what was once the ancient floor of the church. At one time it stood within the altar-rails, whence it was removed to its present and proper position—just inside the door. This inscription is of the fifteenth century, and in the style of lettering and abbreviations follows the usual custom of that period. A portion of it has been broken away, and the remainder seems to be this : “ Eccla i decole S. I. B. dedica fvit anno dui millo CCCCXX ” (or XL or XLI), or “ Haec Ecclesia in decollatione Sancti Johannis Baptistæ dedicata fuit Anno Domini Milesimo quadingentesimo quadagesimo primo ” (? “ secundo ” or “ tertio ” or “ quarto ” in the missing portion). This in English would be : “ This church was dedicated on the festival of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, A.D. 1441 ” (or perhaps 1420 or 1440).¹

The font is not high, only about three feet, and it measures 2 feet 2 inches in diameter across the circular top. The pediment is carved, and the inscribed base, embedded in the pavement upon which it is set, is 3 feet 3 inches by 3 feet, the corners being truncated.

At the west end of the church, where is the vestry, a copy of King Charles's famous letter to Cornwall still hangs, concerning which we shall have something to say later on.

Near the east window, in the aisle, an oblong patch of the salmon-coloured wash has been either removed—or was never painted on at that spot—about 3 feet by 2 feet, which shows some roughly sketched embattlements looking rather Eastern in appearance. Probably this form of mural decoration was once used around the other windows. This particular piece now disclosed seems emblematic of the New Jerusalem.

The church was consecrated *about* 1442 and restored in 1867. It used to be a “ Royal Peculiar ” attached, with St. Levan, to the Deanery of St. Buryan—an abuse which was rectified in 1864.

Here let me at once say how admirable is the Cornish

¹ See *A Week at the Land's End*, J. T. Blight, 1861, p. 77.

custom of leaving the churches open. No matter at what time of the day you visit a church in the Land's End district of Cornwall, on turning the handle of the door you can enter. This obviates the custom so usual in other parts of England of having to ask the first passer-by as to who has the key, and then one is not inflicted with a fussy old woman waiting around until the tip is produced.

The Cornish clergy are much to be commended for thus leaving their churches open on all days of the week besides during service times on Sunday.

By the courtesy of the Rector of St. Sennen, the Rev. J. H. Michell, I have inspected the parish registers, which are in excellent preservation. The first volume, a large octavo, bound in leather and containing parchment pages, shows the ink of the writing as black as if it flowed from the quills yesterday. The legibility, too, is remarkable. There were scholarly persons in Sennen in 1699, when, on July 13th, this register was commenced.

Among the marriages we noticed the first to be recorded is that of Robert Ellis and Dionise Richards. "Miss Dionise" is not a name one hears about nowadays. Among the *surnames* I came across several which struck me as somewhat unusual. Vingo, Vingow (which later on in the volume became Vingowe and Vingoe), Pender, Nicholas, Proves, Treeve, Tresise, Botherall, Binder, Jaska, Angwin, Wallish, Meene, Chynhalls, Varker.

The *Christian* names in this first volume include Bridget, Philippa, Theadorah, Penelope, Usulah, Margaret, Jone, Rebeccah, Margrett, Thonazin, Thomasin, Honour, Justinian, Nowell, Pentycust, Pentecost, Jephta, Abimelech.

Miss "Orange Reed," who became Mrs. Rowe on July 24th, 1703, was no doubt so named from the new fruit which about that time was introduced into England, and may well have arrived viâ Sennen, in some ship which came from Spain.

On April 22nd, 1797, were married two *sojourners*, Stephen Vingoe and Jane Tregear, and yet the names are very Sennenish.

A curious note appears to the entry of the marriage on October 10th, 1803, of "George Bone, of St. Just, and Ebat Cardew (signs Carthew)." Why should Ebat have one name and sign another?

The favourite Christian name for women, during the years 1699–1812, according to the Wedding Register at Sennen, seems to have been Grace, which occurs some twenty times, Rebecca coming next in popularity. As showing the fashion in names I looked in vain for a single Olivia, Olive, Rose, Violet, Lily, Lilian, Edith, Winifred, Norah, or any of the Norse names such as Erick, Erik.

The surname which appears most is Nicholas, forty-seven times, and Vingoe comes next with a record of thirty-three times.

I came across this account of a curious grave in Sennen churchyard, but the rector told me he knew nothing of it. It is to be found in Halliwell's book on Cornwall:—

“It is a singular fact that the idea of the circular stone-enclosed barrow has dwelt in the minds of Cornishmen even up to the present day. In the churchyard at Sennen I was surprised to notice the flat top of a modern grave which was circularly formed and edged with small stones. This is a nearer approach to the stony tumulus than is the rectangular altar-tomb to the ancient cromlech.”

An old cross is placed by the side of the entrance to the churchyard on the south, and if a stile be crossed at the back of the church and a path taken across some fields “The Giant's Seat” is reached. This is a huge natural monolith lying in the corner of the field by the side of a deep lane. Upon its rounded surface are some of those arm-chair depressions which many writers have said are artificial, but which I think are only due to stress of weather upon well-defined areas of softer material surrounding harder granite.

Sennen is about ten miles from a lemon—a general statement which roughly expresses its position in the fashionable world. Singularly enough, though, excellent hot-house grapes can be obtained in the near neighbourhood, for that industry is carried on under long stretches of glass close by. In a valley amidst the downs—a typical Sleepy Hollow, on the road from Penzance to Sennen by way of Buryan—at Trewen, excellent honey can be obtained at a bee-farm in the bottom, and also tomatoes and other choice vegetables. So that Sennen curiously partakes of the simple with a spice of the luxurious.

The road round this coast runs about half a mile inland,



SENNEN CHURCH

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CELTIC CROSS, CHURCHYARD ENTRANCE, SENNEN

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and the walled fields around afford no indication of the wild scenery on the sea borders. A good road runs to the actual Land's End through Sennen, but all other small coves, rocky inlets, and wild cliff scenery have to be visited on foot and by crossing stiles, fields, and moors of not the smoothest description. The antiquary may see much to interest him on the level moorlands, but even he is forced to take to his feet if he wants to see all the antiquities of the country.

In the centre of most of the fields in this part of Cornwall you will notice a pillar of rough granite, perhaps 6 or 10 feet in height, 1 or 2 or 3 feet wide, stuck upright. These are "Duke of Argyle's conveniences," as they would be called in Scotland, on passing which it is usual to say "God bless the Duke of Argyle," and are for the cattle to scratch themselves against. In the Buryan district, a few years ago, many of them were removed from the fields because they interfered with the agricultural implements. It was found, in consequence, that the cattle knocked or pushed the hedges down, so that it became advisable to reinstate them.

I have known people to mistake some of the taller of these "Duke of Argyle's conveniences" for ancient historical *menhirs*, or monoliths!

Thin, split, granite stones—6, 8, 10, and even more feet in height—I found are similarly used in Galicia, in Spain. There, too, as in Cornwall, they are employed for fencing, and even as supporting-posts for vines. Roadside crosses also abound in Galicia, exceedingly like the Celtic crosses of the Land's End district, which is not to be wondered at when one considers that the inhabitants, like the Cornish, are Celtic.

CHAPTER V

SENNEN COVE

RIGHT away at the end of England ; the first village and the last rolled into one, and Land's End only a mile distant ; a spot richer in antiquarian remains and Celtic curiosities than any in this ancient England of ours. In fact, so thick are they that the archæological Jack Horner can never fail in pulling out an antiquarian plum each time he puts in his exploring thumb. A piece of coast-line beautiful in the colouring of sea and rocks, and delicately delightful in the swiftly changing lights and shades which emotionally affect the aspect of land and ocean. Almost indescribable in the opalescent brilliancy of the sunshine, contrasted at times with the greyness of enveloping mists and sombre landscape.

Such is Sennen Cove, a spot easily reached by the smooth-running, luxuriantly equipped "Cornish Riviera Express," which leaves Paddington each week-day at 10.30 a.m., and arrives at Penzance at 5.5 p.m. Here a G.W.R. motor 'bus carries the traveller swiftly to Sennen Churchtown, whence a short walk over the fields brings him to the Cove. Viewed from the cliff above, far away to the right stretches Whitesand Bay gleaming with bright white sand, and bounded at the northern extremity by Cape Cornwall (the only point called a "Cape" in England), with those dangerous rocks, "the Brisons," keeping watch and ward over that entrance. To the left lies little oddly shaped, artistic Sennen Cove, and beyond that again is seen the Longships Lighthouse, warning vessels off the perilously rocky, and awfully precipitous, Land's End.

The distance is just about one mile by road from Sennen to Land's End, as I have said, but a footpath cutting across the right angle made by the road can be traversed, materially shortening the journey, or the pedestrian can go *viâ* Sennen

Cove, and see an immense variety of strange-looking rocks and wild coast scenery.

A footpath starts over a stone stile, nearly opposite the little Sennen post office (where the G.W.R. motor will put you down), and leads to the brow of the hill below where lie, on the right, Whitesand Bay, on the left, the little attenuated clump of cottages making up Sennen Cove.

If the horizon be clear, away to the south-west can be seen the Scilly Isles, faintly represented as irregular, low-lying darker masses against the sky-line. A place to rest in on a hot afternoon and let our imagination have full play and at night to gaze seaward,

“To where the dreaming Scillies sleep in moon-enchanted air.”¹

The scene immediately below is unquestionably beautiful, and here let me at once say that the charm of this part of England does not consist in awful precipices, in savage grandeur, in depressing loneliness, or in Sahara-like barrenness. All of these extreme scenic features are better witnessed at other places, and those writers who launch out into superlatives in any of these directions have, I expect, not travelled far from home. No, to me the delights of this small bit of coast-line lie chiefly in the instability of the colouring of sky, sea, and rocks, in the swiftly changing lights and shades which kaleidoscopically never present the same picture twice of land and ocean ; in the keen artistic potency of the sunshine, which at times gives place to a very non-actinic pall of sobriety and pensive thoughtfulness.

A nearer acquaintance with the coves and little coast villages of this part of Cornwall heightens the charm, for they and their inhabitants are in keeping with the scene. Quaint, old-time, odd, sometimes humorous, always interesting. And then, to crown all other attraction, are the Land's End sunsets. These are only to be seen, not described. They are the distraction of artists :—

“Who can paint
Like Nature? can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, lines like hers?”²

Far away to the right, as I have said, stretches Whitesand Bay gleaming with bright white sand and bounded at the

¹ Right Rev. Charles Stubbs, Lord Bishop of Truro.

² Thomson, “The Seasons.”

north extremity by Cape Cornwall with the dangerous rocks, the Brisons, keeping watch and ward over its extremity To the left, the little cove off which are seen the dark-looking, low rocks, Little Bo, Bo Cowloe, and Cowloe. The rock on which the sea is breaking between them and the Longships Lighthouse is the Shark's Fin. And then there is the lighthouse itself, acting as a warning sentinel to ships to keep clear of this dangerous part of the coast.

It was in Whitesand Bay that King Stephen landed on his first arrival in England after Dover had refused to admit him, also King John on his return from the Conquest of Ireland.

The daring and impudent pretender, Perkin Warbeck, the undoubtedly clever son of a Christianised Jew, is said to have landed in Whitesand Bay when he attempted to seize the crown in the reign of Henry VII. Cyrus Redding, in his *Illustrated Itinerary of the County of Cornwall* (1842), baldly mentions the landing as a fact, but I think it is very doubtful. The youth, who had a remarkable likeness to Edward IV, which no doubt was a leading reason why the Duchess of Burgundy espoused his cause, more probably landed nearer Bodmin, where he was joined by upwards of three thousand men, and first assumed the title of King of England by the name of Richard IV. At any rate, Sennen lays claim to the incident—not one to be proud of or crow over in any case. Sennen has, therefore, had an historic past.

Entering the Cove by the road, the first cottage near the bottom of the valley on the right-hand side is an old and pretty thatched abode, behind which is all that remains of Chapel Idne, or the "narrow chapel." The Lord of Goonhilly, a proprietor of Lyonesse, the fabled land fair and fertile stretching from Land's End to Scilly and now submerged, concerning which I have more to say later on, is said to have escaped the catastrophe of the great overflowing of the sea in 1029, and built as a thank-offering for his escape this Chapel Idne on the little plateau overlooking Whitesand Bay. Before his time there was no doubt an oratory or hermitage on the spot where the saint dwelt, and therefore the spot was considered holy ground. Now the sole remnants of the chapel consist of a rounded arch with some tracery upon it and some shaped granite stones behind it.

This road down to the Cove from the school-house on the downs above is the worst of roads. It is private property, and the owner does not think proper to keep it in order for the good of the public, with the result that it is nearly impassable for wheeled vehicles.

Just before the Cove is entered a declivity running across the valley affords space for a useful plantation of withies in the dampness caused by a little stream. These are employed for making the crab or lobster pots which are used in the most important industry of taking those crustaceans, and crayfish as well, for the market — now chiefly the French. The quaint upright stands upon which the pots are made are to be seen in the main thoroughfares. One I photographed at the foot of Sennen Cove road was erected by angle-irons on a hatchway which had drifted ashore from some wreck.

Bending round sharply to the left, the road runs to the Cove itself, where lie the pilchard boats, the windlasses for drawing the boats up the steep incline from the sea, and the lifeboat house, and there it ends.

The first feature of note on turning the corner at the bottom on the level is the old inn of the place, which the swinging sign in front of the door informs you is "The Success Inn, by W. H. Pender"—rather suggestive of the title of a novel. Its parlours are small and low, and delightfully cool and restful on a hot day.

Nearest the inn, facing the sea—the inn is set at right angles to it—is the very long or tall, wide window, fronting on the road and sea, of the studio of the late Mr. David Farquharson, A.R.A., who died on July 12th, 1907, at Birnam, in Perthshire. One of the best pictures he ever painted, and that is saying a great deal for this particular picture, for he was an artist of no mean merit, was of Sennen—a large canvas 65½ by 95 inches, and dated 1904. It is entitled *Full Moon and Spring Tide*. The scene is taken from the Whitesand Bay end of the Cove close down to the shore—the artist must have sat on one of the loosely grassed, sandy hillocks when he painted it. To the left the short slip of road leading down to the actual beach is seen, and just beyond the ruddy lights in the "Success Inn, by W. H. Pender" are faintly discernible. In the centre is depicted

the full rush of the sea at high tide—spring tide—and therefore flowing higher than usual, with bright silvery patches where the moonbeams are reflected with gorgeous, even metallic brilliancy. The outlines of the cliffs above, and even some of the houses along the shore-line—including the artist's own studio—are dimly silhouetted against the pale moonlight. David Farquharson loved the sea, the ever-changeable sea, whose moods are as manifold as a woman's. He loved to see it under the moonlight when the reflection of our wayward satellite looks like a silver path for angels to tread. Always the sea is beautiful, always alive. A mountain is beautiful, but with a dumb, inarticulate beauty. The sea speaks—and it spoke to David Farquharson in eloquent language which he understood and interpreted with realistic but lovingly poetical exactitude.

One or two other cottages in the Cove have studios attached to them, showing how loved is the place by the artistic temperament.

Some of the first painters to discover the beauties of Sennen and Land's End were the late J. C. Hook, R.A., C. Napier Hemy, R.A., and R. H. Carter.

Passing a long low room where mission services are held, the keeper of which makes excellent Cornish pies and pasties, as I happen to know (of which more anon), the lifeboat house is reached on the right. An inclined plane of granite and cement is constructed from the large folding door, at the back, so that the boat can be run down to the sea in the Cove. But as there is a ledge of rocks directly opposite to the spot where the boat would take the water, it is obvious that the utility of this slide is greatly lessened.¹

¹ I am glad to say that since I wrote this, through the praiseworthy and generous instrumentality of Colonel H. W. Williams, of St. Ives, and arising out of the Board of Trade Inquiry (over which he presided) into the wreck of the Liverpool ship *Khyber* near the Land's End in February, 1905, when twenty-three out of the crew of twenty-six were drowned, he applied for and obtained a Provisional Order for the construction of a breakwater at Sennen Cove opposite the lifeboat house and slip, the memorial stone of which was laid in July, 1908. The breakwater is not yet completed, but the completed part has more than justified its necessity. Subscriptions are still needed to complete the undertaking. On December 21st, 1908, in the face of a frightful gale, accompanied by blinding torrents of rain, at 11 p.m. the lifeboat was enabled to be launched, and went to the relief of another Liverpool full-rigged ship, the *Fairport*, which was in trouble near Porthcurnow; but



LIFEBOAT HOUSE AND SLIPWAY, SENNEN COVE



At the head of the steep little Cove is the quaint cottage which comprises the stores of the place. The presiding lady of this emporium is one of the characters of the Cove. The stock is displayed in a little window of the cottage, and the entrance is not in the front, but at the back round the corner, through the sitting-room—a low-ceilinged parlour combining kitchen and keeping-room in one. The old lady who dispenses the scanty variety of articles which are here to be obtained informed me that she had been twice married, and the next time would marry a gentleman, and for the rather strange reason that he might provide her with a set of teeth. In the sort of public yard at the back I have seen such oddments lying about as a huge conger, a few mackerel, bits of pilchards, a dog on a chain, pigeons and cocks and hens.

With the exception of the tiny cottage shop there are no ways of buying goods at Sennen Cove. A butcher or two from St. Buryan and St. Just come round in carts during the summer season, and so do the baker and green-grocer.

Sennen, at any rate long ago, was famous for its mutton. In the days of Borlase (1758) he says "the sweetest mutton is reckoned to be that of the smallest sheep, which usually feed on the commons, where the sands are scarce covered with the green-sod, and the grass exceedingly short"; such are, he goes on to say, "the towers or sand-hillocks in Piran-sand, Gwythien, Philac, and Senan-green near the Land's End." Then this learned Rector of Ludgvan, an F.R.S., mentions a food for sheep which is novel to me. "From these sands come forth snails of the turbinated kind, but of different *species*, and all sizes from the adult to the smallest just from the egg; these spread themselves over the plains early in the morning, and whilst they are in quest of their own food among the dews, yield a most

the gale from the north-east being so violent it had to return, and reached Sennen about midnight. About 2 a.m., the wind having shifted to the northward, the plucky coxswain (Henry Nicholas) put off again and reached the *Fairport*, and conveyed a towrope from her to a tug standing by, and so saved the ship and crew. The gale continuing, the lifeboat was unable to return, and had to make for Penzance, having done ten hours' continuous service under terribly trying conditions. Had there not been a breakwater at Sennen it would have been impossible to have rendered this most valuable assistance.

fattening nourishment to the sheep." Dr. Borlase must have got up early in the morning among the dews to have seen the sheep turn carnivorous.

Milk and eggs at Sennen Cove you have to arrange for at one of the farms in the neighbourhood, and a woman at one of the cottages will do your washing.

There is, therefore, a primitiveness in living at Sennen Cove not to be had at more fashionable seaside resorts.

The bathing in Whitesand Bay on the vast stretch of pure sand is splendid, and children delight themselves there all day without trouble to their elders. It is quite safe too.

The name should be Whitsand Bay, for it is derived from Gwith, meaning "head of the beach," or "separation," and alludes to the gap made by the land falling back here—between the headland, Cape Cornwall, and Land's End. Still, the "e" has crept in, and Whitesand Bay it will remain.

When a strong east wind blows up the valley at the back of Whitesand Bay the sand drives with great violence, so that it is impossible to face it. A few fishermen's cottages there have the glass in the windows facing the sea quite obscured through frosting as perfectly and evenly effected as if done by an artificial sand-blast.

Mr. A. H. Palmer, who lives in a house on the brow of this valley, on the north side, showed me a pane of glass from one of these cottages so evenly, even beautifully, frosted that it would have made a perfect "ground glass" for focussing on in a camera. The fishermen have regularly, at intervals, to take out the sand-ground glass and replace with fresh.

An interesting stroll is to the little eminence overlooking the sea just behind and above the cable hut, which is called Cairn Olva—"the cairn at the head of the beach." Here on the brow of the hill overlooking the sea is a clump of huge granite rocks, some quite detached, looking as if placed on the turf by a giant of old, so artificially squared do they appear. One quite separate block resting on another is almost movable; in fact, it is a Logan Stone in process of formation. At this spot the natural process of the growth of that phenomenon can be studied. You can see the softer



THE SUCCESS INN SENNEN COVE

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WHITESAND BAY

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spots in the granite blocks being worn away by rain and storm and horizontal partitions arising, making two of what formerly was one. Also, in several of the scattered boulders the softer parts are being scooped out in the process of time to form Giant's Seats. These softer spots in the harder granite are so friable that minute particles are easy to detach with the finger. It is, therefore, not difficult to imagine what the scouring effect of driving rain would be, particularly if dissolved in it were any traces of acid. Then, too, the sand, blown with force from off the seashore, acts as a scouring agent, and is particularly and rapidly effective on the weaker spots in the granite.

The round black house at the top of the actual Cove, where the boats lie, is where a powerful windlass is worked inside by men tramping round, each pushing one of the long wooden spokes from the centre axle round which the chain works and winds when a boat is being pulled up from the sea. And here are clustered the sheds and yards which have to do with the pilchard industry upon which the prosperity of Sennen Cove almost entirely depends.

The road ending here as a road proper for wheeled vehicles, is continued by a footpath up the steep grassy slope of a hill past the coastguard look-out station and winds about along the cliff-edge till the Land's End is reached, about a mile distant.

On this walk, which affords all the way along very fine views of small rocky promontories and sea, no tree is met with or even shrub. The close turf covers the land like a Turkey carpet to the edge of the precipices and is only broken by fine blocks of granite, which all along out-crop in often fantastic and weird forms. So many are these stones in number that the right path has been marked by splashes of white paint upon those near which the track runs. This paint is luminous, so that the coastguards, on making their "meetings" at night, may not get lost or fall over the cliffs. These "meetings" take place all round our shores, so that it would be quite possible to pass a letter from any point on our coast, to the east say, and receive it back at that same spot from the west, after having passed from coastguard hand to coastguard hand all round the island we live in.

On the cliff, set well back, are the white houses of the

lighthouse-keepers, where they and their families live, the former only, of course, when not on the Longships. In front of the building the turf is interspersed with a thick growth of bracken and brambles and is a choice breeding-place for many adders. One hot day in August I killed one on the path there after I had allowed it twice to empty its venom-fangs on the case of my camera-stand—"It's the warm day that brings forth the adder and that craves wary walking."

There is a curious superstition in Cornwall concerning the adder. The first you see predicts that you will triumph over your enemies, and the slough of an adder hung on the rafters preserves the house against fire.

Just before coming to the coastguard look-out box and flag-post, on the west end of Sennen Cove, on the point called Pendn-mên-du, "the headland of black rock," are some wild-looking stones, one being nearly a Logan Stone, that is poised upon another and looking as if a push would send it over into the sea beneath.

On passing the Pendn-mên-du point, a curiously shaped pile of rocks standing out in the sea comes into view. This is known as the "Irish Lady." The legend is that a vessel went to pieces on this rock and only one soul was saved, a lady. It was found that the vessel came from Ireland. But some assert that the rock owes its name to its natural graceful form, for by the aid of some imagination it may appear not unlike a lady advancing to the shore, clad in a long, sweeping black robe. The compliment to Ireland implied by this latter explanation is obvious, but then this part of Cornwall has always been associated with the Emerald Isle, most of the local saints having come from there, and also several saintesses.

Looking back as we near Maen Castle a cavern or square archway is seen through a small headland, many similar natural openings being not uncommon round this coast. There is a notable one just beyond the Botallack Mine, which we shall see later. It is clearly the action of the sea which makes these caverns and archways by wearing away the softer stone and material which occupied the now vacant space.

Just above the old, picturesque, thatched cottage in Sennen Cove, sole remnant of the ancient Chapel Idne, is a





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ACTUAL JUNCTURES OF ATLANTIC AND LAND LINES OF TELEGRAPH WIRES, SENNEN



PILCHARD BOATS, SENNEN

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long, low, one-storied bungalow of galvanised iron, painted white, with the gable-ends additionally decorated with broad, vertical red stripes. Within are several furnished bedrooms, a kitchen and sitting-room. This is the cable hut of the American Cable Co.—“The Western Union Telegraph Company.” Here, on the inner side of the western end of the bungalow, is a kind of cupboard where the two sea-cables are junctured to the one land-cable which conveys the messages to Penzance and so on to London. The two sea-pieces run up from the sea, where they are laid in deep trenches cut in the sand, and in order to stand the friction of the shore are much thicker and stouter for about a mile out, till deep water is reached, when the cables are continued by thinner ones to cross the Atlantic.

How markedly great is the contrast between the deep-sea cable—the result of man’s highest scientific powers—and its location! At unexplored, and probably never to be explored, depths, varying to no less than three miles, along the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, now topping the summits of lofty submarine mountains, and now descending to the oozy centres of abysmal valleys sunk in “Globigerina mud,” in the most profound and impenetrable darkness imaginable, with no companions but the abnormal denizens of the deep sea—perhaps varied by the occasional visit of a huge sea-serpent, a survivor of the ancient monsters of prehistoric times—the tiny thread of the word-bearing copper wire between man and man makes its placid, unheeding, peaceful way. Down there:—

“The wrecks dissolve above us ; their dust drops down from afar—
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where blind sea-snakes are.
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,
On the great grey level plains of ooze, where the shell-buried cables
creep
Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs of earth—
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat.”¹

I cannot conceive of the most thoughtless person visiting a cable-hut without being moved to the profoundest depths of his being. If there are such persons who are not, it says little for modern education, for a savage would not be there without showing emotion.

¹ Rudyard Kipling

Standing, then, in this quiet parlour in the cable-hut of Sennen Cove, with its dining-table and simple furniture, the perpetual sound of the sobbing sea the only audible sound except the occasional "gully," "gully" of the gulls as they wheel about overhead, aloofness from the world and its business seems the predominant feature. But in thought one can imagine the never-ceasing flow of messages, by night as well as by day, constantly passing from this quiet, unassuming room to Lloyd's, the Stock Exchange, Lombard Street, and the City generally; the words of joy and sorrow, the quotations bearing fortunes or failures which, while one is looking at those harmless bits of wire, are coming in a stream from the United States of America, or going hence under the sea to that country. Messages of births, deaths, and marriages; records of news for publication in the Press; of weather warnings and the varying prices of corn, bacon, and other commodities—all pass through this little room and emerge to make up step by step the recorded history of two great peoples. The never-ending rush, hurry, bustle, feverish work of our modern life, so apart from the quiet reposefulness of existence at Sennen Cove, are forcibly borne in upon us as the capable blue-eyed coxswain of the Sennen lifeboat, having charge of the hut in addition to his other duties, explains the meaning of the gutta-percha-covered wires.

As we go out and face once more the fresh breeze blowing in from the sea it makes the scene seem even more delightful than before. We like to think that for a time, at any rate, we are not within the roar and whirl of Fleet Street, "Piccadilly, Strand, or Bank," the noise and grind of the motor-buses or the crowded streets and bustling markets of the world which these wires and junctures have so forcibly recalled.

The bedroom, and other accommodation in the cable-hut, are provided to house the staff of the Cable Company in case a breakdown at any time necessitated a sojourn at Sennen Cove to do repairs.

Just below the cable-hut, across the sand-hills, the coast-guards from time to time practise the rocket life-saving apparatus with the breeches buoy—a very interesting sight, proficiency in which is especially necessary on this rocky coast.

The women of Sennen Cove do a very fair share of the work. They carry creels of fish about, fetch the water from the stand-pipes in the road, and talk incessantly with their neighbours. The result is that you do not see middle-aged women. They are either young or old.

The men have one absorbing interest which keeps them fully occupied. The whole day long they are cleaning boats, patching boats, rowing boats, or lounging by the windlass at the top of the little Cove looking at boats, with their hands in their pockets, and pipe in mouth, thinking of boats. They are always ready to talk, and the slightest encouragement or advancement on your part may lead to refreshing discoveries as to the way of looking at things in general, sea matters in particular. Their national pride is in their pilchards. They will talk about them at any length to strangers, and even draw the long bow as to marvellous catches. They may well take a deep interest in the subject, for therein lies their main support of life.

Sennen has an advantage over many similar tiny fishing villages in that it possesses a water supply laid on to standards placed at convenient spots. The water does not continuously run from these, but a handle at each, when turned, allows the water to flow, and a shelf beneath is provided to place the can or vessel upon. By this contrivance the water is not wasted. The supply is from a small stream which is gathered into a head in the cistern constructed above the Cove from which the pipes are led.

An old resident of Sennen told me some of the actual stories of shipwrecks that had occurred there in his lifetime. A Mr. Martin who lived in the Midlands was an old college friend of the rector of the parish in which Cape Cornwall is. He had repeatedly promised to pay his old Cornish friend a visit, but had always been prevented. This at last became a joke between them in correspondence. On his way to India Mr. Martin and his sister were wrecked on Cape Cornwall, and on being landed safe and sound he asked in what parish he was, and on being told, simply walked into the Rectory and said, "Here I am at last to pay you my long-promised visit."

Cape Cornwall, which is the northern boundary of Whitesand Bay, has a bad reputation for shipwrecks. A steamer

was in distress there once on the Friday, but would not avail herself of the proffered services of the lifeboat. On the next day, Saturday, a coasting steamer offered to tow her, but the captain refused, saying he had no tow-rope. On Sunday, in the evening, she signalled for the lifeboat at Sennen, which put out at once to her, and arrived just in time to see her mast-light disappear under the sea—all lives being lost. The first piece of wreckage which came ashore was a brand-new tow-rope : truly a Nemesis !

Here is another story : A collier was wrecked on the Cape and two men went below to get their watches and money. A sea came over whilst they were down below and jammed down the hatch on them. Those were the only two lives lost in that wreck.

On the deadly Brisons Rock two ladies in their night-dresses for two days and nights clung to the rocks in bitter cold weather before being taken off. One was dead, and is buried in Sennen churchyard, the other lived. I have condensed these narratives, but they are all literally true in every essential detail, and pathetically picture the dangers to shipping off this coast. The beauties of Nature are nearly always closely associated with her greatest perils. The most exquisitely beautiful parts of the world, such as Italy and Sicily, are the most liable to earthquakes of devastating magnitude.

Very few of the cottages at Sennen are now thatched, slate having taken the place of straw. Still, there is just one old thatcher left, and when he joins the majority the industry will, to all intents and purposes, cease to exist in this part of England. I happened to find the old man one day at work at the foot of the hill in Sennen Cove, and was fortunate enough to take a photograph of him at his occupation.

On the way from the cove, up the side of the hill towards Land's End, a remarkable stone, just verging on being a logan stone, attracts notice. So delicately poised does it seem that it looks as if the touch of the little finger would send it toppling down into the sea. I tried, however, to move it, but found it still prefers to remain on land.



LAST OF HIS TRADE, THATCHER, SENNEN



CHAPTER VI

THE CORNISH HARVEST OF THE SEA : PILCHARDS AT SENNEN COVE

PILCHARDS are caught at other places in Cornwall besides Sennen Cove, but I know more about the process of catching them as it takes place there than elsewhere.

When pilchards are in the bay, Sennen wakes up. It may be early afternoon on a hot somnolent August day. The siesta is given up ; everywhere is bustle and confusion. Windows are thrown open, if they are not open already, and heads are thrust out with eyes inquiringly gazing on the sea. Hurried steps are heard and men and youths fly by with their coats on their arms or tugging at their sleeves to get them on to their backs as they run. No time is there to lose ; pilchards, like tide, wait for no fisherman or anyone else.

At the little Cove they gather and rush out the boats, push them down the steep granite incline, making the sparks fly out from beneath their iron keels with a grinding roar as the black monsters take the water.

A very important industry at the Land's End district of Cornwall, extending from St. Ives round to the Lizard, is this pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*) fishery. The other species of the genus *Clupea* known in this country are the herring, sprat, and whitebait, but there is not the money in them as in the pilchard. Pilchards are to Cornwall what herrings are to Yarmouth, cotton to Manchester, pigs to Ireland, and coals to Newcastle.

The pilchard (" gipsy herring," or " Spanish capon," as it used to be called) was known, at any rate, as long ago as Shakspeare's day who, in his *Twelfth Night*, thus aptly describes it : " And fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings ; the husband's the bigger." It is very remarkable that pilchards are only known around the coast of Cornwall. The sea is such an unobstructed highway that the local occurrence of certain fish at certain spots only is

one of the problems of Nature, and it is at present unsolved. Probably the mixture of the sea-water with certain soils from the coast dissolved in it or held in admixture, coupled with varieties of temperature, may have something to do with the explanation; or again, the food supply at certain points around the coast may only suit certain species of fish.

Here the largest shoals of this little handsome nutritious fish apparently congregate, and the western end of Cornwall is therefore the principal centre for taking and exporting it. The pilchard is said to be identical with the French sardine, the latter being the same fish before it arrives at maturity.

The two methods adopted for capturing the pilchard for commercial purposes are the seine net and the drift net. By the former a shoal or "school" (the term employed locally) of pilchards are surrounded and captured in bulk, and by the latter they are caught in the meshes in the net, which is one of a much lighter character, and drifts with the tide. Thus the methods are entirely different, the one being all rush and uncertainty, and the other a leisurely occupation, giving more certain opportunities for securing the fish though in far smaller quantities. Sennen Cove and Whitesand Bay make up a stretch of coast admirably adapted for the seine net process, and there the intricacies of the operation may be easily followed.

The schools usually appear in these parts from the middle of August to the middle of September, but a comparatively few days of the period are available for their capture.

An old Cornish rhyme picturesquely gives the time of year when pilchards may be expected :—

"When the corn is in the shock,
The fish are on the rock."

Calm weather and a moderate flow of tide are necessary conditions for success.

During spring tides, accompanied as they often are at this part of the coast by a heavy ground-swell and surf, it is impossible to put out the seine nets. The shoals also are very uncertain in their movements, often appearing at the wrong time; and frequently the nets are shot and no school is surrounded, or if surrounded, a sudden squall setting in, or a rising sea, compels the fishermen to take in the seine, and the liberation of the pent-up fish, of course, follows.

The working of a seine net, and the several boats employed, necessitate a considerable force of men, so that companies or clubs are formed for the purpose. At Sennen there are three companies—the “Success,” the “Fisherman’s Friend,” and the “Unity”—consisting of twenty-four to twenty-six active partners, each of whom has a share. There are also some five or six sleeping partners attached to each club, as if a married man dies, his share is continued to his widow for her life, or for the support of his children until they are old enough to look after themselves. There are also net-shares as well as labour-shares.

As there is great rivalry among the companies, a fair and practical arrangement has been arrived at, namely, a division of the fishing-ground between the three companies, thereby avoiding disputes and probably violent conflicts supposing they were all free to make a rush for the most likely shoal of pilchards. At the commencement of the season, the comparatively limited area of Whitesand Bay, where the nets can be safely shot, is mapped out, and lots are cast for the choice of locality. To provide the necessary apparatus or gear of one of these companies, a capital of some eight hundred to one thousand pounds is required.

First, there are the nets, and each seine is a formidable affair. It weighs with its numerous leaden sinkers, cork floats, and thick, strong ropes almost three tons. It is about three hundred fathoms, say 1800 feet, in length, and is some thirteen fathoms, say 75–80 feet, deep. Then there is the tuck-net, also of large size, though, of course, considerably smaller than the other. The cost of a seine net averages £250, and each company should possess two seines and two tuck-nets.

Many boats have also to be provided, the largest being the seine-boat for shooting the net, the *Volger*, called at Sennen the *Cock-boat*, to assist in that operation, and a smaller attendant boat called the *Lurker*. Besides these the companies have several large open boats, like barges, for carrying purposes. It is therefore at once apparent that these requirements necessitate considerable outlay.

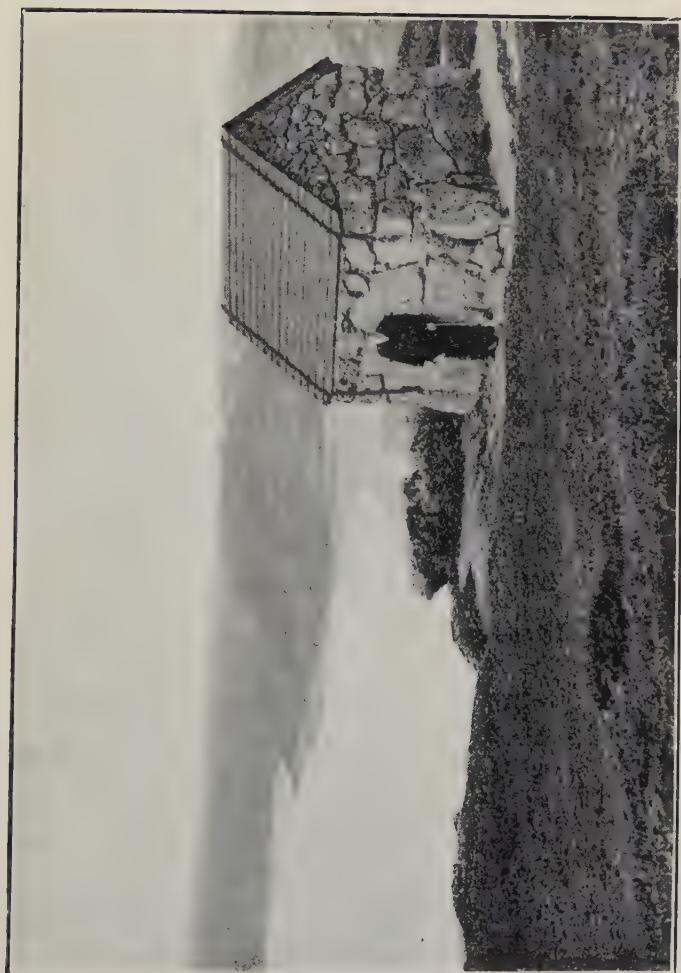
As the time arrives for the approach to the coast of the pilchard shoals, a look-out is carefully kept by the different companies. The look-out man, called a *huer*, is

stationed on the brow of the cliff immediately overlooking the sea, to announce to the expectant little cluster of houses beneath the approach of the pilchard shoals and to direct by certain prescribed signals the course which the boats should follow to surround the fish.

Directly I heard the commotion consequent upon pilchards being in the bay I rushed up the zigzag path at the back of the Cove to the little black look-out hut where the "huing" apparatus is kept. The door was open and within I saw three or four pairs of two-foot-long sticks with a canvas globe at the end of each. These belong to the various companies. Behind the hut, mounted on the top of a hedge—a wide wall, for in Cornwall such are called hedges—where, from the sea, he would be clearly silhouetted against the sky, stood the bulky huer, Pender, all in a glow of excitement, waiting for the boats to clear out of the Cove and appear in the bay below him. In each hand he held a stick with one of these canvas globes made fast to the end ready to commence operations as soon as the boats arrived in the vicinity of the pilchards. I gather from very old prints which I have seen that formerly the huer held a leafy branch in each hand.

Looking down on the sea at our feet, I clearly saw the cause of all this excitement. The greenish sea in the bay below had patches of a reddish-brown colour not very far from the shore. I watched carefully and saw these streak-like markings elongate, move in a sort of stream, then thicken up into quite a clump, and then again shoot out prolongations. Irresistibly I was reminded of the movement of an *amœba*, or speck of protoplasm, as seen under a high power of the microscope. Here were exactly the same movements, but on a gigantic scale. The rapidity with which the mass of fish—for those reddish-brown patches on the sea are occasioned by untold thousands of pilchards just below the surface—moves as if in immediate obedience to some well-understood pilchard law, is truly surprising. The mass or "school" may be a quarter of a mile long at one moment. As you look, it elongates, shoots out into half a mile. Then it thickens up into a regular ball more or less spherical.

While I was observing the movements of the fish in the



HUTER'S HUT OVERLOOKING WHITESAND BAY



bay below, Pender had not been idle. He was swinging his clubs just like a professor of Swedish physical exercises going through his performance, with this difference, that there was intense earnestness in each motion. The whole body as well as the arms entered into the excitement. Now he waves the two clubs to the eastward, and the boats down below go eastward, but not so fast as the huer desires, if one can judge by his words. Now he suddenly changes his frantically vigorous club-movements, and with the whole body rapidly bending down and up, beckons the boats to go straight out to sea. The school now shoots away toward Cape Cornwall and the Brisons, and the club professor sends the boats after them. At last he suddenly drops his clubs, seizes a long, very rusty old speaking trumpet and yells out. Those in the boat below begin paying out the net from the stern as the rowers rapidly pull away and very soon form a complete circle round the imprisoned fish. Pender's work is done. With the perspiration dripping from his forehead he jumps off the hedge, replaces the clubs in the black hut, a stone's throw below, and goes off to the Cove to learn the result of his strategy.

The sea-birds also seemed to know where the pilchards were, for they were wheeling and screaming over the reddish-brown patches on the water.

Big fish also follow up these pilchard "schools," and when the seine has been placed round a mass, good fishing can be obtained on hand-lines just outside the circle. Large pollack, coal-fish, John Dory, are caught there in abundance on pilchard baits, and so are huge congers.

And now, having seen what the important functions of the huer are, let us follow the men in pursuit of the pilchard on the sea.

The signal being given, and the crew of the seine-boat got together in haste and much excitement, the boat shoots out, the men pulling for all they are worth, and very clever manœuvring is required to surround the school. The old saying, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," forcibly applies, as frequently a shoot of the net is made, but all the trouble and labour are lost, the school being missed altogether or only a small part is surrounded, the bulk of the shoal getting clear away. Master Pilchard is certainly en-

dowed with the faculty of self-preservation, and scents danger very readily.

The following account of one day's operation will show the vicissitudes attending the capture of this lively fish. On a Wednesday evening a large shoal was sighted, and the main body of it was on the ground of the "Fisherman's Friend." This boat, by skilful manœuvring, enclosed a vast quantity of fish.

The "Unity" boat then followed, but only made a partial capture, having cut the shoal in two. The "Success" attempted to get round the remnant, and shot their net, but missed altogether. Thus out of three attempts, only one full and one moderate haul resulted. As bad luck would have it, toward the evening threatening weather set in, and the "Fisherman's Friend" Company had to take in their seine, and lost at least half of their catch. If a strong wind gets up there is great risk of the partial or complete destruction of the seine, as the pressure of a heavy wind and tide upon the heavy net would rend it to fragments.

The fish, once in the seine, cannot escape, they must remain there until taken out or liberated; still, for the foregoing reason, it is advisable to secure them as quickly as possible. The seine is accordingly moored, four anchors being eventually employed, though at Sennen it is usual to put down one or two additional ones. The "tuck," a net much smaller than the "seine," then comes into play. This, taken out by the *Volyer*, is introduced within the area enclosed by the seine, and encircling a quantity of fish which can be seen in the seine in masses four or five feet below the surface of the water. Gradually this net is raised and narrowed until the fish are brought within a comparatively narrow compass, from which they can be lifted out with baskets into the attendant boats. One draw of the tuck-net is usually sufficient to load four large boats each carrying four, seven, to nine tons of pilchards. Perhaps the most interesting sight of all is the seething, struggling, jumping mass of fish—termed the boil—as the area of the tuck-net gradually becomes smaller. Such an enormous mass of fish is difficult to realise, and unless seen can scarcely be credited.

When the attendant boats are loaded they are beached



THE PILCHARD HUER AT WORK

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PILCHARD SALT ARRIVING

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on the sands, and then the work of the contractors begins.

At Sennen there are three curing establishments, and each of the companies makes a contract with a party who agrees to take all their catch, or at least as much of it as he has room for, at a certain price. The unloading of the boats is a very busy, bustling scene; for it has to be done within the ebb and flow of the tide, say five to six hours. Carriers and carts are employed, as best suitable for the place where the boats are beached. The necessity for a pier and a small harbour is a distinct want of Sennen. If all three companies are catching pilchards in great bulk it is almost certain that vast quantities are wasted. Since writing this I hear that at last Sennen is to have a proper wharf or landing-place constructed.

The men and women who carry the fish up from the shore in creels are paid 2d. or 2½d. per basket or load, and they convey them to the salting floor, while the carts deliver their freight at the same place, the scale of pay for transport being at a similar price per basketful.

The first process for curing fish then begins. A basket of fish is thrown on the salting floor, mixed with two or three shovelfuls of salt, and thrown into a great cement vat. In these vats, which will hold from 75 to 150 hogsheads or barrels, the fish remain for a period of three or four weeks, being subjected to considerable pressure. The second process is then undertaken, which consists of taking out the pilchards, which by that time become thoroughly impregnated with the brine from the vats, carefully selecting and washing them in fresh water and packing them in barrels. This work is usually done by women who have had a certain experience in the process, as all damaged fish have to be rejected.

From one of the buyers of the Sennen pilchards I learned some interesting details of his part of the business. He was a Mousehole merchant, and told me that the salt employed for mixing with the fish in the large cemented tanks came from Spain. He had tried English salt, but the customers preferred the Spanish crude salt, which is obtained there by simply running sea-water over a flat expanse of land and allowing it to evaporate. I have seen these natural evaporating pans in the island of Lanzarote, where

also the natives prefer fish salted with sea salt to any other. It would seem, therefore, that the peculiar piquant flavour desired by the main eaters of salt fish is dependent upon other salts than chloride of sodium, for sea-water near the coasts contains as well minute quantities of bromine, iodine, boron, and free sulphuric acid. Traces of gold, arsenic, lead, copper, silver, strontium, cæsium, and rubidium are also constituents of sea-coast water. In appearance this salt has a dirty crystalline look like the roughest of rudely crystalline sugar. It is brought over to Sennen in small sacks from Mousehole in carts by the three tons at a time, just before the advent of the pilchards is expected, and stored in warehouses on the shore.

The mixing of the salt with the fish takes place by means of large wooden shovels, the fish and salt being thrown over and over in bulk on boards at the side of the tanks, just as Portland cement is mixed with pebbles to form concrete.

The sole market, for the Sennen fish at any rate, is Italy, the port apparently taking most being Genoa.

A great deal of rich, thick oil runs out of the fish, and this is collected, and sells at about one shilling a gallon, and I was informed a good deal of it is made into cod-liver oil, and some goes into the formation of soft soap. The expressed oil amounts to about three gallons a hogshead in summer, and two gallons in winter. The casks are "headed up" and sent to Italy, whence arose the fisherman's toast, "Long life to the Pope and death to the thousands." Many pilchards from other parts of the Land's End district found their way to Spain, and there, says old Fuller, "under the name of *fumadoes* ('Fair Maids'), with ayle and a lemon, they are meat for the mightiest of Dons."

"Old George," who is one of the well-established features of Sennen, an old sea-seamed, bronzed, wiry sailor-man, waxed quite eloquent to me once upon the virtues of pilchard oil, or "pelchur o'," as he called it. He has no faith in doctors, but much faith in this product of the sea. He informed me that if he took five bottles of medicine he would be a dead man; why five, and not four, I could not quite get from him; but pilchard oil was an almost universal remedy for all the ills sailor-folk flesh is heir to. You never



THE SENNEN COVE LOGAN STONE

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PILCHARD FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE, SENNEN

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could have a "rotten" finger if you used pilchard oil. A lady would have most delicate skin if she always used pilchard oil; but I explained to him that Sennen was always redolent of its rather intrusive presence, which to some, at any rate, was not the most agreeable perfume in the world. Old George smelt nothing unusual in the pilchard oil, and seemed to wonder at anyone not taking to it kindly; but then he has scarcely ever been away from its neighbourhood, and is evidently prejudiced in its favour. But what old George does take when he is not feeling well is "elder." By this somewhat curious term I found out later on he meant elder wine, with plenty of sugar in it and hot, at night. A friend of his, feeling ill, consulted a doctor at Penzance, who gave him a bottle of "stuff," to take a small quantity every four hours. Old George said triumphantly, "He went out, drank off the lot in the street, and then put on top of it a pint of cold ale and felt none the worse, so what good did he do by going to Penzance?" In old George's opinion he should have stuck to elder and saved his money.

This reference of his to the use of "elder" interested me, for the ancient Cornish held this tree in high esteem, and many villages, and at least two ancient Cornish families, are called after it, and the folk-lore connected with it is very widespread not only in Cornwall but all over England.¹

I also learnt from this ancient mariner that the Sennen fisher-folks are, like many more inland people, not without their superstitions.

They will never go to sea with a dog in the boat, and they will never kill a moth. They will not shoot their nets on a Sunday, for the buyers will not buy fish caught on that day, but they will finish up saving the fish which were enclosed by the seine on a Saturday, for as old George apologetically explained, "You'll pull a horse out of a ditch on Sunday." I attempted the observation that it was to save the horse's life you pulled him out, whereas it was to kill the pilchard—but old George, taking out a yard of neck-handkerchief about the thickness of a piece of string from his pocket and winding it twice round his short, sinewy, deeply wrinkled, brown

¹ The scattered particulars, traditional and written, relating to the folk-lore of the elder-tree have not, to my knowledge, ever yet been put together, so I have attempted the task in the Appendix.

neck, observing, "Nothing like keeping your pipes warm," walked off. Perhaps I had chilled him.

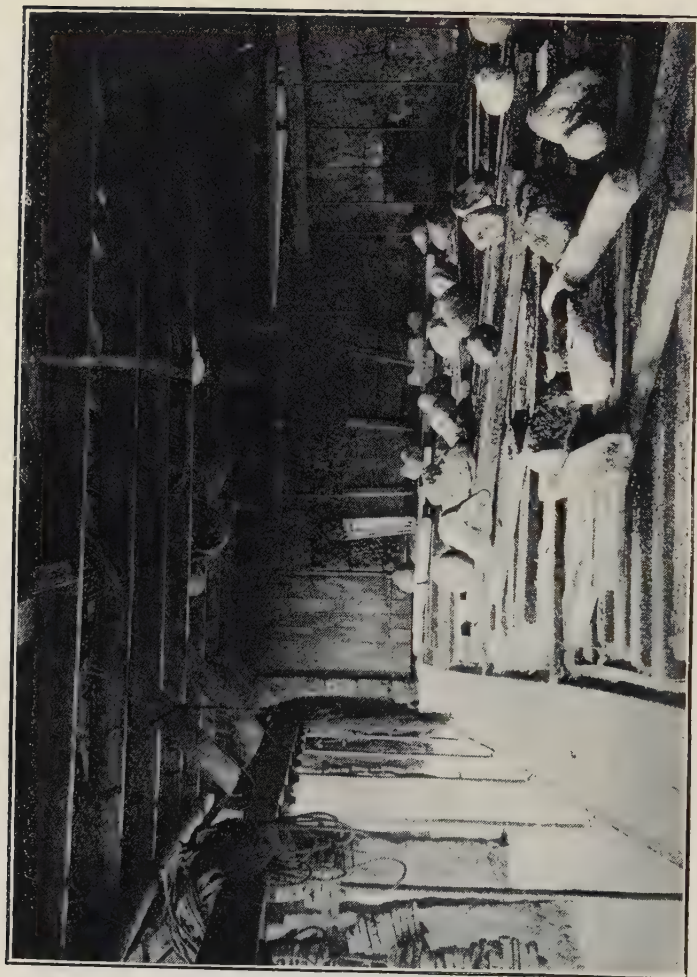
The catch on one afternoon at Sennen Cove filled about eight of the huge vats, and evidences of the take soon became apparent even to the heedless observer, that is, if he had a nose.

Pilchards were all over the road; casual ones dropped from the baskets as they were brought up in the creels from the boats to the salting sheds. You might have picked up along the shore enough for several meals. Pilchard scales are everywhere, and it is surprising how large these are. The pilchard, in size only about a small herring, is covered with hard scales, each close upon half an inch square.

It is said that the catches of pilchards are not so large as formerly, and that this falling off in the catches is due to the refuse poured into the sea from the mines and the disturbance of the sea caused by steamships and increased traffic generally on the ocean. I do not think there is any evidence in support of this contention. Fish are most uncertain; the same variations in "takes" which puzzle the fishermen are not infrequent round the Irish coasts and where there are no mines and no sea traffic. The truth is, we know just nothing about the habits of fish, and are quite ignorant of the why and wherefore of certain species such as pilchards, herrings, sprats, and even salmon now and again appearing in vast, even colossal, quantities, and then again becoming quite scarce. In 1851 a very large catch of pilchards is recorded as having taken place at St. Ives. One net alone was estimated to contain 16,500,000, or 5500 hogsheads, weighing 1100 tons. The probable value was £11,000, reckoning them at the price of £2 per hogshead before deducting the expense of curing.

Considering the vast importance of pilchards to this part of Cornwall, it is not surprising that the Celtic temperament of the people has woven around the industry a considerable wealth of delightful fanciful stories and customs. It is considered unlucky to eat the fish from the head downwards, the correct method is to begin at the tail and eat upwards. This procedure in mastication brings the fish to the shores and luck to the fishermen. One of the most characteristic Cornish pies or pasties is called "starry-gazy," which consists of pilchards with the heads of the





PRESSING STONES OVER PILCHARDS IN TANKS, SENNEN COVE

fish gazing at the stars through a hole in the middle of the crust. They make an excellent breakfast-dish when quite fresh, split open and grilled. The pilchard is also an excellent breakfast-dish when "marinated," or baked with vinegar, spices, and sweet bay-leaves, eaten cold. In this form it keeps a long time. The squeaking noise when the fish are pressed in bulk in the vats, due to the bursting of the air-bladders, is called "crying for more," and is regarded as a good omen—that more fish will soon be brought in to keep them company.

The pressing stones, pieces of granite rock, often rounded, with an iron staple or handle in each for lifting, and weighing quite a hundredweight, placed on the loose boards laid over the fish in the vats, in order to squeeze them and express the oil, when not in use in the pilchard season, are stored on the floors of the cellars. The advent of a good haul of fish is presaged by a commotion among these stones, which are said to roll about and make a noise spontaneously, anticipatory of their shortly being required once more for service.

The pilchard fishery was formerly always specially protected, and stern local laws enacted for conducting it in accordance with established rules and customs. To unscientifically plunge into a shoal, or "school," and frighten the fish away was not permitted. So far back as 1684, in the civic records of St. Ives, I came across the significant entry in the Borough Accounts, "Spent 6th Novemb^r at Ed. Pryors att a meetinge of the Aldermen to suppress the pilchard driveinge 3s. 6d." This ancient industry has also been the subject of testamentary bequest. John Knill, of St. Ives, who died in 1811, left several bequests for the benefit of that borough, where he had resided for upwards of twenty years, and amongst others the sum of £5 to be paid periodically "to the woman, married or single, inhabitant of St. Ives or otherwise, who shall by the Mayor, Collector of Customs and clergyman be deemed to be the best curer and packer of pilchards for exportation." The same benefactor similarly left £5 to the best female knitter of fishing nets.

We can therefore quite understand the curious Cornish toast, "Fish, Tin, Copper," and the significance of the sequence of the three staple industries. Fish pre-eminently first. Cornwall was never an agricultural county.

CHAPTER VII

CLIMATE—PENZANCE—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY

“**T**OUCHING the temperature of this countie,” says Speed, that wonderful old geographer who produced his map of Cornwall in 1610, “the aire thereof is cleansed as with bellows of the billows that ever worke from off her environing seas, where-thorow it becommeth pure and subtile, and is made thereby very healthful, but withall so piercing and sharpe, that it is apter to preserve than to recover health. The spring is not so early as in the more easterne parts: yet the Summer, with a temperate heat recompenceth his slow fostering of the fruits, with their most kindly ripening. The Autumne bringeth a somewhat late harvest; and the Winter, by reason of the Seas warme breath maketh the cold milder than elsewhere. Notwithstanding that Countrey is much subject to stormie blasts, whose violence hath freedome from the open waves to beat upon the dwellers at land, leaving many times their houses uncovered.” The tyrant, indeed, of our coasts, says Tonkin, “is the West and North-West Winds.”

No doubt, from its being nearly surrounded by sea, the atmosphere of Cornwall, particularly the Land’s End district, is moist, but the mildness occasioned by the same circumstances balances the inconvenience. Dr. C. Barham says that “Penzance, and indeed the whole peninsular portion of Penwith, is under this marine influence, which may be regarded as almost a fixed quantity, the temperature of the surrounding sea only varying between 60 degrees in summer and 50 degrees in winter.”¹

“Though the hills of the inland parts,” says C. S. Gilbert in his *History of Cornwall* (1817), “and the lofty cliffs that breast its surrounding oceans intercept the mists, dews, and clouds, and bring them down in frequent, though not very

¹ *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*, No. XXI, p. 287.

heavy rains (which are provincially called coasting rains), so that upon the whole, the earth is no where better watered than in this county, yet the constant variation and violence of the winds, which assault it from every quarter, and particularly from the south and west, added to those sudden gusts, called *flaws*, which pass towards the sea, either over or between the hills, prevent the stagnation of the air, purify it from noxious vapours arising from the operations of refining ores, and render it perhaps the most healthy county in England, as the long lives of its inhabitants sufficiently prove." (Vol. I, p. 85.)

Mr. Whitley has given long and careful attention to the climate of Cornwall, and his words thereon are worth quoting :

"A Canadian would think there was no summer, and say there was no winter ; a Spaniard would wonder what had become of the sun ; and a Peruvian would think it always rained.

"The month of January at Penzance is as warm as at Madrid, Florence, and Constantinople ; and July is as cool as at St. Petersburg in that month. The seasons appear to mingle like the interlacing of the warm and cold waters on the edge of the Gulf Stream ; and along our coast-line in January night and day have hardly a distinctive temperature, the mean difference being scarcely 4°. There is no country in the world with a climate so mild and equable as the south-west of England, if we except the south-west of Ireland, where this peculiarity is intensified.

"The cause is now well understood. The Atlantic Ocean on the west is an immense reservoir of warm water, fed and heated by the Gulf Stream, so that around the Cornish lands in the depth of winter the temperature of the surface-water is seldom lower than 46° ; and out at sea, beyond the influence of the land, the water is much warmer. The air pressed on its surface partakes of its temperature, and this warm air is swept by the prevailing westerly winds over the land, imparting to it the heat which was generated in and conveyed from the torrid zone. Let the cold be ever so intense in winter, the westerly wind will drive it back, and day after day the thermometer will stand at 50°.

"There is a magic touch and a mighty power above this

brave west wind, which in winter we should thankfully acknowledge. In the middle of December, 1859, the cold from the north-east had coated Cornwall with snow, and loaded the trees and hedgerows with masses of glittering crystals. A falling barometer indicated that the generous hero of the west was approaching; his first blast was cold and chilly; but on, on, roaring and groaning, he came; sighing through the trees and hedgerows, and the snow fell in heavy lumps from the boughs. From the western sides of hills, and from the more exposed brows of the land, the snow melted rapidly away, and so effective was his influence that lines of temperature might almost be drawn on the delicately shaded surface. Within twenty-four hours the white mantle of winter was gone, and the emerald green of spring returned, except that here and there were left some patches of snow which had skulked under the eastern side of a hedge; and the thermometer ranged from 50° at night to 54° by day.

"But in *summer* admiration changes into dislike. 'Fair weather may come out of the north,' but the tyrant of the west rolls in, cloud on cloud, till the sun is obscured by masses of vapour which, day after day, no ray of his can pierce; then long pendent streams of condensing vapour float over the languishing ears of corn, or descend in heavy rain to retard and injure the harvest. The sun may be a monarch in the desert, where 'the earth is fire and the sun is flame,' but in Cornwall we often view him as the 'dim discrowned god of day,' and long to feel more of his vivifying beams, gilding the fading corn and swelling the half-ripe fruit."¹

Carew says, "For health, eighty and ninety years of age is ordinary in every place; and in most persons accompanied with an able use of the body and his senses. One Polzew, lately living, reached into 130; a kinsman of his to 112; one Beauchamp to 106; yea, Brawne the beggar, a Cornishman by wandering (for I cannot say by inhabitance), though Irish by birth, outscored a hundred winters, by I wot not

¹ "Development of the Agricultural Resources of Cornwall," *Bath and West of England Agricultural Journal*, Vol. IX, Part 2. Cf. Mr. Whitley's "Prize Essay on the Climate of the British Islands," *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, 1850.

how many revolutions—and in the parish where God hath seated my poor dwelling, I remember the decease of four within fourteen weeks space, whose years added together made up the sum of 340."

But when we talk about the climate of a place what do we mean? Climate is a word which has been given by different persons very varying meanings. Some understand the word as implying merely temperature, others moisture, or rain. The truth is that the delicate distinctions which the word "climate" has been made to express are nearly countless. By many, climate is used as nearly exactly synonymous with physical geography. Climate, in other words, constitutes the aggregate of all the external physical circumstances appertaining to each locality in its relation to organic nature. Yet in spite of all this, though obviously difficult to define, everyone, in a vague way, knows what is meant when speaking of the climate of a place.

The schoolboy was not far wrong when in his examination paper he thus defined climate and weather: "Climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days."

The great mistake made by most writers upon the climate of a country, district, town, or village, is that the deductions are usually made from observations over too great an area. Climate often varies considerably, and that, too, within very small compasses. For example, even the west end of Green Park, in London, has a very different climate from the east end, caused by the disposition of houses. A doctor may advise a patient to take a walk during an east wind at the east end, and absolutely forbid perambulation at the west end. I have known this advice given.

Meteorologists have tacitly taken "climate" to mean the average state of certain physical conditions, amenable to their instruments, at a given place; while the same scientists understand by "weather" the condition of the atmosphere at any time, with regard to wind, temperature, cloud, and precipitation.

The Land's End district of Cornwall possesses—I think all will agree who know the spot—a very fickle climate. She woos and charms you, but it is as a coquettish maiden, now smiling and happily sunny; now tearful and sad; then suddenly, without any warning, laughing in your face

with an outburst of captivating brilliancy, and then again clothing herself in impenetrable mist. The best rule for the visitor with regard to clothing is not to venture far without a waterproof or umbrella. A gloomy morning often breaks out into the finest of brilliant days; whilst a clear, smiling morning, tempting the tourist to roam far from home, often terminates in tears and returns the tourist to his home soaked and wiser.

The Rev. C. A. Johns, who in 1848 wrote an excellent little book on the Lizard, graphically describes this changeableness of the weather in this part of England. It was at the close of a very hot day in July, still and cloudless, and Mr. Johns had walked to see the sun go down from Halzaphron Cliffs. "When I reached this point," he says, "the sun was within a few degrees of the horizon, but shining brilliantly here and over several miles of sea to the westward: but beyond this all was wrapped in an impenetrable mantle of mist. I could only discover that the two boundaries of the bay were simultaneously subject to two atmospheric influences, as different from each other as summer and winter. Where I stood the air was clear, bright, and still; what little motion of the wind had been perceptible during the day was from the east or south. Towards the Land's End, the sun slowly descended behind a mass of dense mist which, as he disappeared, assumed the deepest of all possible blue-purple hues, with a narrow, well-defined edge of gold, or rather of liquid yellow fire. The mist in front caught none of these tints; but from the shore, a little beyond the fishing village of Porthleven, it rolled on rapidly in white, filmy clouds from the north, as if it knew that the melting beams of the sun were now withdrawn, and were anxious to occupy as soon as possible the station where it was to hold sway during the night. In a few seconds every bright tint had vanished, the whole mass of clouds, for such they had now become, was of a dull whitish-grey colour; as far as the eye could reach it looked down on the uneven masses moving like tops of trees in a forest during a tempest. A few seconds more, and a chilling north wind blew in my face, and accompanied me during the remainder of my walk. What particularly struck me on this occasion was not so much the shifting character of the

scene, as the extraordinary rapidity of the change, which was much greater than that which usually accompanies the operations of Nature. The contrast was as great as exists between midday and midnight, and the whole took place during the time that the sun was descending through a portion of the sky but a little greater than its own diameter. I could compare the effect on the mind to nothing but that produced by a brilliant display of fireworks; but even this comparison fails in one respect, for, to be exact, the display should commence in broad daylight, last but for a few minutes, and yet terminate in gloom."

The mean annual and winter temperatures of Penzance are slightly higher than those of Falmouth. The mean monthly temperatures being, January, 42·4° F.; February, 43·4°; March, 43·9°; April, 47·1°; May, 52·6°; June, 57·7°; July, 60·9°; August, 61·3°; September, 57·3°; October, 51·3°; November, 47·7°; December, 44·2°.

The characteristic feature of this part of the county is freedom from the extremes of heat and cold. Consequently, in the valleys, where there is shelter from the west and south-west winds, delicate plants, of sub-tropical, even sometimes tropical, nature flourish. In the narrow extremity of the west, and on the lofty central land, the scarcity of trees makes the visitor think none will grow. This is one of the pleasant surprises of the Land's End district. Dip down into the valleys, and charming pictures of flower and foliage are presented, surpassed nowhere in England for beauty.

"Though Cornwall may not rank with many provinces in a continuity of rural beauty, in general luxuriance of soil, and in exuberance of vegetable production, it is strikingly pre-eminent in sublime associations—in the grandeur of its elevations, the immensity of its hollows, and in the infinity of those views with which it abounds, and with which it charms the lover of the picturesque," writes C. S. Gilbert in his "Advertisement" to his *Historical Survey of Cornwall* (1817).

At Penzance the gardens are prolific in flowers, fruit, and foliage of many species. Even near St. Ives, on the north, much more exposed than Penzance on the south, in the cottage gardens, wherever there is any shelter from the winds, the fuchsia may be seen growing six, ten, and more

feet in height ; the hydrangea attains a similar height, and the myrtle luxuriates in the open all the year round. The aloe flowers in the open and the bay grows to be a large tree. "Here cabbages," writes Cyrus Redding, "are on the table in February ; turnips, by the end of March ; broccoli, at Christmas ; and green peas, the second week in May. The first crop of potatoes is often planted in November, and dug up in April, May, and June ; and the second crop is put into the ground sometimes as late as the middle of July."

Snow seldom lies at Land's End, hardly ever more than two or three days. Most winters hardly put on the character of the season at all, and the spring season is much prolonged. Taking it all round, England's Riviera is a safer place to winter in than the Mediterranean's.

The average number of fine days in this district of the county has been calculated at 114 ; cloudy or variable, 87 ; rainy, 164. An average of seven years gave 117 for the number of days on which rain fell. But I must say that another set of observations gives the average number of rainy days (1881-90) as 150. The wettest months are October, November, December, and January. The result of these observations shows that this district being rainy, does not apply to the frequency of rain, but to the quantity. But though rains are frequent there are no bogs, lakes, or morasses worth speaking of, and no stagnant pools to breed miasma, or whence unhealthy exhalations can rise.

The dry, porous nature of the soil prevents the rain lodging, and the hilly nature of the surface assures the water being rapidly carried off to the sea, the ground consequently drying rapidly.

The equable climate which is so characteristic of Cornwall in general, and the Land's End district in particular, is of course due to the Gulf Stream, which continually laves its shores with warm water, though I know that by many scientists of the present day the Gulf Stream theory has passed into the limbo of rejected things. I have, however, lived long enough to have seen several theories, so arbitrarily disposed of and buried, resuscitated from that limbo and granted quite new leases of life. The ancients' idea of Atlantis and Lyonesse was regarded as a myth. Now it is revived as a substantial scientific fact.

Mr. H. J. Mackinder, in his *Britain and the British Seas*, writes :

“The wind from a relatively warm ocean, and the latent heat set free by the frequent rains, are the causes of the mildness of the western winter. This warmth is not due to the Gulf Stream, as is commonly stated. That very definite current emerges from the Gulf of Mexico, and ceases to be distinguishable a little to the east of the Newfoundland Bank, fully 1500 miles, from the nearest shore of Britain. The warm water west of Britain is due merely to the general north-eastward drift of the ocean surface, propelled from latitudes in which the sunshine is powerful by the winds and by differing salinities.”

This “north-eastward drift of the ocean surface” seems to be a phenomenon not so very much unlike that which we have hitherto known under the designation of Gulf Stream.

I have no doubt that the dryness which is the leading characteristic of the Land’s End district is largely due to the absence of lakes and streams. There are only a few very small streamlets, quite unimportant in every way. And then, too, the land underneath is very extensively honey-combed by the galleries of mines—almost all now disused—which effectively and rapidly drain off rain-water from the surface. This part of Cornwall is therefore admirably suited to those liable to rheumatism, and I know no county in England so free from gout. At St. Ives gout is practically unknown. I asked a leading chemist at that time if he knew of any cases of gout there. He answered, “Only one,” and then, correcting himself, added, “and that wasn’t real gout at all.”

In 1882 the fast trains from Paddington to Plymouth took 6½ hours, and the return fares available for a month in the tourist season were, first class, 102s. 9d., second class, 73s.; but it was always well in those days to break the journey to Penzance at Plymouth, on account of the frequent stops at stations west of the Tamar. Nowadays a return ticket to Penzance from Paddington, available for six months, costs, first class, 88s. 6d., third class, 55s. 4d., and the journey down is comfortably accomplished in 6 hours 25 minutes, and it includes the exhilarating sensation of a

railway trip along the sea-beach between Exeter and Teignmouth.

Penzance is found very debilitating for most people, especially the young, but it is a delightful place of residence for the aged, and very young children as a rule. A barber who shaved me once at Penzance beguiled the time by telling me stories about the place. He had known strangers to arrive and have "quite enough of it in twenty-five minutes"—they suddenly finding it so relaxing that they felt ill. Still, Penzance is a capital centre for a variety of pleasant excursions, and it is a terminus whence Land's End may best be visited, being to that show place exactly what Helston is to the Lizard. To the great mass of visitors who use Penzance as a stepping-stone to other places the climate matters not, for they stay there not long enough, as a rule, to be affected by it, one way or the other.

The hero of Penzance is unquestionably Sir Humphry Davy. He won his laurels, unlike most civic heroes on pedestals, not in naval or land battles or in the heated arena of the senate house, but in the thoughtful drudgery of the domains of science. He was born at Penzance on December 17th, 1778, and died at Geneva on May 29th, 1829. Singularly enough, he began as a poet, and ended as a natural philosopher. His first poem, which is preserved, bears date 1795, and is entitled "The Sons of Genius," and other of his poems are called "On the Mount's Bay" and "St. Michael's Mount."

A very interesting book he wrote, called *Consolations in Travel*, the Preface of which is dated "Rome, February 21, 1829." The copy I possess is the fifth edition, published by John Murray, dated 1851, which I bought for twopence at a bookstall in London.

Though it is true, speaking generally, the evil a man does lives after him, the good is oft interred with his bones, fortunately for the world there are brilliant and notable exceptions, and Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., is of them. His whole life was spent in benefiting mankind, and what he did for good, and he did much, lives after him. The force of his mighty intellect was directed to discovery, and discovery with practical, feasible objects in view. His scientific attainments and the trend of his researches were so directed.

"How can I employ this new element? how use this fresh fact of physical science?" were problems his mind ever was engaged in tackling. The flood-gates of the port of Hayle, which were rapidly decaying from the contact of copper and iron in sea-water, and his close studying of the then unknown phenomenon, prepared his mind for his experiments on the copper sheathing of ships in his day and a further knowledge of galvanic action. On April 10th, 1799, writing to Davies Gilbert, he informs him: "I made a discovery yesterday which proves how necessary it is to repeat experiments. The gaseous oxide of azote (the laughing gas) is perfectly respirable when pure. It is never deleterious but when it contains nitrous gas. I have found a mode of making it pure." The value of this discovery is now common knowledge in every dentist's chamber. Davy says he breathed sixteen quarts of it for nearly seven minutes, and says that it "absolutely intoxicated me." I don't wonder! He tried experiments on himself with carburetted hydrogen gas, and, as he said, "seemed sinking into annihilation." No wonder also! His experiments in galvanism, which began with the harbour gates of Hayle, led him in 1806, at the Royal Institution, to work with a battery of a hundred plates of six inches diameter; and on November 12th he informed Mr. Pepys, a friend of his, "I have decomposed and recomposed the fixed alkalies (potash and soda) and discovered their bases to be two new inflammable substitutes (potassium and sodium) very like metals, but one of them lighter than ether and infinitely more combustible; so that there are two bodies decomposed and two new elementary bodies found." This great discovery was actually obtained on October 19th, 1807, a great day in the history of chemistry, and a step in proof of that wonderful theory of the ancients, the Unity of Substance, which since Davy's day has received such marked endorsement. With another wonderful battery he discovered chlorine, and opened up the whole bleaching industry. These were his great discoveries, and, singularly enough, they are not those most associated with his name. A far lesser discovery has handed his name down on the list of great men in popular estimation. It is as the inventor of the miner's safety lamp that the public know him.

Pre-eminently, therefore, Sir Humphry Davy was a practical man, one of the most practical men England has ever seen. All his knowledge he turned to account. He was not a man of sentiment, and his imagination ran strongly in the rut of utility. Two extracts from his notebooks exemplify how he looked at Nature and society. "It is in society," he said, "as in Nature—not the useful, but the ornamental, that strikes the imagination. The monstrous flower, which produces nothing, arrests the eye; the modest and humble germ of the grain, the staff of human life, is passed by with neglect; but the one is the fancy of the florist, and fades and dies, and disappears for ever; the other is propagated from generation to generation, eternal in its use"—a remarkable sentiment coming from one born in Penzance, the land of lovely gardens, and showing how very lacking in the appreciation of outward loveliness and sentiment was his scientific mind. He could not leave the subject alone, but reiterated his views of the vast supremacy of utility over mere beauty when he wrote, "To raise a chestnut on the mountain, or a palm in the plain, which may afford shade, shelter, and fruit for generations yet unborn, and which, if they have once fixed their roots, require no culture, is better than to raise annual flowers in a garden, which must be watered daily, and in which a cold wind may chill or too ardent a sunshine may dry." And yet I fancy there is a practical side, and even value, to mere beauty and external adornment, for Penzance and the Scilly Isles attract hosts of visitors, who come to see the gorgeous gardens alone.

The town of Penzance is particularly clean, bright, and cheerful—even though, as with most Cornish towns, the prevailing tone of colour is grey—and those are qualities of no mean order. As a residential place it offers, perhaps, more than the average number of advantages. The walks around are good and varied, the society is also very varied, and every resident can make some friends, at any rate. To people retiring from active work Penzance may safely be recommended.

But why, oh, why did the people of Penzance put up a really effective statue to their great townsman, Sir Humphry Davy, at the top of the steep main street, in a magnificent



STATUE OF SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, PENZANCE

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OLD FISHERWOMAN, PENZANCE

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position for such a memorial, and then spoil the whole effect by placing a depressingly inartistic cab-shelter and other conveniences right in front of it?

The municipal offices, the Masonic Hall, and the Museums are all housed under one roof in a fine building in the centre of Penzance, just where the road starts for Land's End. Everyone at all interested in the antiquities of this part of Cornwall should certainly visit the Museum there of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society. An instructive object lesson is there afforded of the general appearance of some of the Celtic remains in which Cornwall is so rich. The collection contains some admirably executed models to scale of the most noted prehistoric monuments, and also some of the actual finds. I desire to thank the courteous Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. B. Cornish, for permission to photograph any of these objects for the purposes of this book.

Thomas Freeman, the epigrammatist, a Gloucestershire man, in 1614 thus wrote in praise of Penzance :—

“Whatever Marketjew pretends
Upon some musty old record,
For noblest hearts and truest friends
Penzance shall ever have my word;
No little town of like account,
On this side nor beyond the Mount.”

C. S. Gilbert says, “Penzance is a large, respectable market-town, and the most western corporation in England. The etymology of the name Penzance, according to Camden and Carew, means the Saint's Head, and the town gives the head of John the Baptist for its arms; but Mr. Tonkin conceives the name to originate from its situation at the head of Mount's Bay. It lies two hundred and eighty-three miles west of London, and ten miles east of the Land's End, and is particularly noted for its plentiful fish-market and its fruit gardens. It has also been distinguished for the mildness and salubrity of its air, so that it may be termed 'the Montpellier of England,' which, with the fertility and openness of its vicinity, have of late greatly increased the building and population.” I may, however, mention that the railway guide gives Penzance as 305½ miles from Paddington, and the name is, as the old Cornish historian says, a Celtic name meaning Holyhead or Holy Headland.

Penzance ("Pensantia" of Ray and Willoughby), or Pensans, was probably so named on account of a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony, which once stood on a projecting point of land near the south pier. Some say, with hasty conclusiveness, that the name is derived from the head in a charger on the town seal—the head of John the Baptist—but this device was only chosen in the seventeenth century as the town arms.

A fine esplanade has been constructed westward of the pier, which is now a fashionable promenade. Good hotels and excellent lodgings abound. Penzance is a mixture of Bath, Cheltenham, and Torquay rolled into one.

Its chief charm to most travellers lies in its centralness. It is the hub of a most variedly interesting wheel. The Scilly Isles can be visited from its harbour in a few hours without trouble. Land's End, the Lizard, and the enormous wealth of Celtic and other antiquities lie at its doors. Churches of historic interest and great architectural beauty invite short walks, carriage drives, or easy cycle tours. Walks of beauty abound in every direction.

Penzance, therefore, as it now is, needs no eulogium from me, and indeed there are plenty of local guide-books setting forth its charms and attractions with a plethora of detail.

Before the salubrity of the Canary Islands, Madeira, Switzerland, Egypt, and other foreign places was discovered and those spots made accessible, Penzance was much resorted to by invalids and others hoping to prolong life in the salubrious climate of this part of England. The churchyard consequently contains many monuments of those who were not inhabitants of the town.

Stockdale (1824) says, "Owing to the improvements made of late years, Penzance is now become a very populous and highly respectable place, and altogether possesses as many claims as any watering-place in the Kingdom." The same author says that the town "was long noted for the pleasantness of its situation, the salubrity of its air, and the beauty of its natives." This part of England's Riviera would, I am sure, benefit many persons far more than that of the South of France, where they flock at present.

I must say I did not notice any exceptional beauty amongst the inhabitants of Penzance during my many visits,

but at the same time ugly persons of either sex seemed to me rare. Halliwell seems to have made very much the same observation. He says: "It is, however, to be observed that, while a very beautiful woman is a great rarity in western Cornwall, an ugly one is of an equally unusual occurrence. There is hardly a girl to be met with, in however humble a guise, who has not a pleasing countenance, an air of innocence, good-humour and intelligence lighting up an almost universal type of face distinguished by its roundness of form and pallid delicacy of colour."

The visitor to Penzance will even, at the present day, notice the quaintly clad old fisherwomen carrying their fishing baskets of a curious shape. The *cowal*, or *cowel*, is placed on their back, and a band passing round the body of a small straw hat tightly pressed on the head supports the weight.

Dr. Davy gives us a graphic description of Penzance and the neighbourhood as they were about 1780: "Cornwall was then without roads. Those which traversed the country were rather bridle-paths than carriage roads; carriages were almost unknown, and even carts were very little used. I have heard my mother relate that when she was a girl there was only one cart in the town of Penzance, and if a carriage occasionally appeared in the streets, it attracted universal attention. Packhorses were then in general use for conveying merchandise, and the prevailing manner of travelling was on horseback. At that period, the luxuries of furniture and living, now enjoyed by people of the middle class, were confined almost entirely to the great and wealthy, and, in Penzance, where the population was about two thousand persons, there was only one carpet. The floors of the rooms were sprinkled over with sea-sand, and there was not a single silver fork. The only newspaper which then circulated in the West of England was the *Sherborne Mercury*, and it was carried through the country, not by the post, but by a man on horseback especially employed in distributing it."

In the year 1800, "The Cornish coach to London was a van or covered waggon, which conveyed the few who travelled on wheels." There was a one-horse chaise kept specially for the use of Mr. Watt (Watt and Boulton, of low-

pressure steam-engine celebrity) when he visited this Cornwall district on business. Trevithick's wife "has spoken of drives with her husband in this much-envied post-chaise. It was kept for the aristocracy by Mr. Harvey, who lived opposite Newton's Hotel in Camborne. It was the only comfortable carriage to be let on hire, fit for gentlefolk, in the West of England, to supply the twenty or thirty miles of country from Truro to the Land's End."¹

Penzance must then have been a small place. Even in 1851 the population was only 9214, whereas now it is 13,123.

Tradition asserts that Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first pipe of tobacco in England, after his return from America, in Penzance. "The nasty habit," remarks Mr. J. O. Halliwell, "is still in vogue amongst the Penzancians, if that be any evidence of the accuracy of the tradition."

The first news of the great victory, and Nelson's death, which this county received arrived at Penzance Quay. That was a memorable day for Penzance, and also for England.

Population of Penzance.

1801	.	3382	1841	.	8578
1811	.	4022	1851	.	9214
1821	.	5224	1861	.	9414
1831	.	6563	1911	.	13,123

¹ *Memoirs of Trevithick.*

CHAPTER VIII

RED HAIR

JUST as one man's meat is another man's poison, so an expression which in some places may be quite harmless in others may become a term of derision or even of opprobrium. Here is a concrete instance. In Cornwall, particularly the Land's End district, it is not advisable to dub a person "a red-haired Dane," though in most parts of England, especially inland, the expression would as likely as not provoke no comment at all, or be regarded as simply frivolous. As an example of the inopportuneness of using this singular phrase, I may mention that it led to a police-court case being heard in 1867 at Penzance Town Hall. It came out in evidence that the defendant had called the complainant "a red-haired Dane," and this naturally (in this part of the country) led to an assault—no one was surprised. Though it is now some forty years ago since the case was tried, the strong repugnance of Cornishmen to be dubbed by this strange appellation is nearly as strong as ever.

The origin of the singular local dislike to red-haired people is capable of quite a plausible explanation, which in default of a better is worthy of some credence at least.

The Celtic nations hated the Danes, and were always fighting them, and not only in Cornwall, but also all along our coasts where the Danes or Norsemen made their ravages, this deep-rooted prejudice against people with red hair, "red-headed," more or less remains ingrained in the national character.

I once had a practical illustration of this aversion in Celtic Ireland, which caused me annoyance and much inconvenience. In 'Achill Island, off the west coast, where the people are very Celtic, it is to this day considered most unlucky and unfortunate to meet a red-haired person when about to embark on any important undertaking. I wanted to go deep-sea fishing off Achill Head, where very deep is

the water and very good is the fishing, and the distance from the exceedingly primitive village of Dooagh being great, the long four-paddled canoe had to be used, and a fine day selected, as the waves there—right out in the wild Atlantic—are often very rough. After waiting several days, at length a calm morning dawned, with every prospect of a fine spell of weather, and I got ready to start, and my men were all walking down to the shore laden with the necessary fishing paraphernalia and gear, when, as fate would have it, we met a red-haired man. At once dubious glances were cast to the sky; fears were freely expressed about the weather: “a shift of wind was on its way”; “sure, to-morrow would be a lovely day,” and so on. Finally one of my men said it was too late to go now, so off he went home; then another sidled slyly away, and eventually all four turned tail, and I had to give up my excursion to Achill Head, all through having met this man of ill-omen.

Maybe this deep-rooted and very prevalent prejudice against people with red hair dates back still further in Celtic history than even the periodical and piratical descents of the Danes on our shores. The Celts, we should remember, were a most religious people, and tradition (whether truly or not must ever remain a mystery) assigns to Absalom's hair a reddish tinge; and Judas, the traitorous disciple, is ever painted with locks of the same unhappy hue. Matthew Arnold refers to this traditional appearance of Judas in his poem “Saint Brandan” :—

“That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
Of hair that red and tufted fell—
It is—oh, where shall Brandan fly?—
The traitor, Judas, out of hell!”

Taking, therefore, into account the deep-seated religious fervour of the people, they may have associated the red-haired Danes as well with these undesirable Biblical characters.

Miss Gwilt, in *Armada*, and other wicked heroines of not long ago, were mostly remarkable for their red hair.

e ← Shakspeare, too, seems to have been imbued with the like morbid feeling of distrust for those on whose hapless heads the invidious mark appeared—or else he merely represents the feeling on the subject which was prevalent

in his day. Rosalind, in complaining of her lover's tardiness in coming to her, says to Celia :—

"Ros. : His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

"Celia : Something browner than Judas's."

And Marston follows suit in the *Insatiate Countess* :

"Thais : I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas."

The expression "carrots," as applied to red hair, has, according to some authorities, nothing to do with the vegetable usually associated with boiled beef, but is a corruption from Roman Catholic times in England, when a red-haired man or woman was called Iscariot. Indeed, it is not improbable that the tap-root gained its name from the same source. The ingeniousness of the derivation is at any rate interesting, even if in later researches etymologists disprove it.

It seems to be somewhat generally supposed, and I have found the feeling prevalent far more than I had anticipated, that red-haired people are dissemblers, deceitful, or at any rate not to be trusted like those whose hair is of a different colour. I have even heard of some people who will not admit into their service any whose hair is thus to them objectionable.

But the feeling of aversion has even gone to greater lengths. Lipsalve says in the *Chaste Maid of Cheapside* : "How ill-advised were you to marry with one with a red beard!" to which Mrs. Glisten replies : "O, Master Lipsalve, I am not the first that has fallen under the ensign! There's no complexion more attractive in this time than gold and red beards." And then the First Puritan illuminates the discussion with the remark, "Sure that was Judas there with the red beard," and the Second Puritan, "Red hair the brethren like not."

Further, the West Country Counsellor, in the *Bagford Ballads*, also pillories the same coloured hair :—

"Nay, I further declare, you may know by their hair :
If it be red or yellow, then, then you may swear
They will never prove true, but will love more than you."

And in Howell's *English Proverbs* we are thus enlightened :

"A red beard and a black head,
Catch him with a good trick, and take him dead."

However, R. Tofte, in 1615, wrote this rhyme, wherein the hair that is red is given a better character :—

“The red is wise,
The brown trusty,
The pale envious,
The black lusty.”

In Celtic Wales, too, *pen cock* (red hair) is a term of reproach universally applied to all who come under the category. But Jonson, the ponderous, even if at times witty, harps on the old strain in the *Poetaster*, where he says :—

“To a red man read thy reed,
With a brown man break thy bread,”

thus throwing considerable doubt upon the ruddy-haired.

Buckle, the suggestively thoughtful, is of opinion that the prevalent antipathy was because red hair was a mark of leprosy. His authority for this I know not. It certainly cannot be that a fair complexion (though usually associated with this pigment in hair) is necessarily or even probably a sign of leprosy. It is said, too, to be a fact that red-haired people are more subject to rheumatism than those of a dark complexion.

There can be, I think, little doubt that the Danes, Norsemen, or Vikings—all more or less red-haired—paid terribly destructive piratical visits to West Penwith and other parts of our coasts, though we have no documentary history of actual descents upon the coast of Cornwall. The Danes, however, were fighters, not writers, which perhaps explains the matter.

It seems clearly established that at one stage in the history of that county the King of Cornwall persuaded the Danes to join their forces with his in order to resist the encroachments of the Saxons. But the memory of the terrible times when “the red-haired Danes” committed atrocities never died out. The awful tales were handed down from father to son, perpetuating a vindictive hate never to die out. Who can say, in the face of such facts, that we English are devoid of a vendetta?

As the result of rapes committed by the invaders, or of subsequent intermarriages with these Norsemen and Danes, many people at and near Land’s End to-day bear clear ethnological proof in their appearance that they have in their veins the blood of these plucky old pirates of the ancient seas. The mixture with the Celtic race has produced

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a good stock. The Rev. S. W. Lach-Szyrma says on this subject: "The accusation of springing from the red-haired Danes may be counted as an insult, but some would think it a compliment. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the being born of these gallant Norsemen, from whom spring some of the bravest and wisest of the human race. The blood of the Scandinavian is mingled with the Saxon and Celtic in the population of our eastern and northern counties. The race that produced a Snorro Sturleson and a Canute, a Gustavus Vasa and Gustavus Adolphus, a Linnæus and Thorwaldsen, a Nelson and a Charles XII, to which in its purest form belong some of the most civilised populations of Europe, is not to be despised. To be sprung from the red-haired Danes is a compliment instead of an insult, above all when the beloved Duchess of Cornwall (now Queen Alexandra) is a Danish princess. Many of the nobler characteristics of the coast population of Penwith may come from Scandinavian ancestry. Those Newlyn fishermen who sailed in 1856 in an open boat to Australia were perchance no unworthy descendants of the Vikings, whose name was dreaded even in Scilly and Constantinople."

When our Christian ancestors caught any of these "red-haired Danes" on their marauding expeditions, they seem to have given them short shrift. Their skins were flayed from their bodies and fastened to the church doors as fearful warnings to others. In the rural hamlet of Hadstock, County Essex, is a little church of Saxon origin. On the north door of this ancient edifice might once have been seen—and not so very long ago—beneath the massive clamps and hinges, a relic of a pirate Norseman whose skin had been fastened to the door "as a ghastly memorial of ecclesiastical vengeance and a warning to all who approach the church." This skin is stated by Morant to have been that of a Danish king, nailed with many hundreds of nails to the door; but only small bits of skin remained (in his time) round the nails, which were extremely hard. A portion of this epidermis was subjected to microscopic examination, and it proved to have belonged to a human being and a fair-haired person. Pepys, in his *Diary* (April 10th, 1661), notes that he went "to Rochester and there saw the cathedral . . . observing the great doors of the church, as they

say, covered with skins of the Danes." If the "red-haired Danes" were cruel, our remote ancestors seem not to have been behindhand in that direction also.¹

In spite of this unreasonable and mysteriously incomprehensible prejudice at the present day against red-haired persons which is so prevalent in West Cornwall and elsewhere, women, at any rate, with red hair have been extolled by poets and artists. With that fact they may console themselves even if the men cannot.

Probably the most beautiful women the world has known have had red hair. Women who have swayed empires and caused wars—the Helens and Cleopatras of history—have mostly had this coloured hair in one or other of its many varieties of shades. Naturally, therefore, women envy women with red hair, and this is shown by the fact that so many women at the present day dye their hair red in preference to any other colour. Titian and Rubens were always painting them, and Lord Leighton's best pictures are of women with deep red hair :—

"In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the husk
Divides threefold to show the fruit within."

One of the largest "stores" in America recently advertised for "red-haired girls" to take charge of the luncheon-room. When asked the reason for this, the manager replied: "Because the red-haired girl is more optimistic, energetic, and adaptable than any other kind of girl. She is generally gifted with a clear complexion, and is always the picture of neatness. No one ever heard of a lazy red-haired girl. She is quick-witted and cheerful, and all men particularly appreciate these qualities."

From what I can gather the experience of most persons leads them to assume that red hair correlates an impatient temper and a rash precipitancy of movement—which are signs of abnormal vitality in chestnut horses.

But even men with red hair need not despair. Did not the beautiful golden-haired Queen Guinevere love Launcelot the red-haired? Said she not :—

"And every morn I scarce could pray at all,
For Launcelot's red-golden hair would play,

¹ Other church doors upon which human skin has been found are (or were) at Copford, Castle Hedingham, Westminster Abbey, and Worcester Cathedral.

Instead of sunlight, on the painted wall,
Mingled with dreams of what the priest did say"?¹

There seems little doubt, both from history and tradition which I have come across, that a settlement of Danes, "red-haired" folk, was once effected at Sennen Cove. The natives of that part of Land's End kept apart from them and did not intermarry with them; they, therefore, for years married closely among themselves. Many of their descendants are clearly discernible here and in the immediate neighbourhood. Red hair predominates. The result of this close intermarrying is probably seen, or rather heard, in the enormous number of stammerers and stutterers to be found in this part of Cornwall. You will come across more persons, male and female, with impediments in their speech in one day at Sennen than you will in ten years moving about England generally—at least, that is my experience. The families are few. The individuals are nearly all either Georges, Penders, or Nicholases. These are in reality great clans closely connected in every possible way within the limits of the Church's decrees. If you ask a man who So-and-so is he will at once tell you, and the chances are nine out of ten that the person alluded to is a relation. I have known a father stammer and stutter dreadfully, and each of his children be afflicted with the same complaint; and I have been told that his ancestors were all stammerers as far back as people remember. This close intermarrying in the past may not, of course, be the true interpretation of what is a distinctly curious phenomenon of this part of Cornwall, but it looks very much like it.

Yet in spite of all this adverse comment, the red-haired may well be proud, for scientific observation shows that the tendency of the enormously increased intermarrying between individuals of different nations, in these days of swift intercommunication and marvellously increased travelling facilities, is to cause the red-haired and light-haired to decrease in number. Rare things are always more valued. Some day, probably, the world will be peopled with a dark, or even black-haired population only. In those days the red-haired will be looked upon as gods and goddesses.

¹ *King Arthur's Tomb*, by William Morris.

CHAPTER IX

QUAKERS IN THE LAND'S END DISTRICT OF CORNWALL

ORIGINALLY called Seekers, from seeking the truth, and afterwards Friends ("Greet the friends by name," 3 John 14), the name of Quakers was given to the society by Justice Bennet, of Derby, in 1650, because George Fox, the founder, admonished him and those present to quake at the word of the Lord.

Everything connected with this sect is interesting. They suffered frightful persecutions—at Boston, U.S.A., where the first Friends who arrived were women, they were cruelly scourged and had their ears cut off, and some were actually put to death.

In 1659, it was stated in Parliament that in old Newgate Prison 2000 had endured awful sufferings, and 164 Friends offered themselves at this time by name to the Government, to be imprisoned in lieu of an equal number who, in that pestilential place, were in danger of death from the unhealthy confinement.

And, if for nothing else, the Society of Friends, and all about it, must always claim attention because William Penn, with a company of Quakers, colonised Philadelphia, in 1682. Philadelphia to this day retains the delightful old-fashioned Quaker tone, which is still discernible in its society and methods and style of social intercourse, so that the "Quaker City" is always of great interest to English visitors. I have ever found a fascinating remnant of simplicity about Philadelphia which is, as a rule, totally absent from other great towns of the vast republic. The *thee*-ing and *thou*-ing have gone, but some, at any rate, of the charming Quaker influence remains.

At the Land's End district of Cornwall there are now no Quakers, but in the late seventeenth century, and up to the

end of the eighteenth, the Society of Friends had many followers in this part of the county. And a

"Solitary, silent, solemn scene
Where the insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps"

reminds even the casual wayfarer that once, not so very long ago, the quaint poker bonnets,¹ the subdued greys in clothing, the *thees* and *thous*, and the strange absence of oaths in the vernacular of many of the men must have been in marked evidence in this district of England's extremity.

About two miles from the village of Sennen, on the road to Penzance, where the road branches off to St. Just, in the acute angle there formed, is a small, high-walled, quadrangular enclosure, 54 feet long by 46 feet broad. No gate or opening gives access to this desolate spot, lying on the moorland in quiet, solitary peacefulness, quite apart from all houses or signs of life. The motor 'buses buzzing by, carrying tourists on their way from Penzance to Land's End, or bringing back visitors from that much-visited spot, pass within a foot or two of the granite wall, and the driver, with a nod of his head to the passengers beside him—or behind, if it be an open char-à-banc—says briefly: "Quakers' Cemetery."

Blight devotes just nine lines to this burial-ground, saying, with singular want of knowledge of the Friends, "We know not what could have induced the selection of such a spot for such a purpose, unless those who were buried there wished to be laid beyond the reach of human sympathy." Intense human sympathy is just one of those characteristics I most associate in my mind with Friends, and it has been my privilege to know many.

A nearer inspection of the exterior of this little enclosure reveals a slab of thick slate let into the wall, 2 feet 11 inches long by 1 foot 3 inches in depth, with this lettering incised upon it:—

" FRIENDS' BURIAL GROUND
—BREA
IN WHICH 36 INTERMENTS TOOK
PLACE BETWEEN THE YEARS
1659-1789."

If you ask anyone in the neighbourhood to tell you anything about this singularly out-of-the-world and tiny God's Acre, you will find that absolutely nothing at all is known about it. The year 1789, when, apparently, it was closed, is a long time ago—the world moves rapidly in 120 years—and all memory of its history and associations has died out in the district. Not a single Friend now inhabits the countryside, the nearest, I believe, being at Falmouth. I have made many inquiries in the county, and obtained the help of some prominent members of the leading Quaker families residing in the county, but it is rather remarkable that no information is forthcoming.

A close inspection of the walls shows two upright slabs of granite, on the side where the St. Just road leads off, indicating that the opening was formerly there. Now, access to the interior is by two or three jutting-out pieces of stone, forming steps up the wall, with similar pieces conducting the intruder down on the inner side of the wall. This entirely wall-surrounded plot of land is absolutely flat inside, grass-grown, and devoid of mound or any memorial of the dead, except at the far right-hand corner, where a solitary monument at once attracts attention. There, with its inscribed face turned upwards, mutely appealing to high Heaven alone, is this memorial of a departed Friend, who once lived in this district, sole outward and visible sign that we are treading over graves.

An old man in the neighbourhood informed me that, for the last interment, a piece of the wall was required to be taken down to admit the coffin on the side facing the sign-post, or west side.

The inscription on the solitary stone monument inside the enclosure is becoming almost undecipherable, through exposure to the weather and decomposition of the granite. It will soon be quite illegible. The lettering is rudely chiselled in letters four and a half inches long, each word being separated from the next by a point in the middle of the line.

As far as I could make the lettering out, it is as follows, and I print it just as it is, with the quaint use of V for U, and the curious division of words at two of the corners of the slab :—



THE WALLED-IN OLD QUAKER BURIAL GROUND, SENNEN

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SOLITARY MONUMENT, QUAKER CEMETERY SENNEN

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HEARE • IS • BVRIED • THAT • VIRTVO
 WHO • DEPARTED • THIS • LIFE • SA
 ELLIS. THE • XX • DAY • OF • THE • X •
 MONTH • OF • 1677 •
 • NHOF • JO • EHAM • THEL • JITHIH • AN • WOM

The solid block of granite is 5 feet 7 inches long by 2 feet 1 inch in breadth, and is 1 foot 1 inch thick, resting upon large pieces of rough granite inclined inwards.

The marked simplicity of the memorial and its sweet, rough naturalness are quite in keeping with the old-time charm and quaint tenets of the society.

Gravestones in all Quaker graveyards are of a uniformly plain type. Not only is this in keeping with the staid, sober Quaker feeling, but it is also enjoined in their book of regulations. *The Book of Christian Discipline* says: "This Meeting, after serious and deliberate consideration of the subject, is of the judgment that our religious Society has a sound Christian testimony to bear against the erection of monuments, as well as against all inscriptions of a eulogistic character, over the graves of their deceased friends. Nevertheless, it is of opinion that it is no violation of such testimony to place over or beside a grave a plain stone, the inscription on which is confined to a simple record of the name, age, and date of the decease of the individual interred" (1856, 1861, 1883).

But this old Sennen graveyard (1659–1789) is evidence that long before any definite instructions on the subject had been crystallised and reduced into writing, the natural good sense of the Friends—at any rate at the Land's End—had seen the folly of fulsome monuments and adulatory epitaphs. It was evidently the uprising of a tendency to depart from this time-honoured and happy simplicity which led to the matter having to be mentioned in *The Book of Christian Discipline*, and definite instructions codified.

At the time when these unostentatious burials were taking place here, some of the most fulsome and ridiculously pompous and flattering eulogies, carved over what must surely have been canonisable saints, were appearing in the neighbouring churches of St. Buryan, Paul, Ludgvan, Gulval, Sennen. We laugh nowadays at these absurd

eulogies to departed merit. We cannot enter the little Quaker cemetery without respect and taking off the hat. The simplicity of the Quaker in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries at Land's End was in marked contrast to much of the self-righteous Pharisaism around.

I heard, on good authority, that a curious and singularly inappropriate, even sacrilegious, use had once been made of this small Cornish walled enclosure. A difference having arisen between two Cornishmen in the neighbourhood, they betook themselves, with their seconds, to this isolated spot, and there and then settled their dispute with their fists, free from all interruption.

No one could see over the high walls jealously guarding the dead from profane intrusion. This fight over the peaceful dead was enough to make the Quakers rise from their last resting-places in condemnation of such proceedings, so absolutely opposed to the radical and sacred tenets of the sect.

Perhaps the Quaker, Robert Dunkin, who first made the young Humphry Davy interested in physical science, lies here. It is not at all unlikely, as there is no other Quaker cemetery in the neighbourhood. The future inventor of the miner's safety lamp was born at Penzance, and his first taste for experimental physics was due to that member of the Society of Friends, a saddler, who made as well electrical machines, Volta's piles, Leyden jars, and such-like elementary apparatus of those early days of the science.

The history of the Quaker movement, no matter in what part of England it be studied, is never devoid of interest. As a body they appeal to all thoughtful persons. No sect or body of men and women holding a creed in common could be more honest than they. They rose in a remarkable manner, reached their zenith, and have slowly faded away into obscurity during the memory of the past, and even some of the present, generation.

Very remarkable is the over-faith of each man in the vast and far-reaching importance of what he has to do or say. The poet, the prophet, has a higher value for what he utters than any hearer, and therefore it gets spoken. Jacob Behmen and George Fox, "the founder of Quakerism," as he is called, betray their egotism in the pertinacity of their

controversial tracts. Similarly, James Naylor, the fanatical Cromwellian soldier, once allowed himself to be worshipped as the Christ, and we have heard of one or two more modern instances of the same phenomenon, or shall we call it mental aberration? The establishment of the "Colony" in Achill was the absorbing work of the Rev. Mr. Nangle's life, but outside his own immediate circle of applauders, the effect of his efforts seems in these days to have been very poor and paltry.

George Fox, who was born in July, 1624 (the actual date is uncertain), travelled in Cornwall, and endured one of the longest and most severe of his imprisonments in that county in Launceston Gaol. He did not obtain anything like so large a crop of conversions to his new faith as rewarded his journeys to Lancashire and Cumberland. He himself accounts for this, in some measure, by saying that he "could not obtain knowledge of any sober people, through the badness of the innkeepers." Nowadays the hotels and inns of Cornwall are admirably conducted, the accommodation generally most comfortable, the food excellent.

Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, who has written the life of George Fox, in commenting upon this singular reason for his want of success, says: "This remark helps us to understand his usual mode of procedure on arriving at a strange place, which was apparently to go to an inn kept by a Puritan landlord, and use his host's local knowledge in order to gather together an audience of 'sober,' that is, spiritually minded, people." This method, no doubt, failed for obvious reasons. The county of Cornwall was in the seventeenth century enthusiastic for Church and King. The Roundheads were at a discount. Pendennis Castle was one of the last strongholds on which King Charles's banner was kept flying. Cornishmen still stood by Charles Stuart when all Saxon England disowned him.¹

In such an ecclesiastically minded and openly Royalist county, the new doctrine, so peculiar in its character, which required a Puritan *nidus* to work in, even while opposing Puritan dogmas, had little chance of success, and though a

¹ St. Ives, with Lelant and Towednack, rather inclined to the Parliamentary side in 1644, but the rest of Penwith, like Cornwall generally, was loyal.

few meetings were established, there was no general ingathering of converts to Quakerism, such as were consequent upon his oratory in other parts of England.

At the time of Fox's visit Marazion had a mayor and aldermen—a corporation of its own—and when he reached that neighbourhood the local magistrates, acting in conjunction with the sheriff of the county, sent the constables to summon Fox and Pyot, his fellow-workman in the cause, before them. No warrant for their arrest had been issued, and when Fox asked the constables by what authority they did this thing, one of them pulled out his mace from under his cloak, and said that was his warrant. However, no arrest was made, but Pyot went unconstrained to the mayor and aldermen of Marazion and preached them a sermon to which they seem to have listened with attention. According to his usual practice, Fox had written a short address to be sent to the seven parishes at Land's End. There was nothing in this address which any Christian man could possibly object to. It merely set forth in language unusually simple and clear Fox's great proposition, "Every one of you hath a light from Christ, which lets you see you should not lie, nor do wrong to any, nor swear, nor curse, nor take God's name in vain, nor steal." But a copy of this address was handed to a mounted traveller—whom the party met about three miles from Marazion—and he proved to be a servant of one Peter Ceeley (or Ceely) of St. Ives, a zealous country magistrate, a fierce Puritan and Roundhead, and major in the army.¹

The servant, riding forward, delivered it to his master at St. Ives, where the Friends were delayed, owing to having one of their horses shod. Whilst the horse was at the forge, Fox walked down to the shore and looked forth over the Bristol Channel. When he returned he found the little town in an uproar, and a rude mob dragged his companions off before Major Ceeley. "I followed them," says Fox, "into the justice's house, though they did not lay hands upon me. When we came in the house was full of rude people; whereupon I asked them whether there were not an officer among them to keep the people civil.

¹ It was this iconoclastic and abominable man who had demolished the ancient chapel at the holy well of St. Madron.

Major Ceeley said he was a magistrate. I told him he should show forth gravity and sobriety then, and use his authority to keep people civil; for I never saw any people ruder; the Indians were more like Christians than they. After a while they brought forth the paper aforesaid, and asked whether I would own it. I said, 'Yes.' Then he tendered the oath of abjuration to us, whereupon I put my hand in my pocket and drew forth the answer to it, which had been given to me by the Protector. After I had given him that he examined us severely one by one. He had with him a silly young priest, and amongst the rest he desired to cut my hair, which then was pretty long; but I did not think it my duty to, though many times many were offended at it. I told them, 'I had no pride in it, and it was not of mine own putting on.' At length the justice put us under a guard of soldiers, who were hard and wild, like the justice himself; nevertheless we warned the people of the day of the Lord, and declared the truth to them. The next day he sent us, guarded by a party of horse, with swords and pistols, to Redruth."¹ So under guard the Friends started next day from Redruth to Launceston Gaol. On the way they met General Desborough, Cromwell's brother-in-law, and one of the major-general's satraps, through whom for a year and a half (June, 1655, to February, 1657) the Protector administered the six western counties from Gloucestershire to Land's End. Cromwell gave him very comprehensive powers over religion and morals, as well as over political matters. On one occasion, it is stated, one of these satraps, Major-General Butler, fined a certain Mr. Barton £6 for saying, "God damn me," and protested that it should have been £10 if the culprit's horse would have fetched as much. The captain of the troop that rode before Desborough recognised Fox, and said: "Oh, Mr. Fox, what do you here?" Fox replied: "I am a prisoner." "Alack!" said the captain, "for what?" Fox explained how he had been arrested whilst travelling on his religious errand. "Then," said he, "I will speak to my lord, and he will set you at liberty." He rode up to my lord's coach, and explained the case to Desborough.

¹ I find the Borough Accounts of St. Ives, 1656-7, contain this entry: "I. payd ffor goeing to Launceston with the Quakers £1 2s. 0d." (The "I" is, of course, *Item*.)

Possibly, had Fox left the matter in the captain's hands, he might have had his liberty, but when he himself began to tell the story of his wrongs and touched upon his doctrine, Desborough "began to speak against the Light of Christ, for which," says Fox, "I reprov'd him. Then he told the soldiers that they might carry us to Launceston; for he could not stay to talk with us, lest his horses should take cold." The prisoners then reached Bodmin, where Captain Keat put Fox into a room where stood a man with a naked rapier in his hand, and when the captive remonstrated, answered, "Oh, pray hold your tongue, for if you speak to this man we cannot all rule him, he is so devilish"—in other words, the man was a dangerous lunatic. However, after strong remonstrance, Fox was put into another room.

Next day the prisoners arrived at Launceston Gaol, and the stern imprisonment of nearly eight months began, from January 22nd to September 13th, 1656. Nine weeks intervened between the commitment of the Friends to prison and their trial at the Assizes, during which period they paid the gaoler seven shillings a week each for their keep, and seven shillings a week each for the keep of their horses.

They were brought to trial on March 22nd before Chief Justice Glyn—a regular Vicar of Bray, for he had been a patriot in 1640, a violent Presbyterian in 1646, a Cromwellian under the Protectorate, and a Royalist as soon as General Monk began to bestir himself and move about for the restoration of the Stuarts.

The trial was a wrangle between Judge and prisoners, because they persisted in wearing their hats, in consequence of which they were fined £13 6s. 8d., with imprisonment till the fine was paid, for contempt of court. They now went back to a loathsome dungeon in Launceston Gaol called Doomsdale, the especial receptacle of condemned murderers and witches, and said to be haunted by their unquiet spirits. Fox feared not the evil spirits, but the material discomforts must have been terrible, even horrible. Before long the Quarter Sessions at Bodmin were held, and a statement of the hardship inflicted on the prisoners was presented to the magistrates, with the result "that Doomsdale door should be opened, and that the prisoners should be allowed to cleanse it, and buy their meat in the town." The repeated

remonstrance of¹ Friends to Cromwell at length prevailed, and the prisoners were released on September 13th, 1656. The year afterwards the wicked gaoler who had so cruelly treated Fox and his comrades met with his Nemesis. He lost his place, and was himself thrown into prison, and while there actually begged for alms from the Friends, who during Fox's imprisonment had been gathered into a congregation at Launceston, and eventually he was actually shut up himself in the horrible Doomsdale, chained, beaten, and told by his successor to "remember the good men whom he had wickedly without any cause cast into that dungeon."

So convinced was Fox of the genuineness of his mission, and his confidence in the inward light, that on his death-bed his last words were, "I am clear, I am fully clear," meaning thereby, as in the case of St. Paul, that he was "clear from the blood of all men," to whom he had never failed in a single instance to speak about their souls. He died in January, 1691, in London, and was buried in the Friends' burial-ground near Bunhill Fields.

"The convulsions of George Fox and his Quakers" are, according to Ralph Waldo Emerson, evidences of a tendency to insanity, which always have attended the opening of the religious sense of men, as if they had been "blasted with excess of light."

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."¹

Be that as it may, I can never pass the old disused, discarded, and now quite forgotten, solitary and forlorn Friends' burial-ground at Sennen without many thoughts passing through my mind of the simple-hearted, honest set of men and women who, no doubt, in their generation served God to the best of their ability and belief, were charitable and just in all their dealings, and acted as healthy leaven in the neighbourhood of Land's End. Far, far better it is than brass memorial plates, marble tablets, recumbent figures, and costly tombs,

"for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech and stainless days :
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise."²

¹ Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*. ² Edwin Arnold, *Light of Asia*.

I made many inquiries amongst the Quakers of Cornwall concerning this burial-ground, but none knew anything about it. At last I got into communication with Mr. Arthur Pearse Jenkin, of Redruth, who sent me an extract from a manuscript note by the late Francis Williams Dymond, of Exeter, who knew more than anyone else in the locality about the local history of the Society of Friends. The extracts from this manuscript are: "This little graveyard was first used by Friends as a place of interment for their dead in the year 1659, about four years after George Fox's first visit to Cornwall. It then belonged to a member of the Ellis family who was a convinced Friend. He gave Friends permission to use this plot as a graveyard, and it was so used until about the year 1789, and then for some generations it remained unused. It was conveyed to Friends by A. F. W. Ellis in 1895. The earliest recorded burials are Barbara Ellis, daughter of John and Phillipi Ellis, aged two years, 1659, and (inscribed on a stone) Phillipi, the wife of John Ellis, in 1677. The last recorded burial here is that of David Cloak, 1789."

Mr. A. P. Jenkin writes me in addition: "I think it is very probable that the services of the Society of Friends used to be held in the house at Brea, where the Ellis family lived, in a large old room in the basement which is known by the name of the 'Reading Room.'"

I have recently been informed that the slate tablet let into the wall fronting the main road from Penzance to Land's End has been cleaned up and restored by some lover of the Friends.

In connection with the extraordinary trial of Fox at Launceston Assizes by Chief Justice Glyn, and the unseemly wrangle between prisoners and Judge, it is interesting to note what the great historian of Cornwall has to say about the Western Circuit. Richard Carew, the erudite and polished scholar, a contemporary of Sir Philip Sidney, died thirty-six years before the Fox incident occurred at Launceston. In his day one Judge only "in three days at farthest" used "to despatch the assizes and gaol delivery at Launceston!" But he goes on to say "malice and iniquity have so increased, through two contrary effects, wealth and poverty, that man necessarily exacteth the pre-

sence of both, and (not seldom) an extent of time." Apparently the cases were, for these days, not simple. "I have heard the Judges note, that besides their ordinary pains they are troubled with more extraordinary supplications in Cornwall than in any other shire; whereto they yet give no great encouragement, while the causes are on the back-side, posted over to gentlemen's learning, and account seldom taken or made what hath been done therein." It is pleasing reading for present members of the Western Circuit to note that Carew observes: "Verily, we must acknowledge, that ever since our remembrance, God hath blessed this Western Circuit with special choice of upright and honest judges, amongst whom this of our last is not the least; for they do so temper a quick conceit with a staid judgment, a strict severity in punishing with a mild way in remitting, and an awful gravity at the bench, with a familiar kindness in conversation, as they make proof, that contrary virtues may, by the divers ways of love and reverence, meet in our only point of honour."

The same sturdy old writer further says that "barristers at the common law" in his time were not noticeable for eminence; and, he adds humorously, "(if they will give me leave to report a jest) do verify an old gentleman's prophecy, who said that there stood a man at Polton bridge (the first entrance into Cornwall as you pass towards Launceston, where the assizes are holden) with a black bill in his hand, ready to knock down all the great lawyers that should plant themselves in that county. In earnest, whether it be occasioned through the country's poverty, or by reason of the far distance thereof from the supreme courts, or for that the multiplicity of petty ones near at hand, appertaining to the duchy, stannary, and franchises, do enable the attornies, and such like of small reading, to serve the people's turn, and so curtail the better studied counsellor's profiting; once certain it is that few men of law have, either in our time, or in that of our forefathers, grown here to any supereminent height of learning, livelihood, or authority."

There is another very similar small walled Friends' burial-ground in the parish of St. Minver, near Padstow. It is situated about three-quarters of a mile from St. Minver,

between St. Minver Churchtown and Roserrow, a farm in the parish. There was once a meeting-house here, which has disappeared. The burials were entered in the parish register, the first in 1695, and there are twenty-eight burials entered between that date and 1742. No Quakers now reside in the parish of St. Minver, and this little Quakers' last reposing-place and that I have described near Sennen are the only two I know of in West Cornwall.

Other ancient Cornish burial-grounds are at Kea ("Come to God"), Tregongeeves—St. Austell, and Budock—Falmouth, where interments still take place.





LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE

CHAPTER X

THE LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE, LAND'S END

ONE of the objects of interest at Land's End, though few visitors undertake the sea journey to visit it, is the Longships Lighthouse, the light of which ships at sea, homeward bound, pick up long before the land is reached. This guardian angel of our coasts stands out in the ocean, not far from the actual Land's End, in the centre of a little nest of deadly, dangerous rocks which at high water just raise their jagged, adamantine outlines above the water. The actual rock upon which the lighthouse is built is called Carn Brâs—the great carn—and rises seventy-one feet above low-water mark during spring tides.

I have little doubt "Longships" is a literal translation of *naves longæ*—longships, the name given by the Romans to their war-ships, and the rocks upon which the lighthouse now stands were so called from their resemblance to such ships when seen at a distance.

One fine August morning at Sennen, seeing the supply boat going off, I jumped in. On that particular voyage she was taking out a supply of paraffin oil for the burners at the top of the lighthouse, upon the supply of which entirely depends the life and ship-saving efficiency of the structure at night. The oil which formed our cargo was in iron drums of about 18 inches by 10 inches, with two iron handles on the top, and on this trip we carried some fifty of these iron cylinders. The boat was a lugger-rigged, very heavy vessel, with four men, and we had to row all the way out, the wind being contrary.

The trip was exceedingly pleasant. As we passed the barrier of rocks outside Sennen Cove, Cowloc, Bo Cowloc, and the Tribbens, gulls innumerable and greedy cormorants rose up and saluted us with cries. What right had we, they seemed to say, to disturb them at their marine contempla-

tions, intently watching the sea for food for themselves and families !

Then Land's End came into view, clearly showing up, with its sharp, angular rocks angrily silhouetted against the sky-line and the long line of rocks, looking at this distance continuous, from one of which the lighthouse rose far above the contours of the island. The deadly "Shark's Fin" rock lowered up threateningly on our right, clearly indicating the origin of its name.

As one approaches the Longships one sees at once how similar in structure and disposition are these rocks to those forming the actual Land's End, and there can be little, if any, doubt that once these rocky islets were joined to, and formed a continuation of, those masses of granite we now know under the name of the last bit of the island of Great Britain.

Near the shore is seen the flat rock called Kettle's Bottom, and at the exact end of Land's End is the Spire Rock, or Peal-Careg an Pell. An iron spire was said to have been once affixed to this rock and that it was thrown down and broken in three pieces in 1648 during a great storm. Its fall was, of course, ominous. Every untoward event in Celtic Cornwall is. Next year King Charles I was beheaded—not for nothing, therefore, was it broken ! Some have thought this iron structure was erected by King Athelstan, the Saxon king, when on his way back to Buryan to fulfil his vow after conquering the Scilly Isles. But, as quaint, old, original Hals says, "it is not probable such a piece of iron, in this salt sea and air without being consumed by rust, could endure so long a time," with which opinion most people, I think, will agree. But Pell is said to mean "far off." This was the old name given by the Celtic inhabitants to the promontory itself, and from this word Camden thinks it likely that Diodorus derived his *Belorium*, and Ptolemy his *Bolerium*. It is also said to be named from Bellerius, a Cornish saint :—

"Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old."

The old Celtic bards called it Penlien Guard, "the Promontory of Blood," from some dreadful fight which took

place here. It was also called "Penwith-promontory to the left," and the Hundred still bears the name. The name given to it, also by the Celts, was Pen-von-las, "the end of the earth," which is just our modern Land's End.

We land at the foot of a long series of steep granite stairs, and the drums of oil are hoisted up by a crane from above five at a time, tied together, and a rope passing through the handles at the tops.

The lighthouse stands on a flat plateau made partly of natural rock and partly of concrete and plain cement, which has been filled in where there were irregularities in the rock. The two solid doors closing in the structure are made of solid gun-metal, and each of the folding pair, shutting out rough seas, is no less than half a ton in weight, not at all too strong for the work they have to do, or rather the resistance they have to maintain at times. The interior of the base of the lighthouse is hollow, and forms a large cistern for holding fresh water, which is brought over in barrels. This receptacle holds 1800 gallons, and the house (lighthouse keepers speak always of "the house") has also tanks to collect the rain-water which runs off the top platform around the actual light.

This pair of thick folding doors leads at once to the winding stairs of iron. I counted them. Thirty-three stairs up conducted one to a window; between the outside shutters, also of strong gun-metal, and inner window a deep recess is there formed, just now used as a cool store for some carrots and onions. At forty-nine steps up a series of eight large upright cans, neatly numbered from one to eight and bearing upon each in plain lettering "145 gallons," came into view in the circular room. These contain the store of paraffin oil, and with one below form the stock we had come over to replenish. At sixty-five steps of turning round a neat parlour met the view. A round table was, of course, in the centre, covered with a neat green cloth—green is an agreeable colour on a bare, rocky islet. The kitchener, with oven, stood on one side, or rather at one place on the circumference, for there are no sides to the lighthouse except points of the compass. The room also contained a cupboard, and the window recess was, I noticed, used for the meat safe.

At eighty-one steps high the sleeping-room is reached—three bunks just like those on board a ship, but each with a circular outline in it. Sleeping on a lighthouse is evidently an art, and has to be acquired. A banjo and bagatelle-table, especially made for the rotundity of the room, showed that the three men in charge took musical recreation occasionally.

A gramophone also struck me as singularly appropriate. You might keep it going all day here and never annoy your neighbours.

At ninety-seven steps up the winding staircase the pressure tanks of oil are reached and the place where the medicine chests are kept, and then, at 115 steps, one arrives at the lantern.

Creeping through a small opening and going up a short ladder, one stands on the level with the actual lighting arrangement. Paraffin oil is converted into gas, and then the illumination is obtained by mantles round the exceedingly hot flames. Formerly the light was obtained from nineteen Argand lamps. The glass of the lantern on the land side is a sheet of red, so that the light looks always red from the shore, and white from sea. Once a minute a cap descends and caps the light completely, thus making it regularly intermittent. The machinery for doing this cap-doffing is driven by clockwork. The power developed by this paraffin gas is 4000 candle power, and the air pressure to drive up the paraffin oil from the tanks below is worked occasionally by hand.

There is a grand view from the gallery around the light. Sennen Church is a distinct landmark and the little attenuated line of houses spreading away from it on either side. Seven and a half miles away on the south-west, clearly seen, is the Wolf Lighthouse. That confrère is served from Penzance.

The famous Wolf Rock (the lighthouse on it built 1862-9, at a cost of more than £60,000) lies a little south of the channel between the Scilly Isles and Land's End. The waves howl around it, whence it derives its name. An attempt was made many years ago to fix the figure of a wolf upon it, made of copper, so that the wind should make a noise in passing through the jaws and ring the bells at-





LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE
BRIDGE ACROSS ISLETS



LONGSHIPS LIGHTHOUSE
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM GALLERY

tached thereto ; but the tides and waves were found to be so strong and heavy that after one or two ineffectual attempts the humanitarian-intentioned design had to be relinquished. In an old book on the Scilly Islands there is a quaint description of the Wolf Rock :—

“Some report its howling by the waves or tides formerly rushing through its cavities, whence it was called *Wolf*, which noise some pretend was a signal for mariners to avoid it ; but fishermen in these parts being disturbed at the noise, silenced it by filling up the vacuity with stones. A person taking a cursory survey of the channel, in the year 1742, as far as Scilly, took one of his stations at low water, as he told me, upon this rock, where he observed a cavity like a brewer’s copper, with rubbish at the bottom, without being able to assign a cause for its coming there ; and going to make his inquiry, the weather changing of a sudden, and beginning to blow, the seas beating over him, he could not inform himself, but was towed off, with his instruments, by a rope, cast from a boat at a distance. For the better security of shipping in the channel he proposed to the Trinity Board the mooring of a buoy to this rock, in such a manner that it should swing clear of the rock, carrying a bell upon it so as to ring by the motion of the waves, and to give notice of danger, but this jingling scheme (of *buoy bells*, upon the *English* coast for alarming us) was not then accepted, on a supposition that the fishermen (not approving the music) would remove the bells when they caught no fish.”

At our feet, looking straight down from the gallery around the light, are the rocky islets, and we look absolutely down into the boat rising and falling by the granite stairs by which we have come, and turning the camera upside down we perpetuate the strange effect. The islets are many, some dozen, and at least three of them are connected to the lighthouse island by planks of iron, and granite set in cement. There are one or two other landing-places besides that on which we arrived for use at various states of tide and weather. In thick weather, when the land disappears, two charges of guncotton are fired—each four ounces—every five minutes at intervals of five seconds. These are ignited from the summit of the lantern, on the outside,

by electricity—a special bridge arrangement carrying the charge up to that position each five minutes.

The walls at the base of the lighthouse are nine feet thick, and I noticed engraved above the entrance door, "1872." From the focus of the light to high-water mark is 110 feet.

This lighthouse is served by four men, three on the "house" and one on shore. Each spends six weeks on the island and two on the mainland.

The head keeper told me that often in the winter they never went out of those heavy gun-metal doors for sometimes as much as three weeks together, the waves all the time dashing over the island. The lantern of the lighthouse was once broken in during a fearful storm, and on that awful night the hair of one of the keepers is said to have turned grey.

One day in 1862 two black flags were seen hoisted on the top. It was a distress signal. Of the three men who then inhabited the tower, the one on duty at the time, in a fit of insanity, stabbed himself in the intestines. He was taken to the shore, where he died.

The same courteous custodian of the light said it was not unusual for the landing to be so bad that the exchange-man could only be taken off by swinging him through the water at a rope's end, and his homeward-bound comrade similarly treated.

The powerful beams of the incandescent oil burners seem to have a peculiar fascination for birds. The watchman on duty in the lantern tower at night has only to step out on the grating platform which encircles the glass structure to pick off as many birds as he wants.

He merely waits until the brilliant revolving rays are full on the creature, dazing it for the moment, and then quietly grasps it and wrings its neck.

These visitations are not uncommon in stormy weather, and bird-pie frequently varies the regular Trinity House rations of the Longships lightsmen.

Often the house, I learnt, was in dense mist when the land was clear, and all they could see was the masts of vessels rising above the banks of clouds below. Then, again, they could not see the Land's End or Sennen, because

they were wrapped in a white shroud, whilst all around the rocky islets the sun was kissing the sea, which sent up sparkling sheets of dancing white foam. Such changes, over a small area of earth's surface, are very characteristic of the climate of Land's End.

One of the amusements of the men is fishing, and they catch large numbers of pollack, conger, chad. They use a barbed trident to stab at shoals of mullet as they pass. The instrument has a short handle, to which is tied a thin rope in order to enable it to be pulled back, on to the rocks, after its flight.

I was lucky enough to see as curious a bit of fishing as I suppose anyone ever witnessed. I saw one of the keepers catch a crab of about six inches across its back, in what was to me a remarkably novel way. He got the lighthouse kitchen poker, and put it down into a hole at the far end of one of the rocks, stretching out and leaning over a spot much frequented by these crustaceans. The kitchen poker was, he said, almost certain to take a crab at that spot after a little rest had been given to the hole. The crab, annoyed at the intrusion, pinched fiercely at the iron culinary instrument, and so met with its death. Truly, those who live hermit-lives on desert islands soon develop Robinson Crusoe habits.

The delightful cleanliness of every inch of granite step, every wall, and every tiny circular apartment and instrument in the lighthouse is most noticeable. And yet the keepers told me they were continually dusting, so that we who live in town houses are, in this respect, not alone unhappy. When one steps ashore on the islet it is like springing up the gangway of a well-kept yacht, and makes one long to spend, well, a week there. Probably after that period the confinement to such a small spot, in spite of the good fishing off the rocks and the scientific management of the light, and its careful nursing, might pall.

An artist, however, might find there material to keep him employed for a much longer period. The picturesque vicissitudes of light and shade; the vapours of morning and mists of purple floating like royal panoplies above the cliffs on shore when a light breeze rippling the surface of the sea dispersed them; the awful storms and terror-

striking waves seen here in perfection, afford pictures which an artist would long to paint. But then, is not everything connected with the ocean full of wonder and strange delights, artistic combinations and marked contrasts?

Fictions of melodramatic sensational character seem to fasten on lighthouses and lighthouse-men for their subjects. The custodians laugh at these sentimental stories in prose and stirring verse. But, nevertheless, the Longships has had a very sad past history. In the autumn of 1877 one of the men was washed off the rock and drowned, the same fate having befallen three at least of his predecessors. Another man died in the lighthouse, one became mad, and one, as I have already mentioned, committed suicide.

This is essentially a spot where many ships "pass in the night, and speak each other in passing." Intermittently the great light flashes forth from the tower's head, like the penetrating eye of some fabulous ogre or marine monster. Its brilliant beams drive angels' golden pathways through the darkness which has settled down over land and sea. The click, click overhead proclaims the fact that the simple and effective clockwork arrangement is performing with unfailing regularity its appointed functions, and spelling the name of this spot of land in plainly readable language for many miles out to sea. And steadily, unweariedly, the ships go by in a never-ending, stately procession. Day by day, night by night, year by year. They stream away east, bound up Channel, or west, heading for foreign lands, or closely shaving this watcher of the sea on a coasting voyage. In the sweet summer-time the fishing-boats float by or lazily anchor off the islets and try for wrasse and cod near the rocks. The brown-faced, weather-beaten men, smoking short clay pipes, shout up to the watchers above cheery words of greeting, which bring them down from their watch tower to hear all the news of the land. Yet the watchers are never lonely—in one sense. There is always something upon which to turn the glass. A clumsy, old-fashioned tramp steamer—the distant beat of whose screw throbs in the stillness—flounders by, grimy and unwashed. Or, it maybe, a trim drawing-room yacht, spick and span in all the glory of snow-white sails, white paint,

gilded scroll-work, and looking-glass brass, passes silently along like the sea dandy she is, making the hearts of the old salts in the tower beat a little quicker and cast envious glances. She makes no fuss or splutter, but like a well-bred and dressed lady, from hat to shoes, throws the knots behind her shapely hull at some eighteen to the hour.

Yes, variety these beacon-watchers certainly have. When fog shuts out the scene, then truly they become of even more importance than ever. Life depends upon their personal vigilance, for the fog demon knows not pity. Every five minutes the button has to be pressed, and the ear-splitting roar up above has to be sent out in friendliest, kindest warning. The sirens of old that sang their alluring songs from deadly rocks are reported to have beguiled mariners to their undoing. That was their deadly business. Nowadays the modern sailor is not allured, but avoids these noise-uttering rocks for practically the same reason as did his predecessors: that wailing note spells in capital letters, danger—perhaps death.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST AND LAST OF ENGLAND

PEOPLE will go out of their way to see anything odd, curious, eccentric. Barnum knew this well, and made a living out of it. Even the everyday showman at a fair gets more customers to see his faked mermaid than he would if he only showed real live fish in an aquarium. Monsters, dwarfs, giants, bearded ladies, skeleton men, elastic-skin people, tattooed ladies, and other monstrosities "draw." So you may describe and advertise the most beautiful scenes in the world, and it falls flat. The man in the street and his wife don't want to see fine views, lovely landscapes, or sparkingly bright seascapes. Tell them a beautiful picture is on view—they won't go to see it. Tell them a picture was painted by no human hand—say, a painting by the late Charles Félu, the armless artist of Antwerp—and they will flock in to gloat over it. A portrait, no matter how lovely or religious, is a failure as a show in Bond Street; but give out that it possesses some rare characteristic, some halo-like emanation, some mystic peculiarities, and that show at once jumps to the hill-top of commercial success. Human nature has always been like this. It always will be.

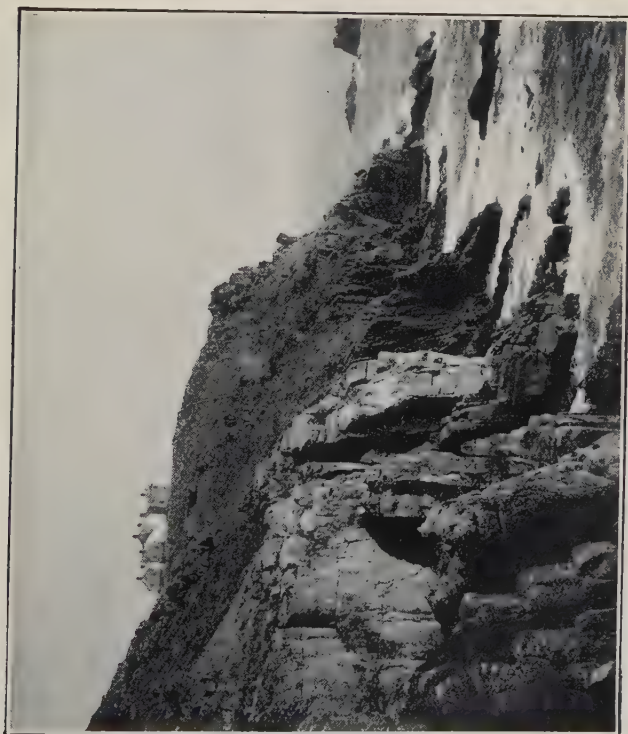
England's actual land's end—The Land's End, as it is called—is no more beautiful or remarkable than many other Cornish headlands, but because it is the land's end, the first and last of this island, people flock to see it, gaze on the extremity with dilated eyes and, it is hoped, much satisfaction. Each year more and more people visit this little bit of Cornwall simply because it is the end of the land, and for no other reason. Everything is made easy for them. The Great Western Railway, imbued with the true pushing, advertising spirit of the age, makes the journey comfortable and pleasant. Motor 'buses meet the "Cornish Riviera" expresses at Penzance, and whirl visitors away smoothly and



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FIRST AND LAST HOUSE IN ENGLAND [p. 102]



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THE ACTUAL LAND'S END



comfortably to the spot in an hour, or a little over. The road from Penzance to England's extremity used to be perilously twisty for motors, but recently the sharp corners have been widened, and the entire route made safer and pleasanter for rapid transit.

So great has been the volume of traffic during recent seasons, that several additional motor 'buses have been requisitioned to meet each incoming train at Penzance in order to cope with it. One day in August I took the trouble to estimate the number of persons on the motors, char-à-bancs, and 'buses I passed on the road as I made a journey between Penzance and Sennen, and they numbered at least 700. This was upon no special day—not a Bank Holiday or a Saturday, and I am therefore convinced that the record is a fair estimate of the ordinary traffic of an ordinary fine day in the season between Penzance and Land's End. Thus do people flock to see, not anything unusual, gorgeous, or particularly captivating in the way of scenery, but simply a geographical curiosity.

There is a natural corollary to this. If Land's End is to be seen quietly, and properly appreciated apart from the madding crowd, the visitor must arrange to spend the night at Sennen, or at one of the two hotels at the Land's End itself. One of these hotels is licensed, the other is not, so he has a choice of a night's lodging. In the evening the day trippers depart, full of the beauty of the scenery they have absorbed—if not of anything else—in order to get back to Penzance before dark.

It naturally follows, from what I have said, that on a fine day in the season the Land's End is black, or at least variegated, with tourists. The shoes of countless multitudes have worn away every vestige of grass between the stones on the promontory, making the rocky outcrop smooth, slippery, and even finely polished with constant friction. Every year, seemingly, the popularity of this extremity of England increases. Most people like to be able to say they have been to the end of England, and apparently the majority pay a visit for that reason alone. Fashion sets and ebbs with ruthless, irresistible irregularity, and just now a wave of favouritism undoubtedly runs in favour of a visit to Land's End. As the driver of the old two-horse 'bus—or,

rather, the "Royal Mail," for that is its correct title as emblazoned on its panels—once observed to me when passing quite a crowd of these packed tourist conveyances: "It gets more like London every day." He was right, although I wondered how he knew, as he had never been to London.

If, however, you are staying at Sennen, the first and last village in England, or put up for the night at one of the hotels on the promontory, you can choose your own time for walking round the sea-girt strip of land, and you will then agree that Land's End is still delightful. The sunsets are lovely. To sit quietly watching the picturesque vicissitudes of light and shade, the marvellous flashes of brilliancy and ominous palls of sombreness, the gorgeous contrasts of vivid colouring as the sun goes down and quenches his ardent flame in the far western sea, is an experience of no mean or evanescent order.

The guides who lie behind every rock ready to pounce down upon the visitor and explain, with fanciful stories, the human associations of each stone, path, and view, disappear in the evening after the trippers go, so that the chances are you can see things at your leisure, or not at all, if you feel so disposed. You can then sit still and in solitude absorb into your innermost being the subtle beauties of the wild scenery.

Land's End in the glaring light of noonday is like any other of the many rocky, treeless promontories around this iron-bound coast, and if it were not for the fact, as I have said, that it is the end of England, no one would visit it at that shadowless time of day. "If thou wouldst view" fair Land's End aright,

"Go visit it by the pale moonlight,
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout"

the awesome sternness, even solemnity of the precipices and rocky headlands around.

The ground at the actual Land's End declines rapidly from the two hotels to the tip of the promontory, and many persons are at first sight disappointed with the general aspect of the spot. The sharp slope of turf is terminated by a cliff of columnar granite between fifty and sixty feet in

height, off the extremity of which a jagged ridge of rocks runs out for some distance into the sea—the actual First and Last land. It is when you have walked all round the edge, craned your neck over the precipices, and watched the ceaseless fretting of the vast ocean that you begin to appreciate Land's End. On the left of the descent from the top a fjord runs in where the earth, having fallen in, leaves a distinctly dangerous chasm. More than one person—the guides say seventeen—have met with violent deaths by falling over at this dreadful spot, and they have therefore put up a board and chalked upon it “Danger Here.” General Sir Robert Arbuthnot relates how an officer attempted to ride on horseback at this dangerous spot :

“In June, 1804, when captain in a dragoon regiment, and aide-de-camp to General Wilford, who was stationed at Falmouth, I attended him on an inspection of a yeomanry corps at Penzance. The day after the expedition, the General, with a party, proceeded to the Land's End on an excursion of pleasure, and after taking refreshment at a house known by the name of ‘The First and Last Inn in England,’ three of the party, consisting of myself, Lieut. Cubitt of the Royal Artillery, and a clergyman who resided at Marazion, preceded the others; and on arriving at the top of the slope reaching down to the extremity of the Land's End, on each side of which was a steep precipice, perceived that the grass was short and slippery, and although a dragoon officer, I did not think it prudent to ride down; but my two companions being of a different opinion did so, when I followed them leading my horse. After remaining a short time at the bottom, we mounted to regain the General, who had with his party reached the spot whence we had started, and who were astonished, especially the General, at seeing me at the bottom of the hill, and terrified at what afterwards occurred. Although I did not think it prudent to ride down, I fancied there could be no danger in riding up, and accordingly I mounted; but we had not proceeded far, when my mare, a very spirited animal, became unruly, in consequence of the girths of the saddle going back, and she began to kick and plunge, inclining to the precipice on the right. Although in imminent danger, I did not, happily, lose my presence of mind,

and I threw myself off when not more than four feet from the edge of the cliff. Mine was a hussar saddle, and a bridle having a whip at the end of it, I threw it over the mare's head, and was able to keep hold of it, and to check her, so as to prevent her kicking me. When she turned with her back to the cliff I let her go, and she fell down and was dashed to pieces, leaving me on the ground close to the edge of the cliff. A person went down in a basket and brought up the scattered saddle and bridle, which a saddler at Penzance begged me to give him that he might hang it at the door of his shop. Many accounts of the event were circulated, but this is the true one."

Another terrible accident which happened here is also historic.

A lieutenant in the Royal Navy, against advice given him on the spot by those who knew the danger, would bathe from the extreme end of the point. He did so in the foolish spirit of youthful bravado and has never been seen or heard of from that day to this. How many similar accidents have happened from the same cause!

The actual first and last house in England is a shed where a woman sells picture post-cards and specimens of rock. Near by, still further towards the point, is the first and last structure in England—a collecting-box of the National Lifeboat Institution—not at all an unsuitable ending to a country which has made its position in the world by sea conquests.

Just below these, as one goes down the zigzaggy path between the boulders on the neck of the peninsula, is a flat stone rising six inches above the ground, which tradition asserts is that upon which John Wesley sat when he composed the hymn "Thou God of glorious majesty," the second verse of which begins:—

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible."¹

Dr. James R. Rigg informs me that a few years ago an impudent American of the south discovered (invented)

¹ This hymn is No. 59 in *A Collection of Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists*, by the Rev. John Wesley, A.M., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: J. Mason, 1846.

a place in Georgia where the hymn was written! This American invention has deceived a few English Methodists and may more, but in America it has not deceived the Methodists or anyone else. Americans understand Americans.

When Wesley wrote those lines he probably had in mind Matthew Prior's similar words, who had written long before :—

“ Amid two seas on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amazed we stand.”¹

According to Jackson's *Life of Charles Wesley* (Vol I, p. 346), the hymn written at the Land's End is that beginning :—

“ Come, divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of thy home.”

Apparently Wesley had at that time (July 30th, 1743) experienced a bad spell of weather at Land's End, for he writes : “ I saw a strange sight, the sun shining in Cornwall.” My experience is that bad weather rarely, if ever, lasts for any considerable time in this district.

A very rugged path to the right between huge boulders of granite leads to a chasm, over which, if you crane your neck, you can look through the arch in the granite which runs through Land's End, and consequently is the place where the English and St. George's channels meet. This cavern, called Land's End Hole (*Vau-Laz* in Cornish), is about a hundred and fifty feet in length and can be got at during low water, but of course at high water the sea flows through it, as we have said.

From this side of Land's End a good view is obtained of Jamper's Bay to Pedn-mên-du, the point bounding the south of Sennen Cove, the picturesque dark rock known as the “ Irish Lady,” and the Smuggler's Cave.

From the other side, the south, are seen the “ Armed Knight,” the “ Dollar Rock,” and many others to which ridiculous or fanciful names have been attached by guides, who like to have something to talk about of a concrete nature.

Here Nature, during some awful cataclysm an unknown

¹ *Solomon's Power*, Book III.

and doubtless unthinkable number of years ago, shook up this little bit of old England and quite disarranged and cracked up the rocks in an artistic arrangement of inconsequent disorder.

Two rocks of colossal size on the point are known as Gog and Magog, so called after two renowned Cornish giants.

Such a wild, desolate spot, fitfully strewn with weird stones like strange monsters and fearful beasts, would naturally have been always associated with tales of dire, potent, and eerie character. And so we find that many of our natural rural stories find a local habitat at Land's End. The renowned Jack the Giant Killer was born here, and here took place the exploits which made him for ever famous. The old name of the legend was "Jack and the Giants," and there is no doubt the story is founded upon King Arthur and his doings. Naturally, therefore, giants enter into the place-names of Land's End.

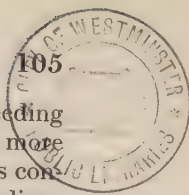
A rock leaning against another shows, from one point of view, a profile remarkably like the face of an old man, to which the title "Dr. Syntax's Head" is attached.

The general appearance of these rocks making up Land's End is extremely like those at the Giant's Causeway in the north of Ireland, but here the columnar or cubical forms are by no means so regular.

The sea is usually very rough round Land's End, and the waves broken up by the rocks which lie off the point—the "Kettle's Bottom"—and those upon one of which the lighthouse (Longships) is placed, are generally, at all times of the day, majestically grand and imposing. Sheets of foam rise up to an immense height as the raging billows strike the hard rocks beneath with a ringing sound, and fall back perpendicularly, ashamed and beaten, into the ocean. The roaring sound is re-echoed from cliff and cavern and is quite awe-inspiring.

Ruskin in his criticism on Turner's picture of Land's End is graphically realistic of the scene :—

"At the Land's End there is to be seen the entire disorder of the surges, when every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls, and beaten back post by post, from walls of rocks on this side and that side, recoils like the defeated division of a great army, throwing



all behind it into disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which, in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon the shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, undirected rage, bounding and crashing, and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power, subdivided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, be it remembered, a separate surge, but part and portion of a vast one, actuated by eternal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulation of impetuous line, which glides over the rocks and writhes in the wind, overwhelming the one and piercing the other with the form, fury, and swiftness of a sheet of lambent fire."

Storms at the Land's End in the past have sometimes been of fearful violence, and of course such may occur again. A famous storm was that on March 9th, 1759, of which a record is given by John Wesley :—

"It began near the Land's End, between nine and ten at night, and went eastward, not above a mile broad, over St. Just, Morva, Zennor, St. Ives, and Gwinear, whence it turned northward over the sea. It uncovered all the houses in its way, and was accompanied with impetuous rain. About a mile south-east from Saint Ives, it tore up a rock, twelve or fourteen ton weight, from the top of a rising ground, and whirled it down upon another, which it split through, and at the same time dashed itself into pieces. It broke the pinnacles of Gwinear Church, which forced their way through the roof. And it was remarkable the rain which attended it was so salt as any sea-water."

The Carreg-an-peul, or Steeple Rock, at Land's End was thrown down on the day when King Charles was beheaded at Whitehall, January 30th, 1649. The damage was done by a great storm which, according to Hicks's MS, on that day burst over the western coast. The superstitious naturally saw something more than a coincidence in this, particularly as the inhabitants of this part of the county were always loyal to the Crown.

Regarding the tides here, the account given by Borlase, historian of the county, still holds good :—

"The tide of flood at the Land's End rises on the top of

a common spring eighteen feet, and from that to twenty-four, according to wind and weather; insomuch, that in stormy weather, from the south-west, it has risen to the height of thirty feet; but at the common neap tides only thirteen feet usually, and at a very dead neap it has not risen above ten feet. During the flood the tide of the Land's End sets inward from the south near nine hours; its run is eight hours in most places betwixt Scilly and the Land's End; but the ebb continues only betwixt three and four hours. This is a very dangerous singularity, if not known and properly regarded."

Retracing our steps up the promontory of Land's End, past the temperance hotel and then the licensed hotel, we take the road back to Sennen. This runs straight east till a little open space is reached, where are one or two houses constituting the village of Trevescan. On the left is passed the first tree in England; if we had been coming from Sennen it would have been the last, and it is situated by the roadside, outside a little house.

At Trevescan the road goes straight on east to St. Buryan, but we turn sharp round to the left or north. At the angle in the road here formed is a stack of furze. The prickly gorse or furze, when cut from the commons or moors and dried in the sun, like hay, is used for fuel in the large open fire-places of the farm-houses and cottages round this neighbourhood, and until recently it was the only fuel procurable in this part of Cornwall. Furze (*Ulex europæus*) is therefore to Cornwall just what peat, or "turf" as it is there called, is to Ireland.

Opposite the gates of a house a little further along this road, nearer Sennen, on the right-hand side close up to the hedge, is an old Celtic cross (the first and last cross in England), which some enlightened restorer has recently marked out with a coating of tar. This monstrous vandalism I have noticed also on a cross bordering the St. Ives road in Lelant village.

Crosses, of which this is a good typical example, are not uncommon objects by the wayside in this district. The abundance of them on the highway and at cross-roads in Cornwall, particularly the western part, may partially be due to the introducers of Christianity not venturing to destroy the sanctity of spots where the people had for ages



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FIRST AND LAST CROSS IN ENGLAND



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HEARTH FOR FURZE FUEL, TREGONEBRIS



ST. BURYAN'S MARKET CROSS

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formerly been accustomed to pay their pagan devotions. The people were still allowed to pay their adorations at the places they had been accustomed to ; but a cross was cut and placed there to symbolise the new religion. This compromise was clearly allowed, as is shown by a letter of instructions sent by Pope Gregory to the Abbot Mellitus, then going into Britain. It is given in Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*. I subjoin a few extracts to elucidate the point : " When Almighty God shall bring you to the most reverend Bishop Augustine our brother, tell him what I have upon mature deliberation on the affairs of the English determined upon, viz. that the temples of the idols of that nation ought not to be destroyed, but let the idols that are in them be destroyed, let holy water be made and sprinkled in the said temples, let altars be erected and relics placed . . . that the nation may the more familiarly resort to the places to which they have been accustomed. For there is no doubt that it is impossible to efface everything at once from their obdurate minds, because he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place, rises by degrees or steps and not by leaps." Pope Gregory seems therefore to have been endowed with a considerable share of common sense and shrewd worldly wisdom.

CHAPTER XII

ST. BURYAN

ST. BURYAN is the most prominent landmark of the flat, bare plateau of the Land's End peninsula. You can see the thinly-spread-out village and tall, dominating church tower miles away all round long before you can get there.

In the square—if so may be called the open place in front of the church—a mounting-stool attracts attention, and carries one back in thought to those days before 'buses and motors, to the dim distance when even wheeled vehicles were scarce and only main trunk roads existed, when each man or woman who went any distance worthy of the name journey did it on horseback. From the top of this old mounting-platform of stone, approached on either side by five stone steps (3 feet 4 inches wide by $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches in depth), many a good stout yeoman must, in days gone by, have helped his wife, or sweetheart, on to the pillion before taking his seat beside her astride the horse. The stone on the top is a large granite monolith, 3 feet 4 inches by 3 feet 5 inches. The boys of St. Buryan, nowadays, find this a grand structure to play on—running up one side and down the other, so that the old mounting-stool still has its use.

The old lichen-covered, long bench seat against the church and wall has, too, a history. Upon it, not so very many years ago, culprits used to sit with their feet in the stocks. Now the stocks have gone into the limbo of departed memories, and I in vain made pathetic inquiries as to their remains.

A fine specimen of ancient market cross in the centre of the square is a prominent object, and at once arrests attention. The cross itself is only thirty-two inches in height from top to base, but it rests upon an imposing pedestal ten inches high. The form of this town-place cross is of the Greek type.





ST. BURYAN CHURCH

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OLD CARVED SCREEN, ST. BURYAN CHURCH

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The entrance, double-folding iron gates in the churchyard leading to the south porch are close against a long, flat block of granite, half sunk in the ground. This is the coffin-block where the remains of mortality are laid as the mourners file by into the church. Hundreds and hundreds of mortal remains have there rested on their way to final resting-places in the sacred edifice or in the churchyard around.

The water supply at St. Buryan is obtained from the stream in the adjacent valley, where the stream itself is made to turn a water-wheel which constantly forces a small flow of water up a pipe into a cistern, near the church, in the same square facing the cross, old mounting-stool, and ancient stock-bench.

The spelling of the name of this ancient Cornish village varies even in the county itself. That usually adopted is "St. Buryan," but the Ordnance Map (which I have found from practical experience frequently to adopt a pedantic or even quite erroneous form of name-words) gives it as "St. Burian," and so does the sign-post at the juncture of roads where that to the Logan Rock branches off from the Penzance to the Land's End road. Other sign-posts in the country roads around I notice display "St. Buryan." One expects uniformity, at any rate, in the spelling of names in the same county; but my experience in Cornwall, as in other counties, is that one does not always find it.

The church of St. Buryan is, as I have said, one of the most conspicuous landmarks of the Land's End district of Cornwall, for it stands on a commanding eminence, or rather ridge. It is visible from almost every spot for many miles around, and the little cluster of houses nestling close up to its sacred shade gives the village a pleasant and peculiarly homely and typically English appearance.

The church may best be described by that rather hateful epithet, elegant. It is well proportioned, well situated, and well built; it verges on the dainty, yet it is altogether—well, just elegant. In construction it is massive. The walls of the tower at the base are six feet thick.

It is one of the larger churches of Cornwall, and consists of nave, chancel, north and south aisles, south porch, and west tower. The nave is fifty-eight feet long, the chancel

forty-three feet ; and their width 14 feet 6 inches throughout.

The history of the origin of the church is most interesting ; indeed, from its historical associations this is one of the most entrancing spots in Cornwall.

In the first place, the saint from whom the church and the village derive their name was a woman. This prevalence of female names among the Cornish saints is a notable historical feature of the Land's End district. It shows a great respect for women, an innate natural chivalry, which one would scarcely have expected in such a rough age, and it speaks volumes for the character of the Cornish at that early period. If the Cornish were barbarians, as some suppose, and have had the audacity to write, women would not have been so respected, especially women from foreign parts, for most, if not all, of these female saints were strangers, either Irish or Welsh.

These Irish or Welsh ladies seem to have quite forsaken their native countries and emigrated to Cornwall, where they were respected during their lives and honoured after their deaths, for their memories are to this day held in esteem.

St. Buriana, a holy woman of Ireland, who was held in high veneration as a "goodly saint," settled down at what must then have been a lonely spot, and did much to reclaim the natives from their idolatrous practices. When death released her from her labours of love, the natives reverently laid her body to rest near her hermitage, which then became an oratory and most holy place. In those times St. Buryan was a village of wise men and sainted Tom Tiddlers, who retired to their solitude to prove that they were better than the world they had abandoned. Thus it acquired a renown above other places of probably equal merit in the neighbourhood.

The events which led to the foundation of the church on the spot are worth recording.

Howel, who was King of Cornwall, had to pay tribute to Athelstan ; but after a time the Cornish people refused to do so, the suspension of payment being a good reason for revolt. Be this so or not, something must have occurred to bring back Athelstan into the country, no more than nine

years after his first conquest of it, at the head of an army. He traversed the county from one end to the other. From Land's End he embarked his forces, and succeeded in reducing the Scilly Isles. Howel, the Cornish king, seems to have found all resistance vain. In this expedition, as Athelstan was proceeding through Cornwall, when he was "about four miles from the Land's End," says an old chronicler, "but directly in the present road to it, as he was equally pious and brave, he went into an oratory, which had been erected by an holy woman, of the name of Burien, that came from Ireland, and was buried in her own chapel. He knelt down in prayer to God, full of his coming expedition against the Sylley Isles, and supplicating for success to it; then in a strain of devoutness that is little thought of now, but was very natural to a mind like his, at once munificent and religious, he vowed, if God blessed his expedition with success, to erect a college of clergy where the oratory stood, and to endow it with a large income."

Thus prepared, Athelstan set out with his armament for Scilly. Success attended his arms and he returned victorious to Land's End, he having thus completed the conquest of Cornwall! He, however, suffered the sovereign of it to retain the name of sovereign for life, as in a charter given by Athelstan in 938, and dated at Dorchester, the names of some sub-reguli, or subordinate kings, who subscribed it, are "Eugenius," the King of the Cumbrians before, and "Howel," the preceding King of the Cornish. But Athelstan exercised all the rights of sovereignty himself.

On his return to the oratory, he presented thanks to God for his success where he had prayed for it before; and ordering a church to be erected on the spot for the use of the parish and college of clergy to minister in it, assigned to it a quantity of land, that had fallen to him by right of conquest, for its endowment and gave it the privileges of a sanctuary.

As old John Norden quaintly puts it: "St. Burien is a greate parishe near the Land's End, wher King Athelstane buylded a colledge for priests after his conquest of the Sillyes, which he vowed to do upon his Victorie—as did Jephthah."

"But what forms a strong proof of the general justness

of the tradition, the church is actually noticed in the Domesday Book, about 130 years only after this period, as a college of canons even then possessing an estate denominated *Eglos Burien*, from its attachment to their church, yet exempt from all assessments whatever. This even continues to the present moment a *royal free chapel*, in the patronage of the crown; and with a jurisdiction so independent of the ordinary, that the only remaining member of the whole body, its head the dean, receives his institution and takes his oaths before the King himself as his ordinary."¹

But there is another theory, which is less poetic, concerning Burian. It has been supposed that it was so called by the Saxons from the burying there of their dead. The coincidence of the two names Burian and Burying is certainly suggestive. Leland, however, is positive the Athelstan story is the correct one. Athelstan was, of course, the grandson of King Alfred the Great, who had commenced the conquest of Cornwall when his natural enemies, the Danes, allowed him time to pay attention to this most western county. Alfred's first visit to Cornwall was about 871, and he again seems to have paid a conquering visit in 892. On his first visit he appointed a Duke of Damnonium (which title included Devonshire as well as Cornwall at that time). On his second visit, in 892, he was accompanied by Edred, whom he raised to the dukedom, and who appears to have been his companion in all his military expeditions. But, as we have seen, the conquest was not complete, for his grandson Athelstan had to complete it.

The church Athelstan erected on the site of the oratory he dedicated to St. Buriana, and became the first patron thereof as his successors, the Kings of England, have been ever since until 1864. Until that date the three parishes of St. Buryan, St. Sennen, St. Levan, formed what is known as the "Royal Peculiar"; the dean holding St. Buryan and all three churches was under no jurisdiction to any bishop, being amenable only to the king himself.² In other words, these Church livings were good examples of what

¹ Hitchins's *Cornwall*, Vol. I, p. 409.

² In 1850 an Act was passed to divide the Deanery into three Rectories, and for abolishing the Royal Peculiar of St. Buryan upon the avoidance of the Deanery by the death of the Dean, the Rev. A. Fitzroy Henry Richard Stanhope. The Act came into operation in 1864.

have been called “abused Church livings,” for they were allowed to be tenable at all distances, with their preferments, and were filled by favourites of the monarchs and by men who never even went near the parishes.

In 1842, when Cyrus Redding wrote his book on Cornwall, he relates that at that time, “the three parishes are held by one incumbent, whose income from them is £1012 a year; and they are supplied by two curates, the incumbent having besides the Rectory of Catton and the Vicarage of Wresale in Yorkshire.”

There is extant the Act of Dedication of the church on August 26th, 1238, by William Brewer, Bishop of Exeter, and a Vidimus of the original endowment by King Athelstan. The old church built by that king is quite gone, but the ancient structure had a dean and three prebendaries. The dean was appointed by the Pope, it is said by some authorities, and the deanery held from the king by the service of saying a hundred masses and a hundred psalters for the souls of the king and his ancestors. It was, at any rate, taken entirely into the king’s hands in the time of Edward III, under the pretence that John de Morent (or John de Manute), the third dean, was a Frenchman. And in proof of this assertion is advanced the fact that a curious seal of the fourteenth century was found at Buryan, bearing the inscription, “*Sigillum Confraternitatis Conceptionis Beatæ Mariæ Ordinis Sancti Augustini Parisiis.*” There must have been a large establishment of monastic buildings, but what remained of them was, in Cromwell’s time, destroyed by the notorious Shrubsall. At the present date nothing is left of the college founded by the Saxon king Athelstan. Maybe the buildings were of wood and so fell an easy prey to the iconoclasts, or the more deadly enemy—fire.

The present structure is mostly of the time of Henry VII; but there are older remains, notably the Saxon arches which have been discovered, and wisely left uncovered, in the chancel on the north. These arches are of the simplest rounded description, and are built, not of natural, but of artificial stone—a combination of lime and sand, but now harder than any natural stone. The sand is that from Porth Curnow, containing broken sherds; but by what process these early artificers made this adamant-like stone is now

unknown. A very thick lead coffin was discovered on the south side of the aisle, which may have been the last abiding-place of one of the ancient canons of the Augustinian Order.

A feature of interest is the long stone, granite, coffin-shaped, now lying in the floor of the tower. This has a Norman-French inscription, carved in rude characters around the border, the centre of the monument being occupied by a long cross carved. It reminds one very much of those tombs in the little grass plot surrounding the north side of the Temple Church in London. This tomb used to be situated in the chancel, but it was originally dug up in the churchyard, and is probably of the thirteenth century. The inscription runs:—

“Clarice, la femme Cheffrei
de bolleit, git ici,
Deu de lalme eit merce,
Ke pur lealme priunt
Di ior de pardun averund.”

In English this would read somewhat like this:—

“Clarice, the wife of Jefferie
Of Bolleit, here doth lie,
God of her soul have mercie,
For her soul whoever prays
Shall have pardon ten days.”

The word “priunt” in the fourth line is short for “prierunt.” Not far from this old Norman-French monument, on the floor, at the south-west end of the church, is another, which is thus worded:

“Here lies the body of Arthur Levelis of Trewoof in this parish, Esq., who departed this life the 2nd day of May, Anno Dom. 1671.

This Worthy Family hath Flourished Here,
Since William's Conquest, full Six Hundred Year;
And longer much it might But that the Blest
Must spend their Seauenths in a Blessed Rest;
But yet this Gentleman (Last of his Name)
Hath by his Virtues Eterniz'd the same
Much more than Children could or Bookes, for loue
Records it Here in Heartes in Life Aboue.”

The monument has a coat of arms on the west end, with the heads of three wolves and the motto, “Utraque Contentus fortuna.”

The church was once exceedingly rich in beautiful carved woodwork. It possessed the finest rood screen and loft in Cornwall of the fifteenth century, which about 1810 were

more or less perfect. Now the remains in the church itself are just enough to whet the antiquarian appetite and render vividly present to the imagination what a magnificent interior the church must have had. The screen, it seems, was barbarously pulled down by some blockhead of a parson, who imagined it deadened his voice; and some portions were taken away by the parishioners and used for the vilest purposes, and profanely, says one old writer, "converted into doors for pigs' styes." The Rev. Edward Seymour, to whose memory be all reverence paid, who had charge of the living, collected together as much of this old carved woodwork as he could recover, and caused some of the long beams to be replaced in their original positions. The present rector, the Rev. Canon Richard James Martyn, to whose courtesy I am indebted for allowing me to see the church at my leisure, and to photograph it, has, with praiseworthy zeal, put all the loose bits of carvings together and keeps them, under lock and key, in an old oak chest in the church. He informed me that he was obliged to thus lock up these valuable curiosities, for tourists had the unfortunate habit of breaking off pieces and taking them away as mementoes. Between the two middle windows of the south side is still to be seen, in good preservation, a portion of a spiral staircase of stone which in former days led to the rood-loft above. Canon Martyn had two iron bars placed at the entrance to this, to prevent visitors walking up and writing their names on the wall, as they often did. The bars, however, did not stop the sacrilege, for they actually stooped down, got through them, and went on with this attempt to hand down their ignominious names to posterity. He has had now actually to cover over the entrance to the staircase with rabbit-netting, through which they cannot get. Truly the habits and manners of the average tourist are past finding out!

The greater length than usual of the chancel is accounted for by the fact that it was formerly a collegiate church of the Augustinian Order, and served by their canons.

The church is divided by arcades of four-centred arches, having moulded capitals and bases, six bays on either side. The roofs are of the cradle character, every fourth rafter being a principal, in its intersected purlins

dividing the space into squares. The principals, purlins and plates of the south aisle are enriched with very fine carved foliage.

The rood-screen, to which I have referred, and which was doubtless the feature of this beautiful church, from the portions which remain must have been highly ornate. Upon the cornice is carved a vine pattern, amongst the branches of which are a flight of doves, hunting scenes, fighting animals and birds and grotesque figures. The lower parts of the transom remain *in situ*.

The panels are variously carved with foliage and flowers. Some of these carvings seem to portray sea-weeds and sun-flowers conventionally treated.

A part of the huge beam still extends across the chancel-opening, where once the rood-loft was. It is richly carved on both sides. Here are bunches of grapes, appearing amidst leaves, pecked at by birds or grasped by terrible demons. On some of the carving animals are seen adorned with horns and facial contortions. A creature like a cat seizes two birds, one in either claw; a bird pecks at a long-eared bald-head; a serpent creeps away in terror. Hunting scenes abound. A hunter, with staff or cross-bow in hand, incites his dog to the chase. The dog is long-eared and bodied, showing how ancient is the breed of dachshund. A demon grasps in one hand the end of a scroll, biting it with exposed teeth. In all these carvings, and it would take much more space to describe them all, the creatures depicted are at dire variance one with another. A twisted pattern, like a cable, more or less frames in or separates the various subjects; and the workmanship, though rude, is bold and very effective, admirably thought out, and executed for the purpose, intended to be seen from a distance and understood at a glance.

Similar portions of the south-aisle screen exist now behind the chancel stalls, the panels being there similarly treated. These are just fragments of the fan-traceried cone preserved with the original colouring more or less apparent. The rector, the Rev. Canon Martyn, is making a strenuous effort to restore this most valuable example of early sixteenth-century Cornish craftsmanship by completing the missing framework, and inserting here and there the remains of the original carved and traceried work in their true

positions. By this means the various loose and scattered, but priceless, fragments will be more securely preserved. It is sincerely to be hoped that this admirably planned restoration may be carried out.

In Norman times this church was a most important one, but, alas! nothing is now left of that period except the scattered remains of two circular arches, which have been built up in the fifteenth-century north wall of the sanctuary. Parts of this wall have quite lately been removed, so that these Norman remains can now be better seen.

Since the deadly "restoration" the stalls are turned round and the historic collegiate arrangement is destroyed. Most of the fine old carvings which remain were "restored" by Mr. Butterfield, who had them painted just like a barber's pole. It is singular how tastes differ!

The old carved benches are gone. The roofs are freshly tunnelled in plaster, and tied with iron rods fantastically painted! The window-jambs are scarified. I should also mention that most of the windows are of late fifteenth-century work, with square heads to the lights, and there is a finely proportioned porch built of surface granite like the tower on the same side. The tower is well proportioned and is of four stages, and has buttresses rising nearly to the battlements.

A slate sundial adorns the entrance to the porch, having upon it the motto, "Pereunt et Imputantur," and bearing date 1747.

Near the porch on the south side of the church, on a flight of granite steps, is an old Celtic cross. This is a good specimen of the "four-hole" cross, showing on the south side the rudely embossed figure of our Lord.

On the head of the figure of our Lord is a nimbus similar to that on the churchyard crosses of Sancreed and Paul. The arms are very long and expanded where the hands ought to be in the tunic, which is terminated just above the knees, the much exaggerated feet being turned outwards at right angles.

The five bosses on the reverse of the head of this cross are popularly said to be symbolic of the Five Wounds of Christ; but I know of no historic authority in evidence thereof. We have no record that in any Cornish cross these bosses

were so intended by the carvers. Some people go out of their way to discover, and even elaborate, a system of symbolism out of ornament in cases where nothing of the sort was ever intended. The carver who first originated, say the centre boss, may have for artistic uniformity and effect added a boss on each limb of the cross without any ulterior motive at all. It remains for the curious in comparatively modern times to invest every little detail of ancient ornament with a subtle symbolism. Mr. A. G. Langdon mentions an amusing instance which came under his observation. Two young men made a discovery. At Phillack there is *part* of a coped stone, and along the top of the ridge is a rude cable moulding. It is hardly credible, but these two gentlemen counted the remaining notches forming the cable, and finding they came to *thirty-two*, decided at once that they represented our Lord's age. They were quite certain, because they had counted them *twice*!

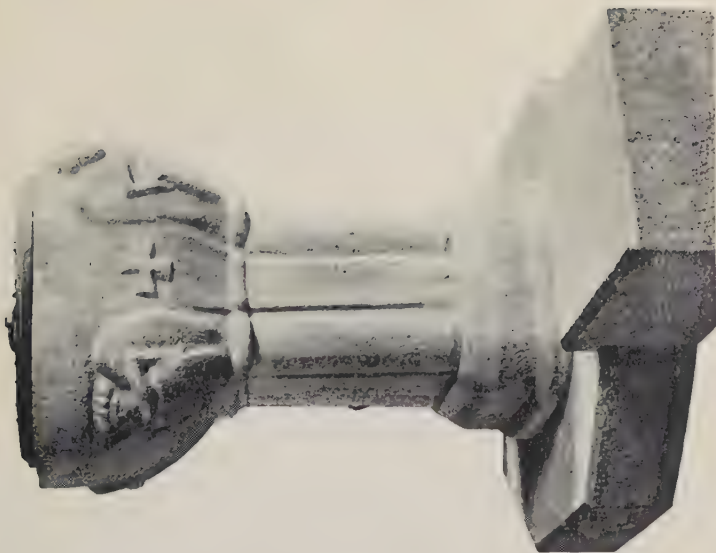
A somewhat similar holed cross at Paul Church has the toes of the figure close together. This cross, Buryan churchyard cross, is on the top of a flight of steps, and it is in the usual place near the entrance into the sacred edifice, suggesting due preparation previously to entering. At St. Levan is an ancient cross similarly placed, and in many other Cornish churchyards.

The stoup at the doorway is mutilated, and a head or a cross appears to have been once embossed on the basin, but it is now knocked off. The corbel over the doorway was probably intended to hold the figure of the Blessed Virgin, or perhaps St. Buriana, but this is also missing.

The font of Ludgvan granite, usually used in Cornwall for fonts, is ornamented by scroll-work and crosses, and is supported by four shafts.

Round by the east window, on the north side of the church, on the outside, will be seen the arched remains of what was evidently a leper's window, the arch of the same old Norman artificial stone as the arches inside.

Near the old cross in the churchyard, close to the entrance-gate, is a quaint inscription on a tombstone. It reads thus: "In Memory of Capt. Will^m Nath^l Simpson Delle son of William and Jane Delle of this Parish he was drown'd near St. Ives Nov: 20, 1807 aged 2—" (last figure un-



OLD FONT, ST. BRYAN CHURCH

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CROSS, SOUTH OF ST. BRYAN

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decipherable). "Also of Jane his daughter who departed this life Nov : 30, 1807" (piece of stone here broken off) "in the first year of her age

Our life is but a Winter's Day,
Some only Breakfast and away,
Others to Dinner stay and are full fed,
The oldest only sups and goes to bed.
Largest his Debt who Lingers out the Day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to Pay."

On the same side of the churchyard are several tombstones to a family called Permewan—now extinct in this parish—who always had the custom of christening a daughter by the curious name of Pee. I counted no less than three headstones recording the deaths of persons so named.

On another, just beside the allegorical winter's day effect, is mentioned the death of "Onesiphorus their son who died in 1905 aged 79 years." These rather unusual names are only equalled by some in the churchyard of St. Kea, near Truro, where you may read, "In Memory of Mezelley, daughter of Plato and Betsy Bucklan," etc., and "To the Memory of Tamsen, wife of," etc. In the same neighbourhood of these monuments is one to the Rev. John Croker, who had quite a far-reaching reputation all over the county for laying "difficult" ghosts.

On the east, outer, wall of the porch, on a thick slate slab, is a monument to "Thomas Williams, May 30th, 1795

Sleep here a While
Thou Dearest part of Me
In Little Time
I'll Come and Sleep With Thee."

Then below on the same slab appears :—

"Likewise of Mary His
Wife who died Nov. 6
1796 AGED 75."

A quaint inscription I also noticed was to :—

"Thomas Hutchins
Who died Feb: 18, 1813
Aged 81 years
45 of which he work'd as an

Artificer in H M Dock-yard of
Plym:° this parish was his
Native home.

He was—but words are wanting to express

What he was—think what an upright man ought to be : that was he.

His mourning children caused this to be erected as a tribute of their affection to the best of fathers."

Near the west end of the churchyard is a tomb recording the death, on July 31st, 1872, of "Augustus Smith, Esq., Aged 68, Lord Proprietor of the Isles of Scilly." He was the Provincial Grand Master for Cornwall, and was buried here at six in the morning with full masonic honours.

Buryan was the birthplace of one notorious character, at any rate. William Noye, or Noy, was born here in 1577, and became an eminent lawyer, and eventually Attorney-General to Charles I. He went to Exeter College, Oxford, in 1593, when sixteen years of age, and was admitted a member of Lincoln's Inn in 1594, and was called to the Bar in 1602, becoming a bencher in 1632. He worked hard and assiduously at his profession, adopting as his anagram "I moyle in law." By this steady moiling he advanced slowly, and at last attracted the attention of Bacon, by whom he was recommended, in 1614, for the post of official law reporter, as one "not overwrought with practice and yet learned, and diligent, and conversant in reports and records." He represented Helston, Fowey, St. Ives in Parliament at various times, at first taking the popular side and attacking monopolies with considerable power. King Charles I must have noticed the rising young lawyer, imbued with more than average ability and acumen, and was advised by his council to win Noye over to his side. On being offered the post, he is said to have bluntly asked what his honorarium was to be. He accepted the office, and then, as is usual with converts, became a bitter opponent of his late associates. In the Star Chamber it fell to his lot to prosecute two of his own Inn, Henry Sherfield and William Prynne. Noye went to great extremes. He urged on the king, it is said, to exact the ship-money, with disastrous results, as we know. He unearthed old statutes to employ them for his own ends, and planned new exactions. He stretched the royal prerogative to the utmost. Whether in all this he was sincere is a question. It may be that he was all the time secretly working for his old party, for making things as desperate as they could be, in order to precipitate matters. We know he enriched himself, at any rate. He became a first favourite with King Charles, who relied much upon him. Once when dining with the

king, Ben Jonson watched them from the opposite house, and sent across the epigram :—

“When the world was drowned
No deer was found
Because there was no park :
And here I sitt
Without ere a bitt
Cause Noyah hath all in his Arke.”

King Charles took the hint, and sent the poet across some venison with this reply :—

“When the world was drowned
There deer was found
Although there was no park :
I send thee a bitt
To quicken thy witt
Which comes from Noyah’s Arke.”

He died at New Brentford in 1634, and was buried in the chancel in the parish church.

He thus did not live to see the great catastrophe which he had done so much by his violence to bring about. Archbishop Laud said of him, “I have lost a dear friend,” and “the Church the Greatest she had of his condition since she needed any such.”

Though he prostituted his great learning, wit, and vast ingenuity to the service of tyranny, and therefore has handed down an ignominious reputation, he was evidently the first lawyer of his day, and must have been a lucid and effective speaker. He was the greatest man undoubtedly St. Buryan has produced.

The parish feast day of St. Buryan is the nearest Sunday to May 13th. These feasts are a very common feature of Cornish life to-day. In many cases they commemorate the birthday of the patron saint of the parish, and were originally days quite set apart for religious exercises, as well as merry-making and high jinks. Such feasts are not unknown in other faiths. I have no doubt these Cornish festivals are direct lineal descendants of the very ancient feasts or festivals ; for when Christianity was introduced the missionaries simply christianised as many of the innocent habits and customs of the people as they could. To have attempted to destroy them would have been impolitic, and even if it had been attempted—we do not know that it was not—would have failed.

Mr. Warner, who is enthusiastic in his praise of the lower working-classes of Cornish women, particularly notices their softness and roundness of external form, their beauty and freshness, and peculiar smoothness, delicacy, and healthy colour in the texture of their skin, which he was at a loss to account for until he understood from a friend that they arose from their feeding chiefly on pilchards, a fish diet at other places having been noticed to give rise to a similar plumpness of form and delicacy of manner. "The inhabitants of St. Buryan, both men and women," he says, "exhibit the finest specimens of Cornish strength and beauty. The broad and muscular outline of the male, the luxuriant *contour* of the female form, here evince that the climate, food or employment of the people (or perhaps all together) are highly conducive to the maturation and perfection of the human figure."

The parish of St. Buryan now comprises 6964 acres, and has a population of 1236,¹ and they are

"Simple folk, of simple ways,
Living by earth's tillage;
Spending all their quiet days
In the same old village."

¹ In 1801 the population was 1164.

NOTE.—In Hals MSS, at the British Museum (f. 18), I came across this reference to St. Buryan:—"In Domesday tax this Districk was rated by the name of Beri-and, for Beri-an, or Bury-an; synonymous words, signifying a Cemetery, or burying place for Human creatures."



CROSS ROADS CROSS NEAR BURYAN

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CROSS ROADS CELTIC CROSS

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CHAPTER XIII

ST. BURYAN'S NEIGHBOURHOOD, THE "MERRY MAIDENS,"
THE "TWO FIDDLERS," TREWOOFE, LAMORNA, THE
LOGAN STONE

THE neighbourhood of St. Buryan is very rich in antiquarian remains, and the village may well be made a centre for exploration.

The "Merry Maidens," the "Fiddlers," several old Celtic crosses, the picturesque and ancient building at Trewoofe, and pretty Lamorna Cove, are all within the compass of a drive or even of a long day's walk.

After a drive by the side of fields chiefly pasture, a prominent old Celtic cross is met with where the roads meet on their ways to Lamorna, Logan Rock, and St. Buryan. It stands on a pedestal, and is 4 feet 9 inches in height from the base, which is circular, and 3 feet 2 inches in diameter. Upon it is a rudely embossed crucifixion, much defaced by time and exposure.

The crosses about this part of Cornwall are, I think, without exception, all embossed. That is, the cross is upon the surface of the cut and circular-shaped granite block, the portions around having been carved away, leaving the sacred emblem standing out in relief. Consequently, it is easy to recognise what an immense amount of labour must have been expended in shaping these sacred emblems, particularly when one considers the hard nature of the granite. We may be, however, grateful to the exceptional hardness of the stone, for that quality is doubtless the reason why so many of these most interesting relics of former times remain to this day in Cornwall. Time, weather, and malicious hands have wrought their worst, and yet luckily with little effect. But perhaps another influence has also fortunately been at work in aid of the preservation of these crosses. There is, or was, at any rate, a wholesome superstition abroad among the country people, which prevented

their desecrating their ancient monuments. It is doubtful if this retarding influence will continue, and therefore it becomes more than ever imperative that each and all of these priceless memorials of the past should be conserved by the State. Still the following story related in the *Quarterly Review* (July, 1867, p. 63) shows that at that period, at any rate, some of the good old leaven of superstition still existed in the Cornish mind. "Near Carleen, in Breage," says the writer, "an old cross has been removed from its place, and now does duty as a gate-post. The farmer occupying the farm where the cross stood set his labourer to sink a pit in the required spot for the gate-post, but when it was intimated that the cross standing a little distance off was to be erected therein, the man absolutely refused to have any hand in the matter, not on account of the beautiful or the antique, but for fear of the old people. Another farmer related that he had a neighbour who 'haeled down a lot of stoans called the Roundags, and sold 'em for building the dock at Penzance. But not a penny of the money he got for them ever prospered, and there wasn't wan of the hosses that hael'd 'em that lived out the twelve-month; and they *do* say that some of the stoans do weep blood, but I don't belive that."

The Cornish are partly descendants from the ancient Damnonii, "the old men," or "old people," as miners call them, of the western peninsula of Britain, whose memory still lingers amongst the inhabitants, hence the prevalence of this belief.

Leaving this interesting relic at the cross-roads, and taking the main track to Paul, on the right-hand side in the upper part of a pasturage meadow we come to the "Merry Maidens." They are often spoken of as the "Nine Maidens," a loose way of speaking, and a shortened form of "Nineteen Maidens," for these Cornish circles all had originally, I believe, nineteen standing stones. Circles elsewhere consist of the same number of erect monoliths. At Stonehenge the inner oval consists of precisely nineteen stones; so too the temple of Classerniss, in the island of Lewis, consists of an avenue of nineteen stones on each side, leading into a circle of twelve others. This number, nineteen, seems to have had some ancient value, or was associated with



"MERRY MAIDENS," DISTANT VIEW

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"MERRY MAIDENS"



"NINETEEN MAIDENS," NEAR ST BURYAN



early superstitions. Diodorus writes: "They say moreover that Apollo once in nineteen years comes into the island, in which space of time the stars perform their courses and return to the same point, and therefore the Greeks call the revolution of nineteen years the Great Year." These Merry Maidens are weather-beaten, lichen-clad, roughly hewn blocks of granite, nineteen in number, set upright in a circle whose diameter is twenty-four yards. They are evenly paced out and vary in height above the level of the ground from 4 feet 4 inches to 3 feet 2 inches. How much of each monolith is beneath the ground I know not, but each has probably below the surface two or three feet of foundation at least.

A little further along, on the left side of the road, and at a distance between them of fifty yards, are the "Two Fiddlers," or "Pipers," as they are sometimes called. These are two rude pillars of granite which stand erect 317 feet apart and about 400 yards to the north-east of the circle of Dawns Maen. At the present day each is in a different field. The longer and thinner one is fifteen or sixteen feet from surface of the ground to top, measuring at its base 4 feet 6 inches by 1 foot 9 inches, so that it is more or less rectangular. The legend associated with the Fiddlers is delightfully quaint. Nineteen maidens danced on a Sunday to music supplied by two fiddlers, and all were turned into stone, and granite stone too, in consequence of the enormity. How religious people must have been in those days! *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*

The Maidens are visible from the Fiddlers, and are situated on ground which belonged to the Boleit family. In Cornish they are known as *Dans maen*, or Dawns mên, or the "Stone Dancers."

This part of Cornwall is remarkably rich in stone circles. Many—perhaps all, but I am not sure—originally consisted of nineteen stones, a number frequently abbreviated by the inhabitants into nine, as we have seen. Another theory of the origin of these circles is that they were dedicated to Apollo, who is supposed to have visited Britain once every nineteen years—in other words, that they were temples to the god of light, the purest and highest representation of this mighty power in nature. Boleit—

pronounced Boleigh—means the place of slaughter, and so it has been said that the Celts made here their last stand against the Saxons.

A more plausible explanation is that they are associated with the worship of the sun and constellations. I think it is clear that they are not the remains of human dwelling-places, for they are mostly at spots where the rude south-west gale blowing upon them from the stormy Atlantic would make life unendurable. Then too, a few hundred yards lower down, in most instances, a comparatively sheltered situation would have offered itself.

Sir Norman Lockyer thinks these stone circles were observation places for studying the movements of the sun and stars in prehistoric times. He points out the similarity between Egyptian temples and these early British stone circles. In Britain when the population was scarce the circle built chiefly of monoliths represented a sanctuary, and from its centre were imitated the various temple axes by sight lines marked out by a stone or barrow. The story is that astronomer-priests familiar with Egyptian methods began work in Cornwall about 2300 B.C.

The stars they used as clock-stars were the equivalents of the stars in Ursa Major and Draco used by the ancient Egyptians, when we take the difference of latitude between Egypt and Britain into account. The same may be said of the "morning stars" they employed, and further, they brought the May year with them. If this be correct this conclusion follows. These British circles were in full work more than a thousand years before the Aryans or Celts came upon the scene. And then, as the sacred fire had to be kept alight, it is a question whether these dolmens, chamber barrows, and such-like places were not places for the living and not for the dead, and therefore whether the burials found in some of them do not belong to a later date.

Sir Norman Lockyer gives the morning star, that is, the star rising or setting "heliacally," or an hour before sunrise, associated with the Merry Maidens as the Pleiades, and the date therefore about 1930 B.C. The Pleiades were observed rising and the Antares setting, 1310 B.C. He says that the May sunrise is provided for in all the stone circles he has surveyed except one, the "Hurlers."





THE FIDDLER

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ROADSIDE CROSS

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TREWOOFE

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But still another explanation of these circular arrangements of large oblong monoliths placed in an upright position has been seriously advanced, namely, that they were so planted to make a public arena for dancing, a form of amusement very prevalent among the ancient Cornish, as indeed it was among the Irish branch of the Celtic family as well.

From this wealth of obviously fairy, and also some sensible, theories the reader may pick out for reliance that which most pleases him.

Two facts, I think, are obvious in connection with these circles. Their existence necessarily implies a certain amount of public spirit in the days of their construction, and they show that the advantage of working together for some common object, were that object religious or secular, was in those days understood. For I think all critics are agreed that these circles, as well as the cromlechs, pillars, and holed stones, are public monuments, and if so they are messages to posterity and ought to be carefully preserved.

By the roadside between the Merry Maidens and the Fiddlers, about two hundred yards from the former on the south side of the road, on a piece of roadside waste, is another Celtic cross well worth notice. In order to photograph this we had to slaughter a heap of obtruding bracken and bramble which nearly totally hid it.

Soon after leaving the Fiddlers the road descends to a woody valley, and there, after going up a grass-grown by-road overshadowed by trees decked with ferns on the banks, an old farm is reached. This is Trewoofe, pronounced Trove. It is the "Trewoof" referred to on the monument in Buryan Church recording the passing away of the last of his race in the person of Arthur Levelis. All that now remains of the ancient house is an old doorway, a low arch, above which are two square pieces of granite rather richly carved. The situation of these remains of an ancient mansion is pretty: trees and foliage all around, and a pond in front of it within ten feet. The old farmer here informed me that he was seventy years of age, that his father and grandfather had lived and died there before him, and that old arched doorway had been there in just the same state all the time.

Trewoofe means the place of blackbirds, many of which

are always to be found in the umbrageous woods and mossy dells surrounding the remains of the old mansion house. Quite close to the house is an ancient Celtic *ogo*, or *fogo* (=cave), and this used to be connected with a subterranean passage with the mansion.

We purchased some excellent fowls here at two shillings apiece and six fine large cabbages for sixpence.

Retracing our steps from Trewoofe, we soon strike the lane-like road which runs south-east to the sea at Lamorna Cove. Here we put up for lunch at Mrs. N. Jory's temperance hotel, which was built for a Church of England worship-place, but apparently never finished. We took the meal in the lofty chancel, a long room with three large, long, high windows on either side, a concrete floor, and a raised concrete dais along one side. Very appropriately a harmonium adorned the other side.

On the east side of the end of the cove there is a granite quarry, the granite being of a very superior quality, whence fine views are obtained of the Lizard Point in the far distance. A murmuring stream runs down Lamorna Valley, which can be heard, but not seen from the road owing to the vast amount of vegetation covering it up. The granite on the western side of the bay is so interspersed with quartz veins as to render it unfit for building purposes.

Beauty begins where the road ends in this part of Cornwall. It seems as if all the sub-tropical, or, at any rate, very luxuriant vegetation which should have clothed the Cornish moors had been crammed into narrow valleys. In these steep declivities trees, shrubs, ferns flourish in a dense mass of glorious green. Tangle bushes, thorny furze, straggling bramble sprays, and fragrant herbs press against your body and knock you about in front and back as you struggle to invade the recesses of their privacy. You may try to steer a path in any direction, it is all the same. You may squeeze, dodge, push, manipulate your arms and legs and contort your body considerably to effect a passage. Often you hear the running of water at the bottom, but can't get near it. The steady grind of a small waterfall may assail your ears, but you never see it.

Where the sea breaks upon the rocky boulders of Lamorna Cove—there is no beach—a small pier or arm of granite

has been thrust out, and here I saw one or two ladies fishing with rods for pollack and wrasse. A granite tablet let into the pier-end has engraved upon it:—

“Except the Lord build the house
They Labour in vain that build it”;

which is the first time I ever heard of a pier being called a house. If it were not for this granite quarry disfiguring the mountain-side, with its fresh-looking blocks of stone, derricks, and debris, Lamorna Cove would be a pretty spot.

Blocks of granite from this quarry have entered largely into the formation of the Admiralty Pier at Dover. One huge block—twenty-two feet in height and weighing twenty-one tons—was wrought into an obelisk and sent to the Great Exhibition in 1851. I wonder what became of it; for it was not an article to carry about in a waistcoat pocket.

On the left of the valley near the top as we entered it I noticed a galvanised shanty, with top large glass windows, evidently a studio and the temporary abode of an artist.

The inn at the top of the cove on the opposite side of the temperance hotel is old, and I observed a diamond-shaped frame of wood let into the roadway, showing that skittles used once to be played in front of the door on the road itself. Skittles, I hear, have gone out of fashion in the neighbourhood, but are coming back again into rural esteem.

We now start away for *the* Logan Stone. When “Logan Rock” or “Logan Stone” is mentioned a particular one is meant, and that we are now on the way to see. But a glance at the Ordnance Map shows that there are many Logan Rocks in this part of Cornwall, some of which I have looked for in vain, notably that close to the “Logan Circles,” a short distance north-east of St. Just. The map gives there “Logan Stone,” but none of the few inhabitants in the immediate vicinity nor at St. Just have ever heard of it. It is simply distressfully appalling how the rare old antiquities of Cornwall are disappearing.

The Logan Stone *par excellence* which has monopolised the title in public estimation lies on a promontory a little to the east of St. Levan Church. On our way thither we make a halt at a footpath leading away on our right across a hedge and through some fields. There is a Celtic cross

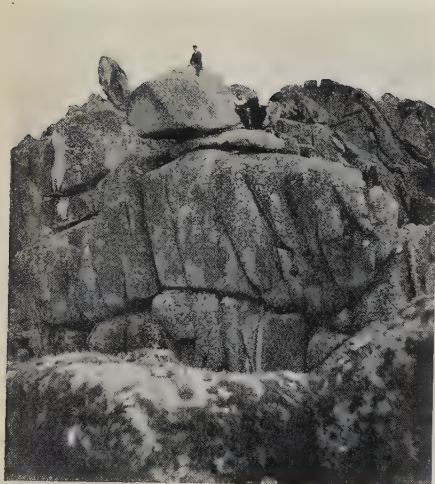
set with its back to a hedge, the actual cross being plain on a round head, 4 feet 7 inches in height, the head 1 foot 7 inches by 1 foot 5½ inches. This cross is quite loose in its socket—a “logan stone” cross in fact—and if not soon fixed, will doubtless be pushed over.

The footpath to reach this particular cross starts opposite the gates of the old mansion of the parish, and a curious stile, made of four pieces of granite, fifteen inches apart, with a deep miniature chasm below, so that a human being can use the stepping-stones, but not cattle. The ingenuity displayed in making this form of stile is characteristically Celtic.

But there is yet another old Celtic cross to be seen at this spot. Immediately beside this quaint stile on the west side in a piece of roadside waste it stands, at right angles to the road. I have noticed that in most cases when these crosses are so placed that both sides are visible to passers-by, each side has a cross cut upon it. This cross has, nearest the stile, a plain cross running the whole length of the pedestal, and on the reverse the cross is confined to the round head. The monument is five feet high, and the head is two feet in breadth and 1 foot 8 inches in height. The round base upon which the cross is fixed was so completely overgrown with thick moss, that at first I thought it was simply a monolith stuck upright in the soil, as so many of these crosses are. But I found on pulling off a sheet of moss two inches in thickness, which came readily away, it had, as I have said, a circular granite foundation.

From whichever side, therefore, this monument is approached a cross is visible, or used to be before the trees and rank growth of weeds obscured its position.

Pursuing the road further towards Land's End, that is, in a westerly direction, a sign-post is reached on the left indicating that in that direction (south) is the Logan Rock. Some fields and stiles have to be crossed before the promontory of Treryn is reached, or, as it is called, Castle Treryn, because the neck of land has evidently been fortified, the remains of the walls and ditches being plainly visible. Cyrus Redding, who described the spot in 1842, wrote that those “who have a feeling for the grand in nature, and desire to see granite rocks of astonishing dimensions, piled



THE LOGAN STONE

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CELTIC CROSS

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CELTIC CROSS

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LAMORNA COVE

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to an enormous height, the sea thundering at their bases, creating a wild shore of adamant, should not omit visiting Castle Treryn." Certainly nature is here grand, and many will think after visiting the place that the Logan Stone itself is the least interesting part of the show, for it is not exempt from a suspicion of artificiality.

The story is somewhat sordid. Dr. Borlase, the old historian of Cornwall, said that it was "morally impossible that any lever, or indeed force (however applied in a mechanical way), could remove it." This sort of absurd challenge to the world was probably for a long time superstitiously believed in and disregarded. The stone was considered a sort of rock deity by the Druids, it is said, and used by them to impose on the credulous as possessing the virtues of testing the guilt or innocence of persons accused of crime.

"Behold yon huge
And unknown sphere of living adamant,
Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
On yonder pointed rock, firm as it seems,
Such is its strange and virtuous property,
It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
Of him whose breast is pure; but to a traitor
Tho' ev'n a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
It stands as fixed as Snowdon."

At any rate, Lieutenant Goldsmith, R.N., nephew to the poet, put the Logan Stone to the test and overturned it. In 1824 he had command of a cutter in the neighbourhood, and went to Treryn Castle with some twelve of his men, and threw the rock from its hollow basin on which it had rested from time immemorial. Luckily it did not roll down the cliff into the sea, but was caught in the recesses of other rocks near. It was a foolhardy piece of bravado work, quite senseless in its inception. The feeling engendered at the time by this exploit of the young lieutenant is best shown by the following letter, which appeared in the *Annals of Philosophy* for May, 1824:—

"PLYMOUTH, April 18th, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your geological readers will hear with infinite regret that the celebrated Logan Stone in Cornwall, which has for so long a period been regarded as an object of great

national interest and curiosity, and which has been visited by persons from the remotest extremity of Europe, has within the last few days been overturned by *one of the Lieutenants of his Majesty's navy*, now commanding a revenue cutter, stationed between the Lizard and Land's End, assisted by a party of his men. The barbarous and wanton folly which could induce an officer bearing his Majesty's commission to commit so unwarrantable an act, as to remove a great national curiosity from a position in which it had stood for ages, defying the hand of time, and affording to the enlightened traveller an object of such singular interest, will, it is hoped, be visited with the severest displeasure of the Admiralty. In a tour through Cornwall in the summer of 1821, I was informed by a cottager who lived near the spot, that an attempt was made by a party of seamen some years before, to remove it, but without success. Cornwall, by this wanton outrage, has lost one of the most interesting monuments.

"I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"G. W. HARVEY."

The result was that a great outcry was raised, and the lieutenant had to restore the stone to its original position at much expense. The county historian, Davies Gilbert, gave £25 towards the cost, and applied to the Admiralty for the use of tackle and machinery at Plymouth, which was granted. Easy to overturn, its replacement must have been a Herculean task, particularly in those days, and the lieutenant, no doubt, had a practical lesson in hydraulics and mechanics which ought to have stood him in good stead in after-life.

However, "not wholly bad was even that," as Lysander Pratt would say, for the flat stone of the famed Lanyon Cromlech, or Quoit, forty-seven feet in circumference and weighing about twenty tons, slipped off the supporting monolith during a violent storm a few years after, and was replaced by the same powerful machinery which restored the Logan Stone to its original position.

I have seen a print of the process of replacing the Logan Stone, which shows the gigantic nature of the undertaking. A perfect forest of derricks, poles, blocks, and ropes had to

be used. A copy of this print is to be seen in the offices of the Mining Company at the Botallack Mine.

The point itself looks very much like the Land's End ; indeed, the formation is the same. Blocks and blocks of stern, sterile, massive granite are piled up by nature, one on top of another in wild confusion, and yet apparently not quite devoid of order. No doubt, softer stone in the interstices once existed which has been washed away or decomposed, leaving the harder material separate or separable. To a primitive people absolutely ignorant of natural causes such weirdly wild spots seemed the result of the operations of giants or the devil. The old Celts in Cornwall preferred to refer these strange freaks of nature to giants. The Irish Celts prefer to attribute them to the devil. This is just one of those subtle differences between the two branches of the race.

The stone is a more or less rectangular cube, not on the top of the headland, but one amongst several others equally big, on the south side of the last little valley. It has been variously estimated to weigh ninety tons (Stockdale), sixty to seventy tons (Blight), sixty-five tons (Redding), "over seventy tons" (Tregellas). Such is the value of expert, or would-be expert, evidence !

Just behind it is a group of rocks which looks startlingly like an enormous turtle—truncated head, body, and all complete.

The bore-holes in the rocks around and remains of iron bolts still are there to prevent the lieutenant's silly feat sinking into oblivion.

The stone can be moved by placing your shoulder under its south-west corner, and the ascent—an extremely difficult one—is rendered more arduous by reason of the smoothness of the rocks acquired by the constant friction of the sightseers going up and down. I advise those desirous of reaching the actual rock to wear rubber-soled shoes, as those cling best to such slippery surfaces. An iron bolt underneath the rock now prevents it from being pushed over again.

Most people content themselves with viewing the stone from the eminence overlooking the final valley, which also is worn smooth from the constant friction of thousands of feet each year. From here the view is magnificent. All

around in the immediate vicinity lie incipient logan rocks in slow process of formation. On the right, at the end of the headland, is a Marconi's pole, thin and attenuated and weirdly out of place. In a bay right round to the west is the lovely sandy cove, nearly quite enclosed by precipices, Porth Curnow, where the Eastern Telegraph cables emerge from the sea and are waited on by some four hundred servants. Ships constantly pass and repass in the offing; the Lizard stretches out as a far low-lying point on the left as you face the ocean. It is said the Princess of Wales¹ ventured down into the valley and visited the Logan Stone; but if a similar expedition be much desired by the masses it would be quite easy to run a short iron bridge across right to the stone itself, and judging by the number of persons visiting the spot, a toll of a penny or twopence would soon repay the outlay.

Nearer the land end of Treryn Castle on the western side is the Lady Logan Rock, which sways more easily than the other and can be pushed with one hand into motion. This monolith is oblong, broad, and narrow, bifurcated for some three feet at the top, and stands some twelve feet high from its basin on the granite block beneath.

There are many other logan and rocking stones, such as that at Boisistan and Zennor, and I have seen a much bigger one in the Scilly Isles, where there are so many that they are not thought much of.

Henry Belasyse wrote a small work in 1657, called *An English Traveller's First Curiosity, on the Knowledge of His Own Country*, in which he refers to the Logan Stone as one of the curiosities of England in this quaint way: "There are many varietyes in England both for art and nature. For nature the stone called Main Amber, neare the markt town of Pensan, which though very great may be stirred with a finger, but not carried away even by a great many hands." Mr. Belasyse had clearly never seen the Logan Stone, and, like so many old writers, repeated as ascertained facts much second-hand gossip. Still it is worth noting that he places the first "Chiefe richyes looked after by strangers" as English cloth, and next in national value

¹ Now Queen Mary.

tin—"The next is our tinn or pewter, which is so excellent in Cornewell that it's only not Sylver."

Castle Treryn is one of the best typical examples of the fortified promontory so common all over this part of Cornwall. Most of the cliffs about the Land's End are fortified towards the land by walls and ditches, thus cutting off their extreme promontories from communication with the land, as they are by nature inaccessible from the sea. They may have been, and probably were, originally planned by the Celts, and afterwards taken possession of and even made stronger by the Romans and Saxons. The original fortification at Castle Treryn consisted of three circular embankments, one within the other, and the visitor to the Logan Rock passes through the openings in these lines of defence. Dr. Borlase was of opinion the Danes made them. These marauders were, we know, invited to land by the Celts of Cornwall to aid them against the Saxons, and may have entrenched and fortified their landing-places, and though in alliance with the natives, perhaps were not quite sure of their friendliness. After Athelstan's conquest of Cornwall, the Danes, at any rate, turned out enemies to the Cornish, and may have made these cliff castles into their strongholds. Polwhele inclined to the view that they were built by the Irish. This I doubt very much, for the Irish Celts do not seem to have similarly fortified headlands in their own country. Another wild theory is that they were hoarding-places for tin from the rapacity of foreign freebooters. If this were so, ingots of that metal would be found in them, but so far as I know, never have been.

It has also been advanced that they are Roman remains, and in proof thereof it is said that a Roman coin was once found near Treryn, which is no more an argument in support of the theory than the finding of a French penny in Dover Castle would prove the French had built it.

These delightfully picturesque Cornish cliff castles are enwrapped in mystery as they are so often by sea mist. The latter, however, is never permanent, but flits away at the first glint of the warm sun. The mystery of the fortifications, however, seems impenetrable, and likely to be permanent,

CHAPTER XIV

CROWS-AN-WRA, THE BEEHIVE HUTS, ST. EUNY'S WELL

TAKING the motor 'bus from Land's End, which leaves the hotel there at 8.15 a.m. and Sennen at 8.20 a.m., and passing the Quakers' Burial-ground, the cross-roads at Crows-an-wra are soon reached. This is a good place to get off and see some of the interesting antiquities which lie thickly strewn about in the immediate neighbourhood. This interesting hub in an antiquarian wheel is four and a half miles from Land's End, three from St. Just, and five and a half from Penzance.

At the cross-roads of Crows-an-wra, or Crowz-an-wra ("Cross by the Wayside"), one sees at once whence the name is derived. An old cross here stands out in the roadway on a pedestal of two steps. It is grey-lichened, and much weather-worn. Few crosses are so roughly executed, and it is difficult to say whether the outline of the head was originally left in its present chipped condition or became so afterwards. On the front facing the road the head has an embossed Celtic cross of four equal arms, with a slight inclination to the left, looking like a conventional Maltese cross, and at the back, facing the little Wesleyan chapel, a Latin cross has been cut or incised into the granite. This Latin cross, I imagine, was cut later than the other. The height of this most interesting and venerable relic, from the top of the pedestal or platform upon which it stands, is 4 feet 6½ inches, and the diameter of the rounded head 2 feet 4 inches.

Check by jowl with this relic of prehistoric ages is the comparatively (only) modern milestone, or directing granite block, which is more ornate than is usual. Evidently the cutter or maker of this wayfarer's blessing expended some artistic labour in its production over and above the minimum recording work he was paid for. The angle towards Pen-



ANCIENT ROADSIDE CROSS, CROWS-AN-WRA



zance has a cable pattern embossed upon it—a work which must have entailed considerable toil on this hard granite—and the word “Miles” on the “St. Just” side of the monolith is embellished with flourishes cut in the stone such as one sees around the word “Debenture” on parchment deeds. The stone-mason evidently had some knowledge of legal documents, and he must have lived at a happy time when workmen took pride in their work.

But the main object of this excursion was to see the old Celtic beehive huts in the neighbourhood, which the Ordnance Map records as “Ancient British village”—a non-committal phrase which is certainly judicious. I may here at once say that the Ordnance Map of the Land’s End district is of little, if any real, use to the antiquary. It is impossible to find these absorbingly interesting antiquities without a guide. And as a good deal of walking is necessary over rough ground, through fields with crops growing in them, brambles and high bracken, gaiters are desirable for the legs, and strong boots. Mr. Charles H. Eddy, of Breane Farm (which as far as I can make out is the “Bran” of the Government Map), very kindly showed me the way and accompanied me.

And here let me record how pleasant it is to travel about in the country districts in Cornwall. Few of the people you meet cross your path without passing the time of day. If you ask the way you are invariably answered civilly. You are not told to go straight on and then ask again. No, you are directed with great minuteness of detail as to the proper course you should take. The turnings to the right, to the left, the hedges to walk upon, the rocks to keep on this hand or on that, are impressed upon your memory with painstaking particularity. Often an informer will shout after you some further particulars as you leave him, to prevent your making any mistakes, and keep repeating them till you have turned the corner. As likely as not, so I have found it, your casually picked up friend will say, after an elaborate explanation of the right way, that you will never find it alone and set off with you to the point you wish to gain.

A little further on from Crows-an-wra towards Penzance, where a side road to St. Buryan branches off from the

main road, is an extremely interesting cross at the road juncture there formed. Every visitor on a motor to Land's End buzzes by it, but no stop is ever made to examine it, so that the impression it imparts to the retina is very slight. Those who do notice it just remark, "What, another cross?" and relegate it to the general mental jumble of Cornish crosses with which they leave the county. These wayside crosses were made to rest at, to say a prayer at, to remind us that our life here is temporary; they belong not to the age of motors and aerial flying.

The cross stands on the top of three steps of granite in pyramidal form, the bottom being seven feet square. The cross itself is twenty-six inches high, and the width across the head nineteen and a half inches. The south side, or the Buryan-road side, presents a plain Maltese cross in relief very much defaced. The north side facing the Land's End road has upon it a rude representation of the Crucifixion. The face of the figure is quite flat, the arms are extended, there is no tunic. The feet are turned out. The cross is seven inches thick.

The so-called "beehive hut" is certainly one of the most perfect structures of the sort I have ever seen in this district, for it still has the roof on. Its isolated position, in the far corner of a field, removed from all roads or easy mode of access, has fortunately been its salvation during the iconoclastic periods which have dilapidated similar structures. When first approached, one sees merely a high rounded mass of vegetation rising from the level ground of the field amidst (when I saw it) a fine crop of turnips. Trees, ferns, and brambles completely covered it. The casual observer might pass it by and think it was merely a heap of stones, collected from the surface of the land to aid agriculture, over which rank vegetation had run riot. The outside measurement I found to be about eight feet in height, and the diameter twelve and a half feet. The entrance is small and square—3 feet 1 inch across, 3 feet 2 inches high, and five feet in depth. The sides of the opening are composed of two large granite stones, one on either side, and the top or covering of the entrance of two stones. As the "hut" is now, it therefore could not have been used for habitation; there is practically no room in it at all,



BEEHIVE HUT, CROWS-AN-WRA



ENTRANCE, BEEHIVE HUT, CROWS-AN-WRA



for with the exception of this oblong small entrance, the structure is composed of stones, and is apparently solid. It stands quite solitary, no other similar remains near it that I could see, and if ever used for living purposes it must have been filled up since. Perhaps it is really the burial-mound of some great departed chieftain. If so, why was this square entrance left? Perhaps once it had door-stones to seal up the cupboard-like recess, which have since been removed.

The late Mr. W. C. Borlase, M.A., discovered this most interesting antiquity in April, 1863, and he wrote:¹ "The peculiarity of this tumulus is that it combines within itself the features of the stone grave, the ring barrow, the cromlech, and the passage chamber." When the barrow was opened no one knows; and the farmer on whose land it is only was prevented from razing it to the ground because it afforded a convenient shelter for his sheep and pigs in bad weather.

A long tramp from this tumulus, or "hut," over many stiles, hedges, and fields, brought us to the remains of a connected series of what once were several grouped beehive huts, now all roofless, but with a regular wall or mound enclosing the lot.

You can get down and see the circular structures, opening one into another on some kind of regular plan; but the trees and bracken overgrowing the whole spot make it very difficult to make out the exact delineations of each. It is a great pity some antiquarian society does not have all the vegetation cleared away, so that visitors may properly see these unique relics of the past. An immense amount of valuable antiquarian research remains to be done in this part of Cornwall.

I crept down below the surface of the ground, some five feet, and entered the main hut, which was seemingly perfectly circular, having a diameter on the ground of fifteen feet. The circular wall is composed of roughly hewn granite stones, and facing the entrance—a mere square opening about four feet each way—was a square recess in the wall, looking very much like a fire-place, but without any chimney. If this hearth-looking spot was so used, the smoke must

¹ *Nænia Cornubiæ* (1872), p. 77.

have filled the interior, unless the top of the beehive structure had an opening to allow it to get out. A passage from this main hut, running south-west, conducts to another, but also with a fire-place-looking recess, but which has an inclined square, narrow passage leading up to the level of the ground above.

These beehive huts naturally provoke much curiosity. Speculation concerning the origin and the people who used them can be freely indulged in. There seems to be little doubt that the very ancient Celtic churches were simple oratories, and circular or beehive-shape in form. But then the circular form of building would be almost natural in primitive times to those who had no means of shaping the quoins for the corners of a rectangular building. The beehive method of roofing, known as encorbelment, in which the stones are laid dry without mortar in successive layers or courses, each projecting slightly beyond that beneath, until the narrowing circle could be closed at the top by one flat stone, was always the early method. The beehive from which this Celtic architecture is named is itself becoming ancient, the circular apiarian structure of straw being more and more replaced by the less artistic but more utilitarian modern beehive of wood. The beehive method of roofing, it was discovered at a later date, could be applied to rectangular buildings, and the Celtic plan, still preserving some of the simple features of the early mason's work, developed into more elaborate structures.

In the present condition of our knowledge and methods of thought and research regarding these beehive huts and villages (a recent find of which has been made on the Westmorland fells, above Dale, Bank, Crossby, Ravensworth), one result only up to now is obtainable concerning them—we know next to nothing about the people associated with them, our predecessors in this Britain of ours and our forefathers in blood. As it is with the still older stone circles and earth encampments, so it is with these beehive huts. Are all the most interesting problems concerning the very ancient population of these islands, those prehistoric races who are our ancestors, to remain essentially insoluble? Is the antiquary to be always in the position of a scientific Tantalus—doomed for ever to thirst for a knowledge which



GROUPED BEEHIVE HUTS

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CURIOUS SQUARE RECESS IN BEEHIVE HUT,
CROWS-AN-WRA

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he cannot obtain? The reverse is devoutly to be hoped, but in the present state of our knowledge it is quite impossible to indicate the source whence the desired reliable elucidating help will come. The public is continually asking for bread, and here, as in many other instances, the antiquary can only offer ideas and theories — far-fetched and sometimes, too, childishly simple.

A similar small and incommodious beehive hut is alluded to in Messrs. Greenwell and Rolleston's *British Barrows*.¹ "The size is too small to fulfil even the humblest requirements of habitation; and though the marks of fire on the side and the charcoal on the floor might seem to favour such a view, that occurrence is probably to be explained by the fact that the persons who in modern times had access to it had lighted a fire there." The authors here are speaking of a barrow opened in the parish of Nether Swell. "The beehive houses, examples of which still exist in Cornwall, the Western Islands of Scotland, and Ireland, are very similar in form and mode of construction to this, but they are of larger size, and not buried under a mound of stones or earth." No doubt the beehive huts at this Gloucestershire parish *were* burial-places, for when another was discovered the same authors go on to say (p. 522): "The chamber was first discovered many years ago, when the barrow was used as a quarry by a man who had contracted to build the walls of the fields enclosed from the common. Working one day upon it and getting out some large stones, he all at once dropped into a cavity, and found himself, to his horror, amongst a mass of human bones. He had broken through the roof of the chamber, which had been constructed on a not uncommon plan in early burial-places and habitations, by placing flat stones gradually projecting, the one beyond the other, until they joined at the centre, forming what has been called a beehive roof."

Pursuing the road to Penzance from Crows-an-wra, a little further, about three-quarters of a mile, where the road leads off to the right to St. Buryan, is another roadside cross in the junction of roads.

The prevalence of so many ancient stone crosses in this part of Cornwall causes one to keep thinking what the

¹ *British Barrows*, Greenwell and Rolleston (1877), p. 450.

people who put them up thought about them, and how they have been regarded by succeeding generations. In the first place, as a sacred emblem the cross is very much older than the time of Christ, though no two authors are agreed as to its origin or meaning.

The *crux ansata* of Egypt is supposed to be derived from *phallus*, the symbol of life and prolific energy. The Buddhist cross *swastika* is a sign of resignation. In Persia and Assyria the cross is the abridged form of the *feroher* or emblem of the Deity. In Scandinavia the cross is the battle-axe of Thor. In Mexican hieroglyphics the cross is also a distinctive sign. The Maltese cross has been found at Otusco, in Central America. Some of the North American savages tattoo their bodies with crosses. In Sir Gardner Wilkinson's work on *The Shari*, a tribe of Northern Arabia are represented with crosses on their robes—a device which he shows was in use among the people 1500 B.C. The symbol, therefore, seems always—even in those far-distant prehistoric times of which we have no record—to have been closely associated with the human race all over the world. Some of the Cornish crosses may have been placed on sites formerly associated with pagan rites and ceremonies—as an alkali neutralises an acid. The statue of Jupiter is converted into St. Peter, in the great church of that name at Rome, by a glory being set upon his head. Similarly years ago at Florence (so far as I know, some of the guides may still follow the same perverting course), in the great gallery, the guide would show you a Minerva as Judith and an Apollo as David; adding when he explained a *bas-relief* which represented the fall of Troy that “Cassandra was a good Christian.” Some of these Cornish crosses have acted as sign-posts to religious buildings. Some may have been placed as expiatory emblems for sins committed, whilst others may mark the resting-place of corpses on the way to burial. Probably some were erected for many of these reasons rolled into one operative cause. Here in this Land's End district we have a rich collection of them, and it behoves us to preserve them very carefully and hand them down uninjured to succeeding generations.

On the way to St. Euny's Well (the saint is also known as St. Uny) Mr. Eddy pointed out a spot on the heath where

a gruesome murder was committed not many years ago. A man named Oates there killed his brother with a shovel, and when caught was found to be raving mad. Mr. Eddy tied him up with some reins and kept him in his kitchen till he was removed, and he is now in a lunatic asylum. It was known in the neighbourhood that this man was out of his mind, but he was unfortunately allowed to remain at liberty too long. Have not many, many similar tragedies resulted from just the same cause? I think so.

St. Euny's Well is reached by seven stone steps leading to a little covered recess surrounded by ferns. Some large granite stones are ranged around the opening, two of which show evident signs of having been graved, and as if they formed part of an arch. Behind this slight indication no signs are visible of the hermitage or oratory of the saint.

And yet the destruction of this ancient chapelry is, comparatively speaking, quite modern, for I read in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1844, above the signature "P.," dating from Penzance: "Chapel Uny is now totally ruined, though it is said to have been used for divine service four times in the year within the memory of persons but recently dead, and was certainly not long ago in tolerable preservation." How very, very sad is this ever-repeated tale of the destruction of invaluable Cornish antiquities!

The dilapidation of this ancient chapelry must have been deliberate, wanton, and wholesale, if it be true, as no doubt it is, that divine service was held in it not many years prior to 1844. The stones were probably pulled out of the walls and used for other purposes. This is to be regretted, for the little antiquity might reasonably have expected to have been left alone—left alone to decay in its own quiet way unaided by the terribly despotic spoliatory hand of man the destroyer. Nature is gentler. The physical powers of nature are amply assisted in producing decay without human assistance. Even the polished surface of a building is soon acted upon by rain-water containing acid in solution and made rough, and how much quicker would storms act upon the already rough-surfaced stones of this old chapel. The seeds of lichens and mosses, which are ever present, floating about the atmosphere on the lookout for lodgings, there find in the irregularities thus chemi-

cally made a place for repose, growth, increase. From their death, decay, decomposition, rich soil is produced in which grass seeds find a congenial place to grow roots. Then the soil is washed down to the crevices and a matrix formed where the stray seed of an ash, oak, or elder tree can find lodging-room for which it is always seeking. Then some of the mightier forces of nature are brought slowly into play to destroy, rend apart, upheave. Trees and even ivy in the process of stem-growth exert enormous rending powers: the roots push down with stern, unrelenting determination to seek darkness and nourishment; the stem expands with merciless strength in its struggle for existence. Stones are rent asunder, thrown out of the straight, even split into pieces. Then the animal kingdom comes into play to help on the destruction of man's feeble efforts at immortality and to laugh at the work of his hands. The field enemies—the mouse, the rabbit, and others—burrow and increase among the ruins; bats and birds nestle in the cavities in the walls and amid the foliage. Insects also aid the spoliation by all the means in their power—small individually, great collectively. The ant in establishing a multitudinous colony will sap the strongest building, and cause swaying in the walls by removing the soil beneath, minute particle by minute particle. So do the most insignificant creatures triumph over the greatest works of man unless stayed by constant warfare and unremitting attentions. No wonder is it then that so many of Cornwall's most valuable, inestimably valuable, antiquities have gone and the remaining ones are going, when man has added his devastating ability to the quite swift enough forces of nature in the same direction. Even now we take no step to stay the hand of the destroyer. We do not seem to be so careful of our ancient monuments as were civilised nations even many centuries ago. In the buried city of Herculaneum, for example, has been found a brazen tablet, 28 by 20 inches, fastened on to a wall, setting out a decree of the Senate forbidding the destruction of ancient buildings for the sake of the value of their material, and inflicting heavy money penalties on offenders. This Act was passed in the Consulship of Cn. Hosidius Vega and Lucius Vagellius—that is, under the Emperor Claudius. So much importance was in

those days attached to the preservation of ancient monuments. Another tablet, of a slightly later date, deals with a special case connected with the decree, and ends with a list of the names of forty-five senators who were present on the occasion of voting.¹ What a lesson for us in this twentieth century!

A little modern, quite solitary, and most unpicturesque chapel close by is a branch worshipping-place for Bible Christians. The water in St. Euny's Well, about a foot deep, is clear, pure, and deliciously cool. I asked the young farmer who lives at the farm in the vicinity if he knew of any legends or customs associated with the well, but he did not. Still, not so very long ago, on the first Wednesday in May, it was customary to bring crippled or maimed children to the well, in order that they might benefit by the miraculous virtues of the spring. Each child was stripped and then made to drop a pin into the well itself, previous to being immersed three times in the water. From what I hear, people still take their children to St. Euny's Well, on the quiet, of course, for the popular religious feeling nowadays is (openly, at any rate) against such superstitious rites.

Dr. Borlase visited this well once upon the last day of the year, upon which, according to vulgar opinion, it exerts its principal and most salutary powers. He says: "Two women were here who came from a neighbouring parish, and were busily employed in bathing a child. They both assured me, that people who had a mind to receive any benefit from St. Euny's Well must come and wash upon the three first Wednesdays in May. But to leave folly to its own delusions, it is very gracious in Providence to distribute a remedy for so many disorders, in a quality so universally found as cold is in every unmixed well-water."

Mr. Baring-Gould in his *Curious Myths* says very much the same thing: "Much of the religion of the lower orders, which we regard as essentially Christian, is ancient heathenism refitted with Christian symbols. The story of Jacob's stratagem is reversed; the voice is the elder

¹ *Buried Herculaneum*, by Ethel Rose Barker (1908), p. 183. Herculaneum was finally overwhelmed A.D. 79.

brother's voice, but the hands and the raiment are those of the younger."¹

Another well in the west of Cornwall is also sacred, and is associated with a curious old reputation. On the first Sunday in May young people go to Madron Well, a mile and a half from Penzance, where they pray and seek information as to their future, by the dropping of pins into the saint's baptismery.

No doubt the heathen well-worshipping (as well as stone-worshipping) was in later times diverted to the service of God. In King Edgar's reign a canon was made forbidding "well-worshipping, and necromancies, and divinations, and stone-worshipping,"² but to no avail; even to this day, in out-of-the-way parts of Cornwall, remnants thereof are extant.

The views from St. Euny's Well are grand. Buryan Church is seen silhouetted against the sky-line, far away in the due south, and all around the moor and snug farm-houses scattered about it at great intervals compose a picture of sweet rural loveliness. The well is 480 feet above sea-level, and except for the little chapel of Bible Christians is quite solitary. These old-time saints had a happy knack of selecting beautiful spots for their abodes.

¹ Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, p. 557.

² Quoted by Stuart, preface to *Sculp. Stones of Scotland*, Vol. I, p. iii.





ST. EUNY'S WELL

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ST. JUST

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CHAPTER XV

ST. JUST, BALLOWAL CAIRN, INVERTED URNS

ST. JUST is a little, quiet, neat, well-to-do Cornish, particularly clean-looking, grey market town, the parish containing 5646 inhabitants,¹ and possessing a capital Literary Institution, some good shops, a church of more than ordinary interest, the most perfect old Cornish amphitheatre which remains to remind us of the ancient miracle plays, and is the centre for visiting a great many objects of interest to the antiquary and also to the lover of fine, wild, coast scenery.

The country-side around St. Just is honeycombed underneath the surface with the galleries of tin mines. Above ground the natural and visible signs are many. The ugly remains of the tall, square engine-houses, much dilapidated and disembowelled—their contents having years ago been sold for old iron—surrounded by heaps of untidy debris and mine refuse, meet the eye wherever it is turned. So accustomed have the majority of the Cornish people become to these ruins, that as they pass along the commons or on the road they take no heed of them. On strangers, however, they must always leave a lasting impression—an impression, I am sorry to say, of indescribable melancholy. Mine after mine is passed, each blazoning abroad, plain for all folks to see, that it is a total failure. Thus they stand, no sign of life about them, most eloquently mute. Sad memories are they of past human energy and enterprise, intellectual and physical—all passed away, useless and forgotten. The natural thought is, what has become of the numerous mining population who wrought there mighty works, delved in the bowels of the earth, and by the sweat of the brow won treasure in the form of tin? What has become of the proud race of stalwart tanners of whom we read that in ancient days they formed a separate caste

¹ In 1841 the population of the parish was 7048.

above the common tillers of the soil, and who lived under direct royal protection with special laws of their own? The answer is well known. You may seek them where mines pay all over the world—in South America, the States, South Africa, Burmah, and elsewhere. The descendants of tanners for over two thousand years, at least, have had to leave their own native country because it could not support them, just as their Celtic cousins in Connemara have had to do, but not for the same reason.

All over this part of Cornwall the selfsame tale is readable—the tale of an industry which for the present, at least, has gone, if not for ever. You may have travelled in a country devastated by recent war; you may have seen Strasburg and France in 1871, as I did; you may have witnessed the terrible effects which an earthquake in ten seconds produced; you may have seen the blackened ruin of a city after a swift consuming conflagration passed over it; but none of these experiences is to the thoughtful person (as distinguished from the emotional) so calculated to depress the passer-by as the sight of a country mutely suffering under the desolating effects of a decaying and decayed industry—more especially as here, where the decay arose not from within, but from without; not from feebleness or senility on the part of the workers, or from antiquated methods of working, but from external circumstances over which there is no control and from the effect of which there is no remedy.

Though most people regard those ruined and dilapidated engine-houses and mine-works as eyesores, some think otherwise. A German lady, for example, who travelled through this district, said she mistook them for the fine ruined castles of Cornish barons—a remark one quite understands, for they look not at all unlike the ruined castles one sees on the Rhine.

The recent appreciating value of tin and copper may have temporarily led to adventurers restarting a few of these old mines, but I very much fear the wave of prosperity will not attain any volume or be at all likely to last.

History is rather doubtful as to who St. Just was. Some authorities, or writers posing as such, say he was really St. Justus, who was sent to England by Pope Gregory,

A.D. 596, along with St. Augustine and other monks, to convert the people.

Possibly he was an Irish saint, and a compatriot and friend of St. Sennen and the rest of the little coterie from the Emerald Isle which undertook the Christianising of Penwith. At any rate, one story is extant of the patron which in these days does not appear to add to his sanctity. But perhaps in his day such doings were little thought of. The standard of saintliness probably varies with each epoch. A man who is a saint in one century might well have been a hopeless sinner in another.

Irishmen are notoriously quarrelsome amongst themselves, and as likely as not St. Keverne, of the Lizard, was a countryman of St. Just's. Having determined to pay St. Keverne a visit, St. Just set off south and was hospitably received and entertained at the Lizard. He seems to have been much taken with the abundance of plate his southern confrère possessed. Some people say relics, but I rather think plate would possess far greater attraction, relics in those days being plentiful. St. Just thought some of this valuable plate would be nice to take away with him as a memento of his pleasant visit. So he packed up some in his wallet, girded up his cassock, and stepped out northward as fast as his understandings could take him; but of course not with unsaintly haste. No sooner was the loquacious and plausible visitor gone than St. Keverne missed his valuables, and with some reason jumped to the conclusion that his pious brother had feloniously abstracted them from his treasury. The possibility of his brother saint having taken them as souvenirs of a charming companion and host seems not to have occurred to him just then, for in the heat of the moment and discovery he picked up some loose rocks on Crouza Down of a quarter of a ton weight each, put them in his pocket (his pocket, no doubt, expanding to receive them, or the stones for the time being conveniently and considerably contracting) and started off at a quick trot in pursuit. St. Just had expected this, for he had quite forgotten to explain the memento idea before leaving, and so had pushed on as fast as he could, and had got as far as Germoe, a little beyond Breage, before his angry and injured brother overtook him. When charged

with the theft and told to "stand and deliver," St. Just plumply and obstinately refused, and thereupon a battle royal ensued.

St. Keverne let fly his ammunition with such effect that St. Just was forced to disgorge his ill-gotten gains and fly off northward for his very life. In evidence of the truth of this story, the stones that were flung can still be seen by the roadside between Penzance and Helston—"and there they stand unto this day to witness if I lie." They are composed of what is known as ironstone, none of which was ever discovered in Breage, Germoe, or their vicinity; but there are plenty of them upon Crouza Down, which St. Keverne must have crossed in pursuit of his brother rogue, an additional confirmation of the popular story—if, indeed, such a veracious narrative needs confirmation.

A friend of mine in St. Just, who is an enthusiastic antiquary, kindly took me to see what I should never have found myself. Just a short walk from the town are the St. Just United Mines, and amid the debris from the workings, which here covers the land, lies hid, almost completely buried beneath brambles and bracken, a very good specimen of the ancient barrow. This old Ballowal¹ burrow is situated near Carn Gluze (the grey cairn), and one can still make out the enclosing wall of rudely shaped granite, and can get down with some difficulty, owing to debris, into the remains.

The Ballowal cliffs rise to a greater height than Cape Cornwall, and are a favourite resort of the St. Just people on summer and autumn evenings, who go there to enjoy the magnificent views from the summit. These Ballowal burrows, as they are called, were pronounced by the late Mr. W. C. Borlase, M.A.,² to be the most perfect he had seen. They have become sadly dilapidated since his time, and

¹ Ballowal, in Cornish Bal-huel, "the mine work."

² William Copeland Borlase died in London March 31st, 1899, aged fifty years. He was born in 1848 at Castle Horneck, Cornwall, for which county his father, Samuel Borlase, was a magistrate and deputy lieutenant. He represented East Cornwall as a Liberal in the 1880-5 Parliament. He was a distinguished archaeologist and President of the Royal Institution of Cornwall from 1877 to 1879. He was the author of *Nænia Cornubiæ* (1872) and *The Age of Saints* (1893). His great-great-grandfather was Dr. William Borlase, the famous Cornish historian and antiquary, another example of the hereditariness of aptitude in a peculiar line of research.

my account of them is mainly taken from what he saw and wrote in 1878. To describe them accurately now in their present state of decay would be impossible. Like all the similar invaluable remains of the past in this part of Cornwall, they are fast losing all traceable individuality. Very sad this is, but true.

W. C. Borlase, M.A., who discovered and explored the cairn in August, 1878, set some miners to work on the very summit of the promontory, some two hundred yards from the edge of the cliff, and within the lines of a cliff castle. "The St. Just Amalgamated Mines," he writes,¹ "have thrown to the surface an enormous pile of refuse—to the height in some places of more than twenty feet." He caused the workmen to drive a trench from the outside of the whole mount towards the point where the surface stones appeared on the top. At a distance of ten feet from the extreme edge of the mount a wall was uncovered, formed of massive blocks of granite, some of them being seven and eight feet long, set on edge contiguously and supporting a second layer placed horizontally on their top. The height of this outer wall averages four feet, and it formed at once the enclosing ring and the basement of the immense pile of stones which lay within. The workmen then reached a second wall, resting like the former on the unmoved ground and surrounded at its base by a stratum of ashes and charred wood. This inner circle was eleven feet in height, and neatly constructed in a beehive form, with layers of square or flat stones. The masonry was of the rough dry type common to other beehive huts of the district. According to the original design, Mr. Borlase judged the height of the central cave to have been not less than sixteen feet. On breaking through the second wall, at a distance of four feet within it a third wall was uncovered, also built in the beehive manner, but more perpendicularly than the others and of smaller stones. The central circle which this last wall enclosed was twenty-six feet in diameter, making the whole tumulus have a diameter of from seventy to eighty feet. Within the third wall a T-shaped pit or grave was found in the uncovered ground. The depth at the

¹ *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*, Vol. VI (1878-81), p. 194.

south-west end was only three feet, but it was found to be descending by two steps, each eighteen inches deep, until the floor at the other end was six feet under the surface. "From the fact that here, as in other graves in the district, no bones were found, I concluded," says Mr. Borlase, "that inhumation was the mode of burial." Round the edge of these graves he discovered no less than five little stone cists and several small urns. Between the outer wall and the second he also found an empty cist, eight inches deep to the top of a paving-stone eighteen inches square, and also a plain earth-cut grave (five feet long by 3 feet 6 inches broad) to the south-east.

Through the courtesy of the Council of the Royal Institution of Cornwall, I am able to give a reproduction of the Ballowal Cairn which appeared in their *Journal* (No. XXI, November, 1879).

EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS IN THE PLAN OF BALLOWAL CAIRN.

"A." Outer ring, pile of loose stones, eighteen to twenty feet in breadth.

"B." Second wall on unmoved ground, surrounded at its base by a stratum of ashes and charred wood.

"C." Third wall, built in beehive manner, more perpendicularly than the others and of smaller stones.

"D." Pit or grave sunk in unmoved ground.

"E." Five small stone cists of extremely neat construction.

"F." A sixth cist at a height of five feet above the ground, measuring one foot square.

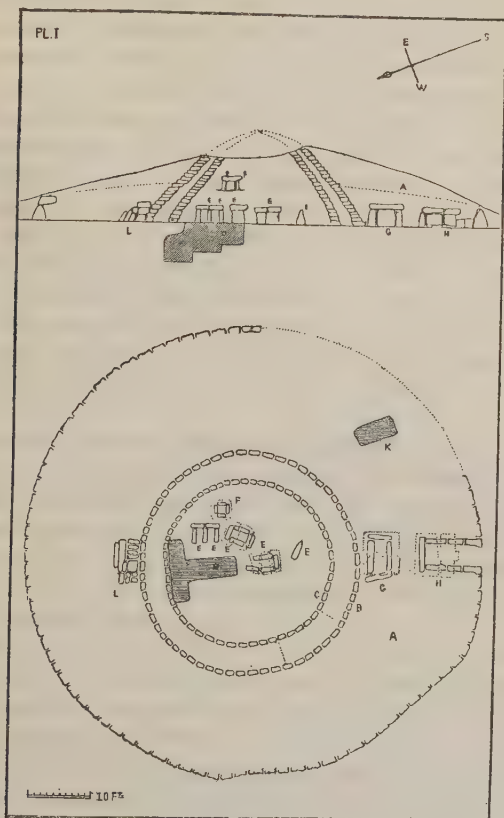
"G." Grave, 5 feet 6 inches long by 2 feet 3 inches broad, formed of granite slabs and roofed in by the two covering stones. The grave was three feet deep, paved at bottom by a single stone.

"H." (Three feet from this last grave and between it and the south-west side of the ring.) A finely constructed chamber, five feet long, 3 feet 9 inches broad, and about 3 feet 6 inches high, covered in by two slabs and connected with the external ring by an uncovered passage six feet long, paved throughout. Beneath the pavement were found

quantities of burnt human bones of adults and fragments of broken pottery.

"K." A plain earth-cut grave, five feet long by 3 feet 6 inches broad.

"L." An empty cist, eight inches deep to the top of a paving-stone 1 foot 6 inches square.



Mr. W. C. Borlase comments upon the fact that so many of these ancient cemeteries lie along the summits of the western cliffs, and "in especial the rearing of this immense tumulus on the highest point of what was held to be the westernmost cape, as relics of—if not solar worship, still of a superstition connected with, or inherited from, such a

worship—a tenet, that is, of that sepulchral religion which obtained among the nations of antiquity, and which connected the setting sun with death.” I have no doubt myself, from what I have observed in other counties of England and in other countries, that this inference is correct. The west has been always held as the death quarter in nearly all ages. I fancy the superstition lingers to the present day, the north and east sides of churchyards being not so popular for interments as are the west and south.

I was some years ago the sole executor of the rector of a country parish in the Midlands, and before he died my old friend particularly asked me to see that he was buried at the extreme north side of the churchyard, in order, as he said, to set the example in overcoming this superstition, and also, as he remarked with a smile, “That I may see they all get up at the right time, and *who* they are that do get up.” I need hardly say I rigorously carried out his instructions, and my old college friend lies in the extreme north-west corner of his churchyard, quite away from all the former rectors, who are buried at the south-west.¹

The tri-walled structure on Ballowal was for those primitive days elaborately planned, and must have entailed an enormous amount of work to put together. Standing on the summit of the highest cliff in the neighbourhood, overlooking the sea, commanding grand views, and daily seeing the sun disappear into the sea on the western watery limit with a prodigal wealth of splendour it must, at any rate, have meant much to the people, and symbolised something considerably out of the common.

The top of the solidly built beehive structure in the centre stood at least twenty feet above the level of the ground (very likely much more), and in the days when no other building dotted the landscape it must have been a commanding and imposing building. Comparatively more remarkable than our St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, for they are so buried and obliterated by other buildings of every height, texture, and architecture as to be sadly dwarfed in importance, this prehistoric, dome-like, unmortared simple stone monument stood in solitary gran-

¹ See Appendix No. III.

deur on Ballowal's summit—a landmark and a seamark for miles around.

Who were the illustrious dead thus so highly honoured by being buried within the walls? Were they great fighters, mighty chieftains, eloquent talkers, medicine-men, or even priests? Were any of them women? We can unfortunately answer none of these questions, which irresistibly surge up in the mind when standing amid the dilapidated ruins on Ballowal's height; but that this remarkable structure was a burial-place few will doubt, and it is more consonant with our knowledge of the human race that it was a burial-place of the famous than of the infamous.

Might not the three-walled enclosure have been also a place of assembly, and the centre for joint, corporate, or civic action in those far-off times—thus combining in one the St. Paul's of those days with the House of Commons? This, I think, is not unlikely.

This Ballowal Cairn has yielded some interesting remains. Amongst other antiquities, several sepulchral urns were disinterred when Mr. W. C. Borlase explored it. Those figured in No. XXI of the *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall* I am able to reproduce here by kind permission of the Council, for where the venerable relics of antiquity now are I know not.

No. 1 is a perfectly plain cylindrical urn, which Mr. Borlase discovered there in 1878. It was found in one of the stone cists (EE on the plan) at the western corner, mouth upwards.

No. 2. About two feet from this cist to the southward was a second, within which lay another miniature urn on its side, hugging the south-east wall, and evidently placed purposely in that position. This urn (No. 2) is four and a half inches high and four inches wide at the mouth, and is a perfect representation in miniature of a typical form of Cornish sepulchral urn, having a bulge immediately below the rim and gradually tapering away towards the base. The pottery is very coarse, black, and earthy, and not made on a wheel.

Nos. 3 and 4. These are sepulchral urns from a cairn at Boscregan—a mile and a half due south of Ballowal, also found by Mr. Borlase. The larger vessel (No. 4) was from

twenty to twenty-two inches high, with a diameter of fifteen inches at the mouth. The portion above the handle, as well as the handle itself, is ornamented with a laureated chevron pattern arranged perpendicularly. Adhering to the interior was a quantity of burnt human bone, intermingled with charcoal and ashes. Curiously enough, Mr. Borlase found that a second urn had at some period subsequent to its interment been thrust down into its mouth. The height of this enclosed urn (No. 3) was sixteen inches and the diameter at the mouth twelve inches. From this curious discovery, which, by the by, is not unique, as other similar instances are known, it would therefore seem that the cylindrical form of urn is more recent than that of the bulge and tapering base. This is another example showing how common it was to make subsequent interments, not only in the same spot, but actually in the same urn. This trait is distinctly Celtic. Even to-day you will see the old ruined abbeys in Ireland with heaped-up chancels and naves, where interment upon interment has taken place, one on top of the other, till the line of the window-sills (and in some cases, as I have seen, actually the tops of the windows) is encroached upon. The interiors of many of these sacred edifices in Ireland are, in short, a chaotic, disgusting mass of mortality. I have seen many strewn all over with portions of human skeletons.

No. 5. A five inch in diameter, prettily ornamented, cylindrical urn from the same Boscregan cairn.

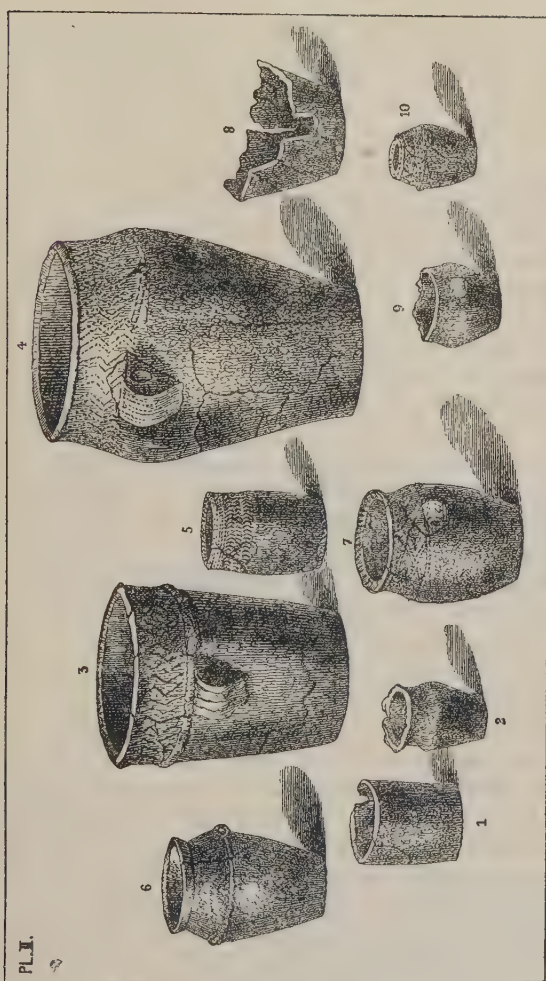
No. 6. Urn from Karn Creis, on the Boscregan estate.

No. 7. Another urn from the same cairn, remarkable from the series of parallel lines of the twisted-rope pattern placed diagonally on the inside of the rim.

No. 8. Fragments of a very rude urn formed close to the side of the last at Karn Creis.

No. 9. Another small urn—four inches high—also found in the same cairn.

No. 10. A curious barrel-shaped urn from Escalls, on the Tregiffian estate, in the parish of Sennen, found in a cairn surrounded by a double ring of stones. It was found mouth downwards, that is, *inverted*, and is five inches high and four inches in diameter at the base and three and a half at the mouth. There surely must be some significance in



burying the ashes or partly calcined bones of the dead in urns not standing on their bases upright, as one would naturally suppose, but mouth downward, upside down or inverted. Why should the mourners, before covering in the cist or heaping the mould up over the remains, deliberately turn the urn upside down? Was it to indicate that life had poured out of the human vessel which now was empty of vitality? Was it symbolic of the torch gone out and turned upside down? We may be sure that not for nothing were they so placed. It may be that they were thus turned mouth down to seal the opening, so that the spirit should not escape and prove troublesome to the living by ghostly visitations. This explanation is worthy of some attention, for many of these sepulchral urns have been found upright, sealed with clay or by means of a flat stone placed over the mouth, and dread of the dead is, as we know, one of the most constant characteristics of primitive races all over the world. Who can now say what is the true interpretation? At any rate, the extraordinary recurrence of the finds with *inverted* urns *in situ* proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that the unusual position of the earthen vessels is not due to accidental circumstances.

In order to show this I have taken the trouble to put together, from the various explorations of burrows, some of the most striking or typical examples which prove conclusively that this system of burying sepulchral urns *inverted* is intentional. As I have said, many urns are found in the normal position, mouth upwards, sealed with a flat stone or clay, but even more are found *inverted*. Sir Richard Hoare instances out of thirty cases fourteen in which the urns were found erect and sixteen *inverted*.

The bell-shaped barrow at Winterslow, Wilts, was found to have a primary interment in a grave four feet below the natural surface of the ground in the centre of the mound, the skeleton showing that the body had been buried in a contracted position, and then near the opening of the mound no less than two *inverted* urns, which contained ashes of the dead, were found. These of course showed that the mound had been used as a burial-place for secondary interments.¹

¹ *Archæologia*, Vol. XLIII, p. 322.

The cairn on the summit of a natural granite boss known as Karn Leskys, that is to say, "rock of burning"—so called probably not on account of any survival of a tradition of the funeral piles which once were lighted there, but from the beacons which have blazed there since—was opened by Mr. W. C. Borlase and found to contain seven sepulchral urns. Their bases, most of which were perfect, rested on the natural soil, though it is probable, he says,¹ that in a few cases the urns themselves had been inverted.

On the western slope of a hill at Tregaseal, in the parish of St. Just, Mr. W. C. Borlase opened a tumulus of the oval description, which was chambered and the floor strewn with ashes and the burnt bones of full-grown human subjects; but outside this, when the workmen were clearing away the stones and earth at the north-west end, they came upon a rudely constructed cist about three feet in height, in which stood an *inverted* urn, the mouth resting on a granite rock *in situ*. It was half full of calcined human bones.²

In the parish of Kirk Whelpington a barrow was opened at a place called the Fawns, in which, in a grave sunk eighteen inches below the natural surface, was found the burnt body of an adult, and "one foot and a half west of this was an urn *inverted* over a flat stone placed on the natural surface, and containing the burnt bones of a very young child."³

At Catcherside, in the same parish, in another cairn "at a point nine feet east of the centre, in a hollow sunk fourteen inches below the surface and covered by a flat stone, was a cinerary urn *reversed*. It contained a deposit of burnt bones."⁴

At Broomhouses, in the parish of Ovingham, "nine feet west of the cist was a cinerary urn *reversed*, and filled with burnt bones, those of an adult."⁵

Other examples given in the same work are from Gloucestershire at Nether Swell,⁶ Slingsby in Yorkshire:⁷ "Three feet north-west of the centre was a cinerary urn *reversed*, and filled with burnt bones belonging to two adults."

¹ *Archæologia*, Vol. XLIX, p. 184.

² *Ibid.*, p. 195.

³ *British Barrows*, by William Greenwell (1877), p. 433.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 434.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 438.

Ibid., p. 446.

⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 353.

Hutton Buscel, in the same county:¹ "At a distance of nineteen feet south of the centre a cinerary urn was met with, in a *reversed* position, and containing a deposit of burnt bones, those of a person above twenty years of age." In the same parish,² in another barrow, "at the centre and one and a half feet below the surface of the barrow was a small urn *reversed* over a deposit of burnt bones."

Mr. Ludovic Mann, gave an account before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland on May 8th, 1905 (*Antiquary*, 41, p. 233), of the discovery of "eight Bronze Age burials, some of which were accompanied by cinerary urns, at Newlands, Langside, near Glasgow. The burials were in two groups, the first group consisting of three cinerary urns *inverted* over the deposit of burnt bones, which had been placed in small pits excavated for their reception."

Quite recently (1909), during the excavations on pre-historic Lansdown at Bath, some barrows were explored about four hundred yards north-west of Beckford's Tower. In one of them was found a cinerary urn placed *mouth downwards*, which had had flat stones laid on edge carefully placed around it for its whole depth, forming a rude cist two and a half feet in outside diameter.

At Gwythian a remarkable urn was found about three feet under the common surface of the land in a small cavity about twenty inches wide and as much high, faced and covered with stone. The bottom of the cavity was one of flat stone, and upon it was the urn with its mouth downwards, *inverted*, full of human bones, of which the vertebræ were very distinct.³

Mr. Richard Edmonds, in his *The Land's End District* (1862), gives a plate in which are figured several beautiful sepulchral urns found near Penzance. Two of these, finely modelled and ornamented near the mouth with zigzag markings, and each with cleats or handles, were taken from a barrow, in 1839, immediately above Trevello Cairn, nearly three miles south-west-by-south of Penzance. "They were found *with their mouths downwards*, the larger one on a hollow scooped out of the hard ground, the other on a concavity in a square stone; the former enclosing bones

¹ *British Barrows*, by William Greenwell (1877), p. 362.

² *Ibid.*, p. 370.

³ *Nenia Cornubiæ*, p. 170.

partly calcined, the latter being half filled with fine dust." Another urn figured in the same plate, discovered in 1824 near Trannack House, about a mile north-north-west of Penzance, as well as a larger one near it at the same time, contained ashes or calcined bones, and both were placed *with their mouths downwards*. These urns are all to be seen in the Museum of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society.

"In the year 1750, March 1st, the workmen of Trewinard removing a barrow near the way coming from the west found an Earthen Urne. . . . The Urne was *placed on its mouth* near the centre of the tumulus, which was mostly of white spar."¹

These are sufficient well-authenticated instances to prove that the occurrence of sepulchral urns in an inverted position is not accidental.

A great many descriptions are extant in various reports of antiquarian societies and journals of the discovery of sepulchral urns which are absolutely mute regarding the position in which they lay when found. Old antiquaries were not so precise in recording such apparently trifling details as they are now. Had attention been paid to this matter, I have no doubt, judging from the numerous cases we do know of, we should have had recorded a great many more instances of the urns having been found inverted, mouth downwards. Many sepulchral urns crushed to pieces by the superincumbent earth have often been discovered in barrows, but no close examination of *how* the pieces of pottery lay in the soil was made at the moment of discovery. Before any bit was moved, pieces of the bottom of the urn might easily be recognisable, and if these presented convex surfaces to the top, to the eye of the digger, evidence would be obtained that the urn had been buried inverted. Unfortunately in finds where the urns are crushed, in nearly every instance that I can obtain record of, the pieces have been at once gathered up without any observation as to how the pieces lay in the soil. All evidence as to the urn's position is consequently lost for ever.

It is not at all unlikely that a considerable number of these prehistoric urns would be forthcoming, in museums

¹ Paroah Mem. MS, p. 14.

and private collections, which have been unearthed in the digging for treasure round the bases and beneath ancient Cornish cromlechs, menhirs, and in barrows, if it had not been for a terribly fatal local superstition. It was considered unlucky to take home an urn, for if that were done the owner of the urn, or rather the late proprietor of the enclosed ashes or calcined bones, would be sure to come for it; and the Cornishman is not partial to ghostly visitations, even though they should be from a prehistoric age. The only way of avoiding this very disturbing unpleasantness was to break the urn to pieces and bury the fragments in a hedge.

So have the fates in this and many other ways conspired together to prevent ancient Cornish antiquities being handed down to posterity. It is to be hoped that no barrow or tumulus will in future be opened unless under the guidance and supervision of those qualified to make the necessary observations and who are trained in such work. The unpractised eye may see nothing, for example, in the position of a buried object, which to the antiquary may tell an eloquent tale. Stones may speak, walls have tongues, shreds of pottery relate history. Indiscriminate and haphazard spade-work in the mounds of the past is therefore sternly to be deprecated. We have not enough left unopened to try the prentice hand at.

Who were the owners of these ashes, or with what bodies did they appear when in the flesh, are problems now beyond the scope of the antiquary's powers. Names, sex, times, longevity, and appearance are lost for ever in oblivion. Had the owners, now solely represented by a handful of inorganic ashes in a pottery urn, made as good provision for their names to be handed down to posterity as they have their material elements, they were famous indeed. But, after all, what does it matter? We can think the best of them just as if we knew their names. The most worthy of men that have lived are doubtless among the countless legion whose names we know not, just as the best books are not written, the best songs not sung, the greatest heroes unknown. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not rather have been the good thief than Pilate on his throne? It is a comfort to remind ourselves, with Bacon, that "the sweetest canticle is *Nunc Dimittis*," leave we name or only nameless ashes in an urn.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CHURCH OF ST. JUST, OLD AMPHITHEATRE, MIRACLE PLAYS

THE first feature which strikes one on entering the church of St. Just is the mourning aspect of the walls. These are composed of stones irregularly shaped and each is surrounded with a black mourning border. The thickness of the black bordering suggests that of the emotionally afflicted widow who you may be sure will shortly marry again. So irregularly sized are these black-bordered stones, that they vary from a bit the size of a marble to the ton in weight, each embedded in black mortar. Once upon a time the walls were covered with plaster, but this has been stripped off except at two spots on the north wall, where patches have been left because they had, on the surface, rude drawings. One of these displays what looks as if it were intended to illustrate the old industries of St. Just, and the other the legend of St. George and the Dragon. When the plaster was stripped from the north wall near these drawings some human remains were discovered entombed in the wall. It is not improbable that these were the remains of a priest, for under certain circumstances ecclesiastics were buried in that strange position.¹

Originally the church was called *Lafrouda*, *Lafroudha*, or *Lafroodha*, from the old Cornish of *Laf* or *Lan* (church), and *Rhoodha*, the corruption of the Saxon word *rood*, or cross, or crucifixion. *Dha* in Cornish is *good*, so *Lafrouda* may mean "Church of the Good Cross."

Some of the capitals in the church are finely sculptured with the arms of the Boscawens and other principal families connected with the district, and other prevailing ornaments

¹ This subject of the *north* wall and *north* side of churchyards I have treated of in the Appendix.

are roses, no doubt the distinguishing badge of the houses of York and Lancaster.

On the north side of the church is an old Celtic carved stone, probably the stem of an ancient and richly carved cross, which is there used as an arch over an opening. This is said to have come from St. Helen's Oratory at Cape Cornwall. It would be most interesting to have this removed from its obviously false position and restored to an upright position. Then, too, we should find if any inscription is on one of the hidden sides, as is most probable.

The arched entrance to a rood-loft (now of course non-existent) is on either side of the chancel, and the winding staircase leading up to it still extant.

A piscina is on the south side of the chancel, and in it is a quern and round grinding-stone, which were found as they now are. This is a feature I have never seen before in a church, the origin or rather the significance of which I know not.

A rudely arched doorway on the inside of the south door to the west was clearly the entrance to a priest's room in the porch. There are now no remains of this.

The porch is well worth notice. It has string-courses, embattled and supported by buttresses with rudely cut finials. There are seats on either side.

It is clear from the numerous bits of carved capitals and other fragments that the present is not the first church on this site. How old was the original edifice on the site it is now impossible to say. In the year 1834, the chancel, being much dilapidated through age, was taken down to be rebuilt.

This chancel was dedicated by Bishop Grandisson on July 13th, 1336, on the same day with Madern; Paul having been dedicated on the 11th, and Ludgvan on the 14th, of the same month. When this chancel which Bishop Grandisson dedicated in 1336 was pulled down in 1834, an interesting find occurred—the discovery of the "Silus Stone." This is three feet and a half long by 1 foot 2 inches wide, and nine inches in thickness. At first it was preserved in the chancel, then it was placed on the south side of the altar, and now it rests, where I photographed it, in the north-west corner of the nave.

This columnar stone has carved upon it "SILUS HIC IACET" in roman capitals, and it much resembles an ancient Roman tombstone. Who was Silus? No one has yet discovered. It is a reasonable conjecture that he was one of those early British bishops who preached the gospel before the mission of Augustine; or Silus may have been one of the missionaries who accompanied St. Patrick from Ireland in the early part of the fifth century. The fact that Silus was a bishop may fairly be presumed, as the stone has a crosier cut on the upper side.

The Rev. W. Haslam (in the *Archæological Journal*, IV, p. 303) writes of the stone:

"On the adjoining side, the surface of which is more carefully chiselled, there is a line incised along the edge for a border, and in the middle, cut rather deeply, is a monogram representing a cross, and also the two Greek letters XP, the initial letters of the sacred word Christ . . . a favourite monogram of the early Roman Christians."

Langdon in his book on Cornish crosses calls this symbol the "Chi Rho Monogram," from those letters of the Greek alphabet.

With the exception of the tomb of Silus, there is no monument of any antiquity in the church. The oldest is a tablet to the memory of William Tregartha, which has upon it a whimsical and affected inscription: "Reader! The tablet that graces this ancient Pillar is dedicated as a small gratuity to maternal sorrow by a disconsolate mother, for an only child, born an orphan and well acquainted with the thorny paths of affliction. Unfortunate Voyager! He received his dismissal the XVIII of February, MDCCLXXI, from this vale of tears where the fluctuating scenes of sorrow are perpetually changing, the mournful voice of woe is ever heard, and care, anxiety, and pain make up the dismal variety. Alas! gentle passenger! perhaps thou mayst in thy pilgrimage through the solitary region taste of this bitter cup of affliction, 'But God tempers the wind,' said Maria, 'to the shorn lamb.' For know, O thou hereditary heir of Corruption, that Adam wept, when the Archangel recounted to him the misery of human life, 'tho' not of woman born.'" This is, I think, the finest specimen of the highfalutin epitaph I have ever come across, and

I have seen a great many. In the days of the twentieth century it is impossible to read this eulogy to departed worth at St. Just without a smile and a doubt as to whether it could have been seriously meant.

There are also two tablets in memory of branches of the Millett family. One has upon it the following lines from the pen of the Rev. C. V. Le Grice, of Trereif :—

“With health while glowing, sudden palsey came
To blast the vigour of his manly frame ;
But faith and hope, as angels near his bed,
Made smooth the Pillow for his drooping head ;
Taught him, with hallowing lips, the rod to kiss,
And know that sorrow is the path to bliss :
Tho' yet in life, to heel himself in death,
And, anxious for his summons, yield his breath.

C. V. L. G.

George Thomas Millett, Surgeon,
Died Sep. 23, 1824. Aged 34 years.”

The great bell of the church, weighing about 1200 lbs., was cast in 1741. It is probably an old bell recast, and bore the name of the patron, St. Just. The inscription, in rude roman capitals, is carelessly executed. The word “warden ” was omitted and inserted underneath, and the inscription would seem to begin with the word “ So.” But it is obvious that it was intended to be : “ St. Just bell cast at St. Earth, 1741. So bless King George. James Reynolds, James Tregere, and Admoral Vernon, Ch. Wardens.” This was just the time of the Admiral’s victories in the West Indies, and it is probable that in compliment to him the parishioners of St. Just named him as an honorary churchwarden for that year, or else the churchwardens desired to associate their names with that of the naval hero of the day. This curious making of honorary churchwardens seems not to have been unusual in Cornwall, for I have come across it elsewhere in the county.

The two other bells are older. One is dedicated to St. Michael and the other to St. Mary. The inscriptions upon them are :—

and :— “ Ste Michael ora pro nobis ”

“ Protege virgo pia
Quos Convoco Sancta Maria.”

I saw here an old bench-end with a coat of arms carved on it, the date 1625, and the initials "I. B." below.

The parish stocks used to be kept in the porch, but I was informed they were now in an outhouse at the vicarage. I only hope they are carefully preserved, and that they will be replaced in some public position where they may be seen by the public and securely kept.

The remains of the old amphitheatre (*Plan an Guâre*, the *plain of sport*), where the ancient Cornish miracle plays were acted, is situated right in the centre of St. Just and is almost completely surrounded by the houses of the town. One part of it abuts on the fine open square in the centre of the town.

Dr. Borlase, the county historian, thus describes this interesting antiquity as it was in his day (1769), though even then he has to lament that it was "now much disfigured by the injudicious repairs of late years." It was an exact circle of "126 feet diameter; the perpendicular height of the bank, from the area within, now seven feet; but the height from the bottom of the ditch without, ten feet at present, formerly more. The seats consist of six steps, fourteen inches wide and one foot high, with one on the top of all, where the rampart is about seven feet wide. The plays they acted in these amphitheatres were in the Cornish language. The subjects taken from scripture history and called 'Guirimir,' which Mr. Lluyd supposes a corruption of Gauri-Mirki, and in the Cornish dialect to signify a miraculous play or interlude. They were composed for begetting in the common people a right notion of the Scriptures, and were acted in the memory of some not long since deceased."

Borlase's description does not now hold good, all traces of the tiers of seats on the grassy banks of the interior having gone, and the outside of the circular bank of earth is now held up by a wall of stones. On one side of the amphitheatre, on the arena, are some blocks of granite, which were put there in February, 1807, by the miners for a "rock-drilling competition." The seats of this amphitheatre, now all grass-covered, used to be stone, according to John Buller, who wrote a book on St. Just in 1842.

The influence of the Guâre over the West Cornish people was so great, that even the Reformation could not abolish

it for some time. Carew in 1602 writes of it as still existing. "The Guary miracle in English, a Miracle Play, is a kind of English interlude compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history. For representing it, they raised an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of the enclosed plain some forty to fifty feet, and the country people flocked from all sides, many miles off, to hear and see it, for they have therein Devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players con not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their backs with the book in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud."

Carew goes on to relate how this method of prompting gave rise once to "a merry prank." The "ordinary" (prompter) taught an actor to say everything after him; so all being ready he said to the man, "Go forth, man, and shew thyself"; whereupon the man "steps out upon the stage, and like a bad clerk in scripture matters cleaving more to the letter than the sense, pronounced these words aloud. 'Oh' (says the fellow softly in his ear), 'you mar all the play.' And with this his passion, the actor makes the audience in like sort acquainted. Hereon the prompter falls to flat railing and cursing the bitterest terms he could devise, which the gentleman with a set gesture and countenance still soberly related, until the ordinary, driven at last into mad rage, was fain to give over all, which trousse, though it break off the interlude, yet defrauded not the upholders, but dismissed them with a great deal more sport and laughter than twenty Guaries could have afforded." So once was a miracle play turned into a comedy.

As likely as not, these little jokes on the part of the actors may be one of the reasons of the decline of this species of entertainment. What is made ridiculous cannot long retain respect.

These interludes or miracle plays sometimes lasted longer than one whole day, and they were often performed on May 1st. Even now that day is a great day in the West of Cornwall. Doors and porches are adorned with green boughs, Maypoles are erected, and general festivity observed.

Before condemning the miracle play one has to consider the state of Cornwall in those days when it was performed.

The mass of people could neither read nor write, and it was therefore by the ear and eye alone that instruction could be conveyed to them. The plays themselves were decidedly scriptural, with slight addition from apocryphal sources, and they were permeated with a thoroughly Christian spirit and intention. At the present day the trend of opinion is against such displays in this country ; but it were unwise to say that that opinion will long continue. I have seen the story of the Passion most reverently rendered to huge and attentive audiences on the Continent, and the last few years have seen a singular revival of outdoor spectacular dramas of early English history.

A new burial-ground belonging to St. Just is passed on the right as one reaches the main road from Sennen. In the centre of this has been placed an old Celtic cross recovered from destruction in the neighbourhood. In the Sennen new cemetery, as I have mentioned, a similar cross is to be seen, and it seems to me an excellent plan to rescue these old mementoes of the past and thus keep them from destruction in the centres of God's acres.

Just north of St. Just I visited a set of Maidens—the usual circle of monoliths of granite—and found eleven standing and two fallen. These were about 3 feet 3 inches in height from the grass-level, and are situated on a bare, bleak down approached by a very high road. Other circles are clearly visible all around, but the stones are fallen. In fact, the plain just a mile north of St. Just is a mass of ancient remains, which the Ordnance Map concisely delineates as “Stone Circles,” “Barrows,” “Logan Stone.” This latter I most particularly searched for and failed to find. I asked at the only cottage at all near the spot, and was told they knew of nothing of the sort in that neighbourhood. Probably long ago it has been turned into use as a building-stone, or for some other purpose. It is time the nation took over the custody and preservation of all these most valuable ancient remains. They are not only of parochial, but even of national importance, if we could only realise the fact. Our successors will not bless us if we do not awake to a knowledge of the value of the trust. Unless prompt action be taken, there will soon be few prehistoric Cornish monuments to take care of at all. If some multi-millionaire from America

came along, bought up and deported the lot, it would just serve us right. They value things more than a hundred years old in the United States of America. We as a nation don't.

This most important matter of the preservation of Cornish antiquities I find is no new cry. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1844, are printed two letters on the subject above the signature "P.," Penzance. After deploring the destruction of St. Piran's Church and other antiquities, the writer goes on to say: "If something be not soon done to arrest the progress of destruction by the killing kindness of antiquarian specimen hunters, and by the systematic and wholesale plunder of stone-carriers, masons, and farmers, and by the ruder, but scarcely less injurious attacks of wanton ignorance, within a century more, the record, the picture, and the piecemeal in the museums will alone remain to assure our descendants that Cornwall had a past, and, no new abode of civilised man, was inhabited—aye, and Christianised too—more than a thousand years before New Holland and New Zealand, which may then be rising to the rank of empire, were known to exist!"

This writer suggested a stringent law being passed, which should make the proprietors responsible for the safety of the antiquities on their land, but which, of course, should only punish them for wilful injury or culpable neglect, or connivance at the impunity of the offender when he was known. He thought the mischief had been effected chiefly by the small proprietors, tenants, and above all by the agents, where it had not been perpetrated by wanton ignorance.





SILUS STONE, ST. JUST'S CHURCH

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CAPE CORNWALL

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CHAPTER XVII

CAPE CORNWALL, BOTALLACK MINE

THE antiquary and lover of wild, rocky coast scenery could not do better than make St. Just his headquarters for a day or two. The district abounds, as we have seen, with remnants of a past civilisation, and besides these, Cape Cornwall and the famed Botallack Mine are most easily visited from this place.

Just a mile and a half almost due west from St. Just, Cape Cornwall is reached. This notable promontory rejoices in being the only "cape" in England. Other promontories might have been called capes, but they have not. It is one of the most prominent headlands on the western coast, and is roughly in contour exactly like St. Michael's Mount and many other of the other headlands around the Land's End district. But, unlike St. Michael's Mount, it is still connected with the land by a low isthmus. In formation it is not like Land's End, of columnar granite, but is of the slate formation which extends to Pendeen from here. Its summit is a huge, rounded hillock with steep declivities around. Dr. Borlase speaks of it as the promontory of Helenus, because it has been said that Helenus, the son of Priamus, who arrived here with Brute, "lieth buried there, except the sea have washed away his sepulchre." But the name is more probably derived from the old Cornish, Pen Hailen, the great head; or from Pen-hail-mên, the great stone head. On the top of the eminence there seems to have been a building, probably a beacon and watch tower, to give notice to the country around of any hostile approach.

Cape Cornwall was one of those cliff castles severed from the mainland by trenches and walls, like the Logan Stone promontory, Land's End, and many others.

The old rural simplicity and wild naturalness of this headland are being quite ruined by the extraordinarily strong

and lofty walls being built there. Roads are being made as well, one to run all round the cape; and generally an atmosphere of artificiality is enveloping the spot, which to the lover of wild, rugged scenery is regrettable. A gentleman, Mr. Frank Oates, is building a very large house on the high land overlooking the cape, and has, I believe, bought the whole place. He was very successful at the Cape—not this one, which he left as a boy for the other—and has returned to his old birthplace to live.

I searched for the remains of St. Helen's Oratory on the isthmus, and at last found a small roofless room of roughly hewn stones on the ground of which cabbages were growing. Two circular niches now alone remain to show any ancient structure, and as a high wall is being built around the field in which the remains of the oratory stand, they will soon retire altogether from public sight.

Nearly a mile south-west of Cape Cornwall are the two fearfully dangerous rocks—the Brisons. These, as seen from Sennen, look like one. They rise some seventy feet above high-water mark and are also called the Sisters. Brison is the Cornish word for prison, and it is said that as such they were formerly used; but if people were ever sent there it seems a more appropriate name would have been Executioner's Islands, for surely nothing human could live there long.

A terrible wreck occurred on these deadly Brisons on January 11th, 1851. A brig, *New Commercial*, bound from Liverpool to Spain, struck between these rocks and soon went to pieces. Blight thus describes the scene: "The crew, nine men, with one woman, the wife of the master, got on the ledge. They were discovered from the shore as soon as day broke, but it was then impossible to render them any assistance. In this wretched condition they remained until about nine o'clock, when a tremendous wave rose and carried them all off. Seven out of the ten at once sank. Of the remaining three, one, a mulatto, contrived to get on a portion of floating wreck, and after being buffeted about for some hours, he managed, with a remarkable coolness and presence of mind, by means of a plank, which he used as a paddle, and a piece of canvas, which served him as a sail, with the assistance of the strong tides, to keep clear of the boiling surf. Whilst this poor fellow was thus struggling for

life, being anxiously watched by a crowd of persons on the shore, the five fishermen belonging to Sennen determined, with their usual resolute and fearless spirit, to launch their boat through the breakers ; in this they succeeded, and after encountering great risk, rescued the mulatto.

“ When the master and his wife were carried off the ledge, they were washed to the Little Brison. The master first got a footing and then assisted his wife, and for a time both were in comparative safety. Whilst the fishermen were engaged in saving the mulatto, the revenue cutter from Penzance was seen working round the Land’s End, being ordered to the spot by the commander. A boat put off, but was soon compelled to return. The gale still continuing, nothing more could be done for the day ; so the cutter hove to and the captain hoisted colours to encourage the poor sufferers, and to let them know they were not deserted. They were now to spend the night on the desolate rock, without food or shelter, exposed to all the fury of the wind and rain. On Sunday morning the wind abated a little, and several boats put off, but none could approach within one hundred yards of the rock. At last a boat was seen making towards the spot, manned by the coastguard. The commander, Captain Davis, now, at great personal risk, proceeded to throw a line by help of a rocket ; the first which was fired carried the line to the rock, but it again fell into the sea ; the second happily fell close to the man, who seized it and fastened it around the waist of his wife, who after much persuasion gave the fearful leap. But when drawn to the boat, life was almost extinct, and she died before she could be got on shore ; the captain then tied the cord around himself, and was dragged greatly exhausted to the boat.”

Wrecks were, no doubt, very plentiful around the coast of Cornwall. As Borlase puts it : “ Another inconvenience of our sea situation is, that the land shooting out sharp like a wedge into the Atlantic Ocean, ships oftentimes mistake one channel for another, or are drawn aside from their true course by the irregularity of the tides.” But I fear the natives of Cornwall did not always consider it an inconvenience, but rather a godsend. Parson Troutbeck, of the Scilly Isles, made an addition to the Litany : “ We pray thee, O Lord, not that wrecks should happen, but that if any

wrecks shall happen, Thou wilt guide them into the Scilly Isles, for the benefit of the poor inhabitants." The same sort of feeling was prevalent in Cornwall, though doubtless not more so there than elsewhere in England.

When the East Indiaman the *John and Lily* came ashore on Appledore bar, this was sung in the streets :—

"The *John and Lily*
Came ashore
To feed the hungry
And clothe the poor."

The story, too, of the Cornish rector, who was in his pulpit when news of a wreck was brought to the church, by someone crying at the church door "A wreck, a wreck," is well known; and even if not authentic, is valuable as showing the feeling abroad in old times. The parson hurriedly went on with his sermon, with difficulty restraining the people, and then, hustling off his robes, said as he descended the pulpit stairs, "My good friends, let us all start fair."

As evidence that wrecking did take place in Cornwall, there is extant in John Knill's handwriting (he was a celebrated St. Ives man, who was born in 1733 and died in 1811 at the age of seventy-seven), the draft of a scheme for the suppression of wrecking for which he received the thanks of the Government.

But probably Cornwall was only worse in this respect than other counties because it had more opportunities. In the *Autobiography of a Cornish Rector* it is said: "Uncle Mike Stevens' old lame mare with a great ship's lantern round her neck was driven on to the cliffs to entice Indiamen ashore"; and no doubt similar devices were resorted to not only in Cornwall.

At the same time it must be said that when a wreck now occurs on the coast, the noble and fearless conduct of Cornishmen is not exceeded in any county of England. Nowhere do shipwrecked persons meet with greater kindness. Unfortunately, when a wreck does occur on this iron-bound coast, it is seldom that lives can be saved. No ship can hold together in a gale of wind if flung against these rocks. Many relics of vessels have been found, but so fragmentary that name, nation, and fate of crew are unknown. In one case a





BOTALLACK MINE AND HEADLAND

Newfoundland dog was sole survivor of a ship's living cargo; in another a black man reached the shore through the surf, but died before he could tell the name of the vessel to which he belonged.

It may truly now be said :—

“Cornwall, no more the barbarous wrecker hails
The stranded ships, and plies the robber trade;
But honesty and kindness walk thy vales,
And art and science there bright homes have made.’

MICHELL.

No headland along this part of the Cornish coast presents such a fearful, wild, and savage aspect as Botallack. The mine buildings are situated on the very edge of the sea, and are truly the most romantic ruins around the coast. The engine-houses are literally perched on rocky crags surrounded by wild, magnificent precipices and gloomy fiords. The scene is, even to the hackneyed globe-trotter, impressive. Down these almost perpendicular walls of rocks heavy machinery and building material must have been lowered for some hundreds of feet to have constructed the engine-houses. The mine was worked by an inclined shaft more than half a mile in length, on which ran a tramway. The deepest workings under the sea are 1200 feet below high-water mark, and the longest gallery runs out from the cliff under the sea one-third of a mile. This mine was originally worked as a tin mine from the year 1721 under a perpetual grant from the Boscaeven family, but was relinquished in 1835. It is not precisely known when it was first worked for copper, but about 1816 it was one of the richest tin mines in Cornwall. When the sett was relinquished in 1835 the mine became very poor, yet in the thirty-four years of its life the adventurers had made a profit of upwards of £30,000. The mine was again on the point of being abandoned in 1841, when it was determined to explore it further for a period of two months, which resulted in the discovery of a very rich copper lode, which yielded the adventurers a profit of £24,000 within twelve months. Since 1841 the mine has yielded considerable returns of tin and copper, and was worked for 2448 feet under the sea for copper until the end of 1875, when the under-sea workings were abandoned.

Queen Victoria visited the Botallack Mine in the 'forties,

and King Edward and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales) in 1865. The mine ceased working about 1897; but a new company has been formed and the mine has been reopened in 1907. When I was there I found a scene of great activity. Buildings were being erected at some little distance back from the cliff; a new shaft was rapidly being sunk; engine-houses were being erected, and everything pushed forward as fast as possible. In August two hundred men were employed, and when the actual workings are reached many more will be employed. The ores are the oxide of tin (SnO) and also sulphides of copper. A good deal of iron ore is also present, but not in payable quantities. The marked appreciation of tin, and particularly of copper, has led to the restarting of this historic mine. The expenditure to put the mine in working order, into a money-making position, will not fall far short of £60,000. The working and lighting will be by electricity, and the whole mine run and developed in the most modern scientific fashion.

At present (or when I was there in August, 1907) the old workings were full of water—not sea water, but fresh—and this has first to be pumped out. It is worthy of note to observe that the Botallack, like its immediate neighbour a mile north, the Levant Mine, is a dry mine, though worked beneath the sea.

We saw the miners at the head of a wild, precipitous fiord go up and down a ladder of iron rungs to clear out the adits of the mine and free them, so that the water may be pumped out. Like a fly now and then a solitary speck may be seen ascending, and then disappearing into the surface of the precipice, or emerging almost magically from it.

The headland has beneath it a large natural square arch right through it. Foaming waves dash against it in sheets of dazzling whiteness, whose brilliancy is enhanced by the black colour of the rocks. The precipices around are jagged, stern, even foreboding-looking. A sinister effect is produced on the mind as one gazes on the weird scene. No boat molests their precincts, no human being except these mysterious units on the long iron ladder haunts for pleasure their awful declivities. The only other sign of life I saw at this stern headland was a large hawk, which at my approach





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BOTALLACK MINE, IRON LADDERS

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wheeled up into the sky from some ledge beneath my feet and then majestically soared away.

A little south of Botallack, Mr. William Thomas, the manager of the mine, pointed out to me on the surface of the cliff some very ancient tin workings which may have been Phœnician. The spot is called the "Bunny Cliff," and these old surface workings have a strange and curious appearance.

All over this part of Cornwall mine workings are to be seen, some very ancient, a few feebly reviving, but the great bulk in ruins. The increased value of tin and copper has restarted several besides the Botallack; but if it be true that immense and rich deposits of tin and copper ore have been found in South Africa, and some of the Western States of America, I fear very much for the future of the mining industry of Cornwall. The smelting industry, on the other hand, may still have a moderate future before it.

The variations in the price of tin have been great. I find in 1872 metallic tin was worth £152 15s. per ton; in 1878 only £65 12s. 3d. To-day tin is worth again about £125 per ton.

The china-clay industry is much more likely to remain a lasting asset of the county.

Levant Mine is a tin and copper mine. It was commenced in 1820 and has been worked continually since. During the first twenty years of its existence it yielded no less than a profit of £170,000. When I was there (August 9th, 1909) over five hundred people were employed. The depth of the mine is 2100 feet, and its passages extend about a mile and a half under the sea. Here I saw a curiosity. It is the last remaining example in use of that old Cornish method of conveying the miners to and from the surface to the underground levels. A "man engine" is a movable ladder which at each long stroke of the engine at the top moves up and down six feet. At each six feet a platform enables the descending miner to step off and allow an ascending miner to take his place. As constantly as the engine above pulsates, so the miners go six feet up or down the mine, as the case may be.

From this mine a good view of Pendeen Lighthouse is obtained to the north.

The Thursday before Christmas is, or used to be, the tinnerns' great holiday. It is called *Pierou's Day*, and it is so named because *St. Piran* discovered tin. The legend says that this saint employed a heavy black stone as a part of his fire-place. The fire being hotter than usual, a stream of the beautiful white metal flowed out on the hearth. Great was his joy, and he communicated the discovery to *St. Chiwidden*, who was learned in the learning of the East, and soon devised a process for producing the metal in large quantities. The two saints called the Cornish people together and told them of the hidden treasures of the land, and they taught them how to dig the ore and smelt it. Mead and metheglin, with other drinks, flowed in abundance; and vile rumour says the saints and their people were rendered equally unstable thereby. "*Drunk as a Perraner*" has certainly passed into a proverb from that day, *Max Müller* says, and the learned German then goes on to add that "the legendary discoverer of tin in Cornwall was originally a totally different character from the Irish saint *St. Kiran*." It seems that *St. Piran* in one of his characters is a true Cornish saint, but when the monks in Cornwall heard the wonderful legends of the Irish saint *St. Kiran*, they seem to have grafted their own *St. Piran* on to the Irish *St. Kiran*.

"The Irish saint," says the same authority, "lived a truly ascetic life: he preached, wrought miracles, and died. The Cornish saint was a jolly miner, not always steady on his legs." *St. Kiran* died in Ireland, yet the legend is that, when he was a very old man, near his death, he called together his flock and said to them, "My dear brothers and sons, according to a divine disposition I must leave Ireland and go to Cornwall and wait for the end of my life there. I cannot resist the will of God." He thereupon sailed for Cornwall in one of the curious vessels resorted to by saints of that period, and built himself a house, where he performed many miracles. He was buried on the sandy shore, fifteen miles from *Petrokstowe*, and twenty-five miles from *Mousehole*. In this manner did the Irish and Cornish saints, who had originally nothing in common, become amalgamated.

Another legend tells how *St. Piran*, while living in Ireland, fed ten Irish kings and their armies for ten days together with three cows. Notwithstanding this and other miracles,

some of these kings condemned the saint—for reasons not disclosed—to be cast over a precipice into the sea with a millstone about his neck. St. Piran, however, floated on safely to Cornwall, and he landed on March 5th on the sands which still bear his name—Perranzabuloe, or Perran on the Sands. The saint's day of St. Kiran was March 5th, that of St. Piran May 2nd.

The Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, in a paper he read before the British Archæological Society in 1906, says: "St. Perran or Kieran, to whom there are four parishes dedicated, the *doyen* of Cornish saints, a wonderful Irish missionary, about whom many legends are told, and to whom is dedicated the oldest church in South Britain, Perranzabuloe, and three other parish churches."

CHAPTER XVIII

PENDEEN, MORVAH, CHÛN, ZENNOR

THE road from St. Just, almost due north at a distance of two miles, conducts one to a simple Cornish village called Pendeen. The village itself is absolutely devoid of interest of any kind, and if it were not for the church no one would pause in its precincts. The country to the immediate north of St. Just is dreary in the extreme. It reminds one forcibly of the wilds of the West of Ireland without the glorious mountains bounding the view. Here and there deserted mines are seen on the country-side, each consisting of a ruined tall chimney and a square, generally roofless, ruined building attached.

A conical hill, Carn Kenidjack, is seen on the right and a little further north Chûn Castle; otherwise the country-side is flat and barren.

The church of Pendeen lies off the village on the right, up a cul-de-sac road, beyond the end of which is unattractive moor. The edifice is certainly finer-looking than such a paltry village seems to warrant, wearing a well-to-do look, with a good square tower and a grand clock. The roof of the chancel is lofty and sharply peaked, and the whole is enclosed by a solidly built granite wall castellated and looking semi-medieval. The entrance-gates are of iron, set in a castellated opening, with an arched postern-gate on either side.

The church was designed by the Rev. Robert Aitken on the plan of the ancient cathedral of Iona, and was built almost entirely by the natives of the place themselves. I noticed in the church one of the common names was "Oats," and another "Nankerris."

Pendeen is, however, noted as being the birthplace, at Pendeen House, half a mile from the coast, of Dr. William Borlase, the famous historian of the county. The house is



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CHUN CROMLECH

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quaint-looking, and it bears the date 1670. The historian was born there in 1695. No wonder Borlase developed a taste for antiquities, living as he did in the midst of such a wealth of them. Close to the house is an ancient artificial cave, or "vau," which consisted of three passages, now filled up. It is quite unknown to what use such caves (for another exactly similar one is known at Bolleit and elsewhere) were put. Probably they were hiding-places used by the Celts in times when the Danes or Romans harried them.

From Pendeen we struck off to the right, and calling at a delightful old farm-house, got the courteous farmer to direct us to Chûn Castle. He gave us directions, kindly allowed us to put up our jingle¹ in his farm-yard, and then, not content with having shown us the way, in order to prevent our going wrong, set out with us and walked till he could show us the spot we sought.

Chûn Castle is the most perfect of the remaining hill castles, which are all circular or nearly so. Ch'ûn, Choone, or Chy-an-Woon signifies a house on the down or common, and this is situated on a most commanding hill four miles and three-quarters west-north-west from Penzance. The castle is, of course, absolutely unlike what is called a castle in most parts of England and Wales. You see no lofty towers, no donjon keeps, no high encircling walls. Your eye might roam over it and pass on to bare country beyond, and not be arrested by anything unusual. The site is, as usual, unfortunately overgrown with rank brambles and other vegetation, and unless actually looked for could not be found. However, a close inspection shows that Chûn Castle consists of two concentric stone walls, with a space of thirty feet between them, much dilapidated. The inner wall, which is about twelve feet in thickness, the county historian, Dr. Borlase, considered to have been fifteen feet high, and the less massive outer one ten feet high, the remains in his day having evidently been much higher than they are now. Within the inner circle or wall and concentric with it at a distance of thirty feet are the remains of "a circular line of stonework," with ten or more straight lines or partitions of similar stonework connecting it with the inner wall, forming apparently so many pent-houses in

¹ English equivalent is "governess-car."

which the ancient inhabitants or their cattle were sheltered. The open area in the centre of all is "125 feet from east to west and 110 feet from north to south."¹

Within one of these pent-houses is a well with steps descending to the water. The entrance to the castle through the inner wall is from the west, facing Chûn Quoit, and a few yards southward from this entrance is the entrance through the outer wall. This zigzag arrangement of entrance enabled the garrison to easily guard the gate. Both openings were evidently very strongly fortified, and in their narrowest parts were even six feet wide.

Adjoining the northern side of the inner gateway a stone wall traverses the space between the two great walls, and two other such transverse walls were standing in Borlase's time, the three traverses being one-third of the circle distant from each other.

Besides these, there was a fourth traverse (which still remains) proceeding from the south side of the outer gateway towards the inner wall until within three feet of it, and then turning at right angles towards the first-mentioned traverse.

A ditch surrounds the outer wall, across which is a bridge or causeway leading into the outer gateway. The accompanying sketch of Chûn Castle, taken from Borlase's book, shows clearly the disposition of these features and how the stronghold was a century and a half ago.

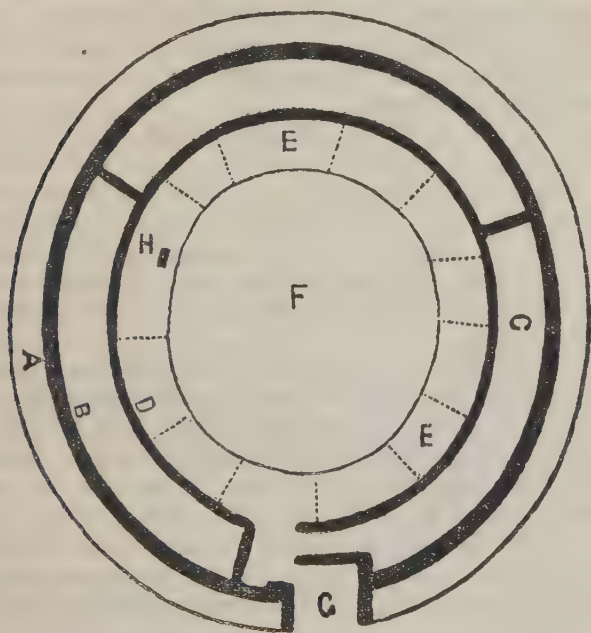
The Chûn Quoit, or Cromlech,² lies on the common to the west of the entrance to the castle at about a hundred yards distance. It looks at first sight very like what a huge, giant mushroom would be. The topping stone rests on the points of four pieces of granite forming nearly a complete square beneath, and is nearly thirteen feet long and eleven and a half broad, its elevation being about six feet. The circled cairn is hardly now discernible, but there is no doubt a ring of stones formerly surrounded it, of which

¹ Borlase's *Antiq.*, 2nd ed. (1769), p. 347.

² "*Crobm-lech* (as it was formerly written) signifies a *crooked* flat stone. Had it been *crobm-lech* (which in pronunciation differs little or nothing from *crobm-lech*) it would have signified a *round* flat stone and have been synonymous with *quoit*, the name by which these erections are here, and in some parts of Wales, most commonly known."—Edmonds's *Land's End District* (1862), p. 24.

a few remain at its base on the north side. The eastern and western supporting stones are 8 feet 6 inches and 7 feet 9 inches in width respectively and lean inwards. They are all of a very hard granite.

Cromlechs are not improbably sepulchral structures, and all, in this district of Cornwall, at any rate, seem to have been buried within burrows, the inclined planes of which



ROUGH PLAN OF CHÛN CASTLE

A is a ditch.

B is a wall 5 feet thick.

C is another ditch or fosse, 30 feet wide.

G is the entrance called the "Irongateway," having on the left hand the wall 12 feet thick for strengthening the entrance. On the right of the entrance there is a wall which traverses the principal ditch.

H indicates the site of the well, which has steps to go down to the water.

D. This wall is 3 feet wide at the top, expanding into greater width at the base.

EE are several lodgments of unequal length, but all of the same breadth—30 feet. They are supposed to be shelters in rough weather. The entrance, guarded by walls crossing the ditches, faces W.S.W.

These particulars are as Chûn Castle was in Dr. Borlase's time.

very likely were instrumental in enabling the huge topping stone to be placed on the tops of the supporting stones.¹

Though, as I have said, all these Cornish cromlechs seem to be associated in this part of Cornwall with tombs, in other words, that all are ancient tombstones to mark the graves of mighty or illustrious dead, yet it must not be forgotten that some antiquaries advance the theory that they are really altars which were turned by later generations into sepulchral mounds. Other antiquaries express a belief that these undoubtedly very ancient stone monuments were erected by a race which inhabited the country prior to the Celtic migrations.²

Others point to certain features about these cromlechs as indicating an extremely ancient origin. At any rate, it is curious to observe that in the Old Testament we find altars were to be formed of unhewn stones, and that there were to be no steps by which to ascend to these places of sacrifice,³ a state of things certainly fairly descriptive of the cromlechs of Cornwall and also of the dolmens of other Celtic countries.

Chûn Cromlech, according to the Ordnance Map, is 709 feet above the sea-level, and is placed in what is now as wild and desolate a spot as you can wish to see. No tree or even bush is near, no human habitation. Still, the ground being high, the view is fine. Nearer the sea, on the shoulder of a hill to the south, is seen that weirdly desolate and remarkable ragged outcrop of high rocks known as Cairn Kenidzhék, and clearly silhouetted against the sea-line is seen the tower of the church of Pendeen we have just visited.

¹ A comparison with some other quoits in Wales may be of interest :

The top stone of Pentre Evan cromlech is 18 feet long and 9 broad, resting on two supporters of columnal form, the one about 8 and the other 7 feet high.

The Welsh cromlech, near Haverfordwest, now fallen, was larger than that of Pentre Evan, the cap-stone being 16½ by 13½ feet, and from 4 to above 5 thick.

A cromlech between Cowbridge and Cardiff has the horizontal slab 24 feet long, 17 in its greatest breadth, and from 2 to 2½ thick.

The north supporter is 16 feet long, the west 9 feet.

Arthur's Quoit, in Anglesey, measures 17½ by 15 feet, and is nearly 4 feet thick, but it is raised only 2 feet above the ground.

² See Wilson's *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, pp. 68, 69.

³ Exodus xx. 25, 26 ; Joshua viii. 31.

The word Kenidzhek has a witch-like look about it, and the spot seems to suit the look of the name, for it is well adapted for the dances of such creatures—a more solitary and drearily desolate place can scarcely be imagined or dreamt of. “Fearful and melancholy sounds does the wind make in passing around its jagged buttresses. Even by day it imparts a gloomy and mysterious impression; by night, the miners cross the Gump in fear and trembling,” says Blight. Certainly evil repute clings to Cairn Kenidzhek, and the dwellers in the three small farm-houses near it will tell you queer stories concerning it with bated breath. Lights, unnatural in colour, illuminate the black, grim pile of stones on the darkest nights when nothing should be visible; and when trouble is nigh and the death-watch has come ticking round their eaves, the dull ring of horses’ hoofs thundering over the turf may clearly be heard around the cairn as they lie awake trembling in bed.

The Celtic imagination has surrounded the spot with weirdly interesting stories. One local farmer gave us a long account of the strange disappearance of two men who were last seen toiling up the steep hill at the close of a tempestuous winter’s day.

Another name for this abode of goblins is Castle Kenijac, or Kenidjack, and Buller thinks the name is derived from *Kein*, “the ridge of the hill,” and *Hac*, “the serpent,” and that the spot was associated with serpent-worship in Druidical times.

W. C. Borlase writes concerning the origin of this name: “In spite of all the singular derivations which have been propounded for this name, I am inclined to think that it is merely the Cornish word ‘karn’ in conjunction with the name of the Welsh saint Teilo or Elidius—found in Port-isseck (or Isaac), Canal-idgie, St. Issey, etc. etc. The termination is certainly nothing more than a vulgar corruption of ‘issack.’ A chapel to this saint may have stood on the estate.”¹

At any rate, it is obvious that all around this district there was a large population in old days. The remains of many circles of rough, unwrought granite and other antiquities, such as holed stones, are to be seen all around.

¹ *Journal of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*, No. XXI, p. 191.

It has been thought that these remarkable circles represented, according to the system of ancient astronomy, the different positions of certain stars or constellations. They would therefore be in some way or other worship-places.

Returning to the farm, our jingle, and the main road, a little further north Morvah is reached, "the place by the sea." Morvah Church is a modern building, of dolefully plain and unattractive features, consisting solely of one oblong room, with three simple pointed windows on either side and a span-ceiling of three-inch pine boards. Plain, new, oak seats, and a font of an oblong basin of granite, octagonally shaped externally, twenty inches by fifteen and a half, on a two-step pedestal. It is singularly out of position, being not near the door, but beneath the belfry. The church is floored with granite stones set in cement, and the pews are made of diagonally set pieces of deal. The porch has a slate sundial above the door, with some motto upon it which, as far as its worn appearance permitted, read "Ut Umbra Si, Vita." This sun-recorder is broken across and the angle-piece gone, so that it is useless. Below it, on the granite, is carved "A.D. 1828." The churchyard is entered through a stepping-stone stile of five pieces of granite set at intervals, but filled in with earth, so that for keeping cattle out it is useless.

Wilkie Collins took a pedestrian tour in Cornwall in 1850 and in the course thereof he visited Morvah. Here is his description of the place:—

"At nightfall we halted for a short time at a place which was certainly not calculated to cheer the traveller along his onward way. Fancy three or four large, square, comfortless-looking shut-up houses, all apparently uninhabited; fancy some half-dozen miserable-looking little cottages near the houses, with the nasal notes of a Methodist hymn pouring disastrously through the open door of one of them; fancy the largest of the large buildings being called an inn, but making up no beds, because nobody ever stopped to sleep there; fancy in the kitchen of this inn a sickly little girl and a middle-aged, melancholy woman, the first staring despondingly on a wasting fire, the second setting before the stranger a piece of bread, three eggs, and some sour porter,

corked down in an earthenware jar, as all her larder and cellar afforded ; fancy an old, grim, dark church with two or three lads leaning against the church wall, looking out together in gloomy silence on a solitary high road ; fancy a thin, slow rain falling, a cold twilight just changing into darkness, a surrounding landscape wild, barren, and shelterless—fancy all this, and you may form some idea of the impressions produced on my companion and myself when we found ourselves in the village of Morvah.”

Evidently, from what I can see, the place has not altered a bit since Wilkie Collins and the artist who accompanied him on his journey, Henry C. Brandling, visited it.

The natural granite ridge known as Trevean or Morvah Hill is surmounted by numerous burrows. In 1863 Mr. W. C. Borlase investigated these with great care and sank a shaft into the centre of one of them. He came upon a flat stone three feet square, and under this a kist-vaen (“stone chest”) about eighteen inches deep, formed of four side stones, in which stood an urn, mouth upwards. Now here comes the interesting discovery, as it throws light upon the date of these structures. Several brass Roman coins were found in the kist-vaen, and on the obverse of one a laureated head to the right with the legend “CONSTAN” very plain ; a careful examination showed it to be Constantine the Great, A.D. 274–337. Speaking of this find, Mr. W. C. Borlase wrote : “ It may be well to state at once that from the position of these coins, their distance from the surface, and the construction of the kist itself, it is quite impossible that by any means they could have reached the situation in which they were found after the covering stone had been once set in its place.”¹ But we must be careful in coming to conclusions. As Edward A. Freeman says, though “ the written document may err or may lie, the sepulchral barrow can neither err nor lie ” ; still “ in inquiries of this kind we must be constantly on our guard against all misinterpretations.”²

A dreary drive still further north, but trending to the east, along the coast amid bare, wild, desolate scenery, it is to Zennor. We pass a notice-board with “ Bossigran Castle ” displayed thereon, and a notice that board and

¹ *Nænia Cornubiæ*, p. 251.

² *Historical Essays*, p. 27.

lodgings can be obtained there, and then come on the left hand to a solitary yellow-washed house where the said accommodation is obtainable.

The road runs level with and over downs furze-clad and heather-decked; no hedges, walls, or cottages are to be seen, in fact the landscape is once more very reminiscent of Ireland.

The buildings one does see about this part of Cornwall are two or three small cottages of grey granite clustered round a farm-building and constituting a village.

At Treen we came to quite a respectable inn, the Gurnard's Head Hotel, where we obtained a respectable meal at hardly out-of-the-world prices.

In order to whet the visitor's appetite for the stern wildness of this famous headland, the walls of the inn parlour were adorned with photographs of wrecks which had occurred there. From these I gathered that the *Alexandra Yeates*, laden with timber, came to complete grief at Gurnard's Head on September 26th, 1896, and the steamship *Gannet* on May 26th, 1871. The place is connected with Penzance by motor 'buses.

Gurnard's Head (Treryn Dinas, "the habitation on the fortified headland") is a narrow promontory which runs into the sea due north, and its extremity is three-quarters of a mile from the village.

Leaving our jingle, we walked across fields, meeting a characteristic old Cornish woman in one of those delightful old-time sun-bonnets, climbed over stiles and hedges, till we emerged on a common, or down, and bore away to the westward, for from that point the best view of the headland is obtained. In general appearance it resembles Land's End, Cape Cornwall, and the promontory upon which the Logan Stone is situated. This cliff castle must from its situation have been of great strength.

The rocks on the summit of the point are fantastic in appearance, looking like gigantic cinders; in fact, the promontory is a fine example of the greenstone formation, and therein it differs from the columnar appearance of Land's End.

Several indented precipitous fiords run in here, up which the sea rushes and foams. The colour of the rocks is dull brown with a reddish tinge in them verging off into greys.

As you approach Gurnard's Head from the village you can awake a marvellous echo, as we found out.

Traces of a fort consisting of a vallum of earth and stones running across the isthmus are clearly discernible, and the historian of the county, Davies Gilbert, purchased the promontory, from a desire to possess what is considered one of the most interesting geological formations in Cornwall.

At the eastern end of the Gurnard's Head is a large slab, said by some to be an altar-stone, the remains of a chapel in which a hermit dwelt. There also used to be a holy well close by.

The promontory has received, when I do not know, the curious name it bears from some fanciful resemblance to the gurnard or gurnet, that curious fish which grunts when caught, whose head is square, with many sharp projections of ragged bone, and armed with deadly sharp spines, as I very well know to my cost. No doubt it was so named from the ragged sharp-pointed-looking rocks away on the extremity.

Once more retracing our steps, we return to the inn and the jingle, and set out for Zennor.

And here I may say that the really beautiful spots in the Land's End district can only be seen by walking. A carriage, even the humble jingle which I often use, or motor, may conduct you to good centres, but eventually walking—rough walking too—in most instances—must be resorted to, if the best of scenery and most interesting antiquities are to be seen.

On this trip so far we have not been viewing any churches of absorbing interest, but the next we come to makes up for much mediocrity and well compensates for the trouble of coming so far into the wilds of Cornwall.

The little village of Zennor is seen sweetly reposing in a hollow as we approach it, and a very pretty picture of rural scenery it makes, the four little turrets of the usual Cornish Perpendicular style of the church just being visible against the sea-line from the brow of the hill. The village is approached by going down a steep hill, with a trickling stream at the bottom of the valley, the road going over a low causeway under which the brook runs.

The church (of chancel, nave, western tower, north aisle

south transept, and south porch) was originally cruciform ; but late in the fifteenth or early in the sixteenth century the north transept was removed and a north aisle built. The north aisle opens now into the nave and chancel by an arcade of six rudely constructed arches of unequal span supported by five plain monolith granite pillars, octagonal in form. The tower, which we saw on approaching, is built of ashlar granite, and has three stages marked by plain set-offs with a bold string-course above the plinth. The west window is made of cataleuse stone from the neighbourhood of Padstow, and is as sharp in outline as when first constructed. Above this window is an ogee-headed niche which, no doubt, once held an image.

The south-east portion of the chancel is of Norman date, and older than the rest of the building. The chancel is raised one step above the nave and the sacrarium has two steps, all three steps extending right across the aisle. The south wall of the transept has an acutely pointed window with a plain chamfered scoinson arch. In the south wall of the chancel is a restored two-light decorated window, and a second window of similar design has been inserted by its side in the blank wall eastward. In the earlier windows granite was not used, but a finer-grained stone.

The wooden roof is circular-domed. One of the most important alterations is the squint, by means of which the chancel can be seen from the transept. This squint is 3 feet 1 inch across and 4 feet 1 inch in height, and opens at its south-western end with a flat rounded double arch of ancient work, and the square passage of the squint runs obliquely through the thick wall of the transept.

There is a large piscina of early Norman work in the south wall of the chancel, and another, but smaller one, in the south-east corner of the north aisle.

The font has been restored on its south side and is in a fine decorated style of architecture, *circa* 1390, resting on four plain pillars. The stone is not granite, but a finer-grained material, the whole structure resting on a granite slab.

Some of the old bench-ends are still extant. One is famous, and is known as the "Mermaid of Zennor." It represents a siren with the conventional fish-tail, scales,

comb and mirror, which are held up in each hand. Her long hair is divided and evenly falls down over each shoulder. It is a strange subject to see portrayed in a church, and, of course, is connected with a legend. The squire's son of Zennor was in the choir, and he had such a sweet voice and sang so well that he charmed a mermaid who happened to be passing in Zennor Cove. The windows of the church were opened, his voice floated out, and she paused to listen to the melodious strains. Naturally she fell violently in love with him and he with her, and she enticed her lover to return with her to the sea, and nothing more was ever seen of the ill-assorted pair.

These stories of mermaids are part and parcel of the beliefs of Celtic fishermen, and up to recent times, at any rate, were more than half believed in. I heard a story of a mermaid in Ireland which my teller related as an undoubted fact. A fisher youth returning home from the sea in his coracle, on carrying his vessel up over the rocks to his cabin, came upon seven golden crowns in a row on a rock. Looking out to sea, he saw seven lovely maidens disporting themselves in the water. Taking up one of the crowns, which was all he could carry, they were so heavy with gold, he quickly hid himself and his coracle behind a rock and watched. Soon the mermaids, for indeed such they were, returned to put on their crowns, and so they all did, except one, who looked in vain up and down for her adornment, but could not find it. The six waited as long as they were able, but at last had to dive off into the sea, leaving their sister disconsolate on the shore, for she could not live in the water without her crown. Michael then ventured forth and with native politeness conducted the fair mermaid to his cabin, where his mother took charge of her; and Michael hid the crown in the thatch of his cottage, so that the fair maiden might forget all about her seafaring life. He married her and had seven children; but at last one day the roof of the cabin, as dry as tinder, took fire, and out fell the golden crown. When the siren saw this a flood of recollections swept over her, and her former sea-roving life suddenly presented itself to her with irresistible allurements. She caught up the crown, and taking her children with her, jumped into the sea and was never heard of any more.

The entrance to the churchyard of Zennor on the west is by the usual stepping-stone stile, eight stones in number with the intervals not filled up with earth, a stone bench for sitting upon either side, and the stone slab in the centre for resting coffins upon as the mourners enter the church.

The vicar, seeing me looking round the church, came out of his house close by and most courteously pointed out to me many interesting details.

On an old headstone of slate, standing now in the belfry, I read :—

“ William Champe Phillis his wife de to be buried here have caus this stone to be erected He was born October 14th., 1701 died 1790. She was born March the 8th., 1705 ⁶ died 1791.	} (Stone broken.)
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Hope, fear, false joy and trouble (this bubble
Are those four winds which toss=
His breath's a vapor and his life's a span
"Tis glorious misery to be born a man."

(Note "b" in "bubble" left out and put in after, "vapor" without the "u," and misery spelt "misrey.")

On a fly-leaf of one of the register books of the church is this :—

“ Elizabeth Stevens 1732
Of Zennor here
do writ when
This you see remember me
When I am out
of sight.”

Previous to the restoration of Zennor Church, most of the windows had had their ancient stone tracing replaced by wooden sashes. It is said, I know not with what truth, that a former vicar had the ancient windows put into his stable, but in order that the church should not suffer any loss, he very considerably had his discarded stable-windows put into the church.

The name Zenobia is common as a baptismal name in Zennor. It in reality commemorates Saint Sinara, the patron of Zennor. The most famous bearer of this formidable appellation was Zenobia Stevens, of Trevegia-Wartha, in Towednack. The description of this old lady is given by the Rev. James Hamley in his *Autobiography of a Cornish*

Rector (the author changed the name of the old lady, it will be noticed, and also the locale) :—

“Soon after our settlement at Truro, we were surprised by a visit from old Mrs. Matthews, a tenant of my mother’s, who came to request that her lease of ninety-nine years, which had just run out, might be renewed. Leases were granted in those days subject to the condition that after the death of three persons, whom the lessee was allowed to nominate on payment of a sum down, the estate should revert to the proprietor, whether the term of ninety-nine years had expired or not. I suppose such an instance as this had hardly ever occurred before, of one of the lives coming, at the expiration of the term, to petition for a renewal. Supposing Mrs. Matthews’s life to have been on the estate, as the phrase was, the very day of her birth, she must have been entering now on her hundredth year. And yet there she stood as upright as my mother, and much more robust. She was dressed in what was called a *Joseph*, which might have been coeval with herself, for any remains of colour that it had ; but the quaint riding-dress was perfectly whole and nicely brushed, and so were the silver-buckled shoes that peeped from under it. Her head-dress, like the lady in *Christabel*, was a thing to dream of, not to tell, it was so marvellously and inexplicably put together. What it was made of, none but a milliner of those days could hope to explain ; but it looked very grand, especially by the side of my mother’s little cap. From the waist downwards she wore what she called, I think, a ‘safeguard,’ a coarse garment of camlet or serge, which served to protect her *Joseph*, as well as to cover her feet when she was in the saddle. The long skirt of this garment was now drawn through her pocket-hole. Her hair was twisted behind into what was then called ‘club,’ a sort of overgrown pigtail, as it seemed to us. In her hand she carried a riding-whip with a very silver knob.”

Zennor is called “the place where the cow ate the bell-rope,” probably a saying which arose from the barrenness of the surrounding hills. The poverty of the land made the Zennor people frugal and thrifty, so that they were said to live like goats, and gave rise to their nickname “Zennor goats” and the local proverb, “As careful as Zennor people.”

About a quarter of a mile north of the church, following a lane, and then passing through a gate on the right and walking through some rough land covered with brambles and bracken, I came to the famous Zennor logan stone. This I measured, and found it to be 22 feet 5 inches long, poised at about one-third of the length—naturally the thicker end—on a point, resting on a huge block of flat granite half sunk in the ground. On its upper surface it has large rock-basins, or giants' seats, as they are called, which are distinctly of natural formation, for I have observed them on granite blocks all over the Land's End district, not only on large pieces of granite, but also on tiny bits. These low arm-chair-seat-like depressions in the stone are where softer portions of the granite have been decomposed and washed out by weather and rain. I know many writers aver that they are artificial, but they could not have observed exactly similar phenomena on small pieces of granite, even on granite pebbles one can pick up on the seashore. Around this Zennor logan stone, which I must confess I was unable to move, at least I failed to notice any movement (I was alone), lie scattered amid the bracken around many large boulders of granite. One way of becoming a witch is to get on top of this stone nine times without shaking it, a method which my observation led me to think would enable ladies in the neighbourhood easily to acquire the powers of sorcery if they so desired.



ZENNOR QUOIT

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FONT. ZENNOR

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ZENNOR MERMAID, BENCH END

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CHAPTER XIX

WESLEYANISM IN CORNWALL

I KNOW it is commonly said that the Cornish people were heathens and savages before Mr. Wesley came and converted them ; but this seems a rash and most inaccurate statement. When Wesley came on his mission, he found an impassioned, impressionable Celtic people, full of zeal and enthusiasm for Christianity, which qualities the Church of England in the Georgian era knew not how to utilise. The sad lack of adaptability, of elasticity, which was so characteristic of the Church in those days of ecclesiastical slumber and inertia, was Wesley's opportunity. He found a vent for that repressed pent-up Celtic zeal and enthusiasm in his Wesleyan Society.

To say that Cornish people were little removed from brute-beasts at the time of Wesley's visit is, it seems to me, to ignore certain facts which are beyond controversy and which impel the impartially minded to think otherwise. As the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma points out in his *Church History of Cornwall*, before Mr. Wesley came, Christianity had been established in Cornwall for about a thousand years, in fact, the continuous Christianity of the county is older than that of any other county in England. The little literature they possessed in their wild old Celtic tongue (which was only just expiring at the time of Wesley's visits) was almost entirely Christian. It was the gospel story set in rude Celtic verse. Christianity was almost the sole aim of the Cornish muse. The national drama was entirely Christian. No ballad of battle, and only one—a coarse and apparently modern one—of love, has survived of Cornish poetry. Their songs were all of Christ and Christ crucified. The whole culture of the race was Christian. Yet we are told to believe that these men, born and bred in such an atmosphere, with such deep religious traditional memories extending backwards for hundreds of years, were heathens and savages. I for one do not believe it.

Still it is interesting to notice how ingrained was this belief even so far back as the time of Carew. He says that the first inhabitants or aborigines were "huge of body, rough of living, and savage of conditions"; but this is, no doubt, an exaggerated account of the ancient Damnonii. But as Carew translates into vigorous English some Latin lines on the subject, sent to him by "My particular kind friend, and generally well-deserving countryman, Mr. Camden," I think they are worth repeating:—

"This was the Titans' haunt, but with
 No plenty did abound,
 Whom beasts' raw hides for clothing served,
 For drink the bleeding wound:
 Cups, hollow trees; their lodging, dens,
 Their beds, brakes, palour rocks;
 Prey for their food; rapine for lust;
 Their games, life-reaving knocks;
 Their empire, force; their courage, rage;
 A headlong brunt, their arms;
 Combat, their death; brambles, their grave;
 The earth groaned at the harms
 Of these mount-harboured monsters; but
 The coast extending west,
 Chief, foyson had, and dire dismay,
 And sorest fury prest,
 Thee, Cornwall, that with utmost bound
 Of Zephyr art possesst."¹

Even to this day many Cornishmen are titanic in aspect, huge in structure, giant-like in appearance.

It was at St. Ives that the Methodist Society was first started, and by *Charles* Wesley, not John. Charles Wesley at first received the bitterest opposition from the St. Ives rough fishermen and miners. The meeting-house was attacked, the windows smashed, the seats broken to pieces. The magistrates also joined in the opposition to the Methodists. They went by the nickname of "Canoruns," and the usual way of persecuting them was for the magistrates to issue warrants to have them taken by the pressgang as "able-bodied men, who had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance." He, however, persisted in preaching, and at last a division arose among the people, and so the followers of the preacher claimed the victory. Then John Wesley went down to Cornwall to reap what Charles had sown, and

¹ Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, by Tonkin and Dunstanville, London, 1811, page 155.

he repeated his visits thirty-one times, almost year by year from 1743. On his first visit he records: "All were quiet and attentive. As we were going to church at eleven, a large company at the market-place welcomed us with a loud huzza : wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window (composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their own town) :—

" 'Charles Wesley is come to town,
To try if he can pull the churches down.' "

The turning-point in his favour was at Gwennap Pit, for there John Wesley first won a real hold over the people of Cornwall. The work spread over the county. The miners brought it to almost every mining village, and the warm-hearted Cornish folk took to it with characteristic Celtic enthusiasm.

Mr. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, in reply to the question, "Why was this sudden change?" gives five great causes that aided the sudden spread of Methodism and its remarkable permanence in Cornwall. They are worth briefly epitomising:

1. "The dullness of the Church services in the Georgian period." In other words, then was the time of the four "D's"—dreariness, dolefulness, deadness, dullness. These reigned supreme in the Cornish churches. The people did not join in the service, and were not wanted to do so. The churches were locked up all the week, except for an occasional funeral on weekdays. A friend of mine who told me, heard Bishop Wilkinson, when Bishop of Truro, once say at a public meeting when speaking of the former apathy of the Church in Cornwall, that in those days the Church was "wrapped in the graveclothes of indifference"—an expression which seems just to hit off tersely the truth of the matter. Readers of Gibbon, Wesley's contemporary, will remember how, in his autobiography, the great historian sarcastically criticises "the gentlemanly indifference of the Church of England," and ironically remarks that in early life he too had once thought of enjoying "the fat slumbers of the Church." Jane Austen, in speaking of Mr. Lefroy, who was married to her niece, declares that when he was ordained the only questions he was asked by his Bishop were if he was the son of Mrs. Lefroy of Ashe, and secondly if he had married Miss Austen.

2. "The itinerant ministry was a great agent of power." Cornish people have always liked a fresh preacher now and then. They therefore revered for a thousand years the memory of each of the three blessed visitors of Britain—SS. David, Padarn, and Teilo. They therefore also admired "Mr. Wesley and his itinerant preachers." In the Church they only got the same parson reading the same moral essays year after year. In the meeting-house, or at Gwennap Pit, or on the moor, they got a fresh itinerant, full of zeal, exhorting them in plain language which all could understand.

3. Men were utilised. The Church does use its laity now, but not half enough, and Mr. Lach-Szyrma says, "If Cornwall is ever again to be won, it must be by lay help."

4. Wesley looked on the class meeting as the basis of his system. There was also a vent for enthusiasm, and not for a few, but for all believers. Men and women could help each other, and they did so. An inner circle was formed.

5. The hymn-singing of the Methodists was a great secret of their power. In this point nowadays the Church is probably ahead of them, but in Wesley's time there were few hymns in the Church.

In addition to these five great causes there no doubt were others; such as clerical scandals, pluralities, laziness of the clergy generally. Another cause which must have helped the spread of Wesleyanism seems to me obvious from the state of Cornwall even at the present day. The distances between the churches are too great. The people are so scattered that intermediate chapels and places of worship are a distinct want of the county. People in religion, as in other directions, are prone to follow the line of least resistance or least trouble.

Had the bishops, especially those of Exeter of those days, known how to deal with the crisis, they might have made Cornwall one of the most enthusiastic Church counties of England. But in this respect Cornwall is not alone unhappy, for have not many of the bishops we have had during the last fifty years been equally Laodicean in character, and also terribly inefficient; partly, if not largely, because they were mere political nominees?

Mr. S. Baring-Gould, however, says, in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*: "We make a mistake in considering

the Dissent of England, especially as manifested in greater intensity in the wilds of Cornwall, Wales, and the eastern moors of Yorkshire, where the Celtic element is strong, as a form of Christianity. It is radically different ; its framework and verve is of ancient British origin, passing itself off as a spiritual Christianity."

It must be acknowledged that since the restoration of the Cornish bishopric the Church in that county has grown and is visibly growing in strength. It is adapting itself more and more to the needs of the county ; it has an efficient clergy, and a well-educated, high-principled, and reasonably enthusiastic laity, with a model nobleman (the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe) at their head. In short, the Church of Cornwall is an increasingly powerful spiritual force, ever gathering to itself the descendants of those who generations ago were diverted from the fold.

Yet Wesleyanism is powerful too, and it stands on a higher plane than in the years following Wesley's visits and death, for the ministers of that body are now, as a rule, cultured men, and therefore more influential than in those days when enthusiasm too often took the place of sound religion.

It is remarkable also that Roman Catholicism seems expanding in Cornwall, if we may judge by the churches there being built by that body.

As a typical example of the deplorably lethargic state of the Church of England in Cornwall in the century following the Reformation, it may be mentioned that the parishes of Lelant, St. Ives, and Towednack were combined under one vicar, who was usually an absentee, the work being done by a curate. Even this curate was often a "reader," showing that he was not in holy orders. In consequence of this neglect, the laity, seeing they got little, if any, spiritual return for their money, objected to pay the clergy their tithes and dues.

The records of the courts contain numerous bundles of depositions and notes of evidence taken at special inquiries on the subject throughout the county as occasion demanded. Some of this evidence throws considerable light upon the condition existing between Church and laity in West Cornwall in those days. A certain vicar, John Hawkyns, for example, was unable to get his tithes, and at the hearing of evidence

"by Commission" in 1680-1, "taken at the house of Thomas Tonkyn Vintner, situate within the village of Newlyn, in the parish of Paull," some interesting facts came out. The custom of the parish at Towednack was for each person possessing more than three "Milch Cowes" to pay to the vicar of the said parish "for the same tyth in kynd by way of Whitt Sowle, and the calves in kind." Every person with three cows or a less number had to pay "four pence for each such cow and two pence for every Calfe of such Cow." The "Whitt Sowle" is explained by the evidence of another witness, who testified that the custom was "to pay the vicar thereof whitt sowle, that is to say butter and cheese in kind, that is made of the milk of such Cowes; which said butter and cheese is to be paid to the vicar yearly as followeth; to nine dayes milk of each cow which said nine dayes milk is to be made into butter and cheese, 5 dayes thereof is to be made into five cheeses and to be brought into the parish church for the Vicar the first sunday after Trinity."

The case for the defendant, as we should say in these days, proved that the vicar had been very neglectful of his duties. A child of John Hingston had died unbaptised, "owing to the neglect and absence of the Complainant to the great grief" of the father. Several persons died and had to be buried without any church service, and "one of them was left without buryall, which became noysome untill some other Minister came to bury him." When the vicar did condescend to visit the parish he did so spasmodically, and at times very inconvenient for the parishioners. "When hee Comes to officiate Comes very unreasonably, vizt sometimes att Seaven of the Clock in the Morninge, sometymes att Eleven of the Clock, sometymes att One of the Clock, and sometymes the Eveninge about Sun sett. And Immediately on his Coming att church begins prayer although very few of his pishoners are present."

This payment of tithes in kind was very inconvenient, and seems to have led to much conflict between the clergy and the tithe-payers. On one of the registers of Zennor parish is an entry purposely made by the vicar, Jacob Bullock, in 1762, lest his successor "should be imposed upon by being told that he" (Jacob Bullock) "accepted, of that or any other Butter and Cheese instead of tithes of Cows and

Calves, which I assure him I did not." The trouble which led to this reverend gentleman being so careful that his successor should not be imposed upon, arose out of the action of certain little payers who brought into the chancel during the time of divine service, butter and cheese. These parishioners refused to take this butter and cheese away, "or any one else." In time "it grew offensive," and so the vicar "Ordered the Church Wardens, under pain of being cited to the Spiritual Court, to remove the same as an Indecency and a nuisance to the Congregation."

John Wesley in September, 1743, preached at Morvah, Zennor, Kenegie Downs, St. Hilary, St. Just, and Sennen, where he visited the Land's End, and was much impressed by the wild scenery. The account of their hardships (for he was accompanied by John Nelson, a disciple) given by Mr. Nelson is curious: "All this time Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor, he had my great coat for his pillow, and I had Burkitt's *Notes on the New Testament* for mine. After being here nearly three weeks [St. Ives was their head-quarters], one morning about three o'clock Mr. Wesley turned over and finding me awake clapped me on the side saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side.'" Wesley said at St. Hilary, "We ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think we can live by preaching?"

One Sunday morning after preaching a sermon at Sennen he went to Land's End, which he thus describes: "It was an awful sight! But how will these melt away when God ariseth to judgment! The sea between does, indeed, boil like a pot. One would think the deep to be hoary. But they swell, yet can they not prevail. He hath set their bounds which they cannot pass."

Friction between the Wesleyans and Church of England people exists still to some extent, though usually it is felt rather than expressed. Still, a vicar gave me an example of an explosion of feeling he had evidently quite innocently caused. At the earnest and repeated request of a young member of a Wesleyan flock, the vicar prepared the girl for confirmation, and in due course she was con-

firmed. The Wesleyan minister thereupon wrote a rather strongly worded letter to the vicar for his action in having confirmed a member of his congregation, and stated that in consequence he would boycott the too zealous Church of England priest. The actual word boycott was used in the letter, so there was no question as to the intention of the writer. The vicar replied that he would not cause the Wesleyan minister any such trouble, as neither he nor any of his congregation would in future deal with any Wesleyan tradespeople.

Boycotting may be an effective weapon in its birth-place, Connemara, but in England it is two-edged.

Nearly all the shops in this particular district were kept by Wesleyans!

CHAPTER XX

THE LOST LAND OF KING ARTHUR, LYONNESSE, ATLANTIS

STORIES of monkish origin assert that St. Michael's Mount was once a tall rock situated in a wood. If you look at the Ordnance Map you will find by Marazion, in old English type, "Submarine forest." Old writers who knew nothing of modern science thought it probable that the marshy nature of the soil up to the hills on the eastern side of Mount's Bay was due to the sea having once flowed up to them.

Dr. Borlase (*Natural History of Cornwall*, pp. 220, 222) says :—

"In the year 1750, John Roberts, of the parish of Senan, digging for tin near Velindreath, found, at the depth of thirty feet, an entire skeleton, about the bigness of that of a large deer, but such a set of bones as he had never before observed. The beast lay on its side, and near it, in a line parallel to its vertebræ, a prostrate tree of twenty feet long about the diameter of a moderate man's waist; great numbers of leaves were on the branches, some large, some small, and the impression of the leaves was plain in the earth. The tree was of the oak kind."

Mr. Borlase thought this burial of the deer and tree due either to a deluge which "unfooted the tree, and drowned the creature and retiring, drew them both towards the ocean, or by some sudden subsidence of the shelving part of the hill, when the land sinking, hurried away both the creature and the tree in one direction." And then he says: "That there was anciently a sudden subsidence of the ground in these parts, has been a constant tradition for some ages."

On January 10th, 1757 (that is the year before his book was published), midway betwixt the piers of St. Michael's Mount and Penzance appeared "the remains of the wood which, according to tradition, covered anciently a large

tract of ground on the edge of Mount's Bay." The sands, it seems, had been drawn off from the shore by a violent sea and had left several places, twenty yards long and ten wide, washed bare, strewn with stones like a broken causeway. Mr. Borlase examined the spot and found parts of ancient trees. "In the first pool part of the trunk appeared, and the whole course of the roots, eighteen feet long and twelve wide, was displayed in a horizontal position; upon spading round we found the sand to be a thin layer of ten inches deep, and then the natural earth appeared, in which the roots remained so firmly fixed" that he had to use "a pick and crow of iron" to see further.

The place where he made this observation was "three hundred yards below full-sea-mark; the water is twelve feet deep upon them when the tide is in." From these observations he concluded that the ground there had sunk more than twelve feet, and confirmed the tradition that formerly a wood stretched from the town of Penzance to St. Michael's Mount. This, then, accounts for the mystic words in the Ordnance Map, "Submarine forest."

This Lyonesse is amply reported by tradition to have been a region of extreme fertility uniting the western part of Cornwall with the Scilly Islands. Tradition is uncertain as to when the cataclysm occurred, but Saxon chronicles say Lyonesse was destroyed by a high tide on November 11th, 1099. This fertile stretch of country, another Atlantis, was an important part of the realm of King Arthur. This is the land of Tennyson's fancy; the

"Land of old, upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink unto abyss again,"

where

"All day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Till all King Arthur's Table, man by man,"

had fallen

"Around their lord, King Arthur."

The appearance of St. Michael's Mount, its configuration, the abruptness with which it rises from the sea, are features singularly like those of other solitary rocks in the neighbourhood. The rocks around the Longships Lighthouse off Land's End, the Brisons off Cape Cornwall, the Gull

and Bishop Rocks at Kynance Cove at the Lizard, Castle Bryher and Hangsman's Island in the Scilly Islands, are each and all miniature St. Michael's Mounts. But even these are merely samples, types of a vast number of similar rocks standing out in the sea round the Land's End district.

Go a little further afield, or rather seaward, and the same striking similarity must have been noticed by every observant traveller.

On the French coast opposite, Mont St. Michel is a complete replica of our St. Michael's Mount. The picture of the one may well be taken, at a first glance, for the other. There are other isolated rocks on the Brittany coast which similarly are miniature Monts St. Michel. The Cornish axis of hills is continued in the Scilly Isles and away across the Channel.

Geologists have written in the past that the Lyonesse existed only in imagination. But not for nothing are these extraordinary similarities. Old scientists, as ruthless as the ocean itself, have swept away all the beautiful legendary tales and traditions and led us to believe that only what we now see was. They would have had us believe that it was a pure fiction that one Trevillian swam on shore during the inundation, and in memory thereof the family bears for its arms, gules, a horse argent, issuing out of the sea. This story was a delightful, but self-evolved, tale to account for the unusual coat of arms. But there is no smoke without fire. Every old traditional story has some true kernel to be got out if only you can find it.

Modern scientific men, geologists in particular, have now quite changed round through taking into account more factors in the equation than their predecessors. Of these Mr. Mackinder is a notable and excellent example, and his book and other authorities conclusively prove that once upon a time Land's End, the Scillies, and Brittany were all united.

The physical history of Britain as defined by modern geographies is that the British Isles are a recent continental island group, or, in other words, a fragment of the neighbouring continent, and have been divided from it only in a recent epoch. The structure of these islands can only be understood if regarded as continuous with that of the Con-

tinent. The British Isles have the same fauna and flora, and the separating seas are shallow.

A map of the British Isles in the Carboniferous epoch shows all of the south of England, except the Land's End district of Cornwall, under water. As time progressed in the Jurassic epoch the whole of Cornwall became land, and in the Tertiary epoch the British Isles stand out as a vast continent—the continent of Atlantis, the sea just intruding in a narrow and not long fiord about where the Isle of Wight now is. Then came the Ice Age, and after that epoch Britain emerged in broad connection with Europe. Then at last, after the renewed submergence of the North Sea area and the formation of the channels, the Strait of Dover was cut by the waves and we became insular.

We may therefore rest content that the traditions of Arthur and his lost territory are not mere solar myths or vain imaginings of a poetic people, but are in their essentials trustworthy records of past history.

In *Notes and Queries* for April 13th and 20th, 1861, pp. 281, 301, there is a learned article on King John and the monastery of St. Matthew. The church of St. Buryan—"ecclesia Sancte Beriane"—was apparently charged with the annual payment of a hundred shillings, "Monachis de Sancto Matheo de Finibus-terrarum in Britannia ibidem Deo"—to the monks of the Land's End in Britannia—that means, of course, Brittany or Bretagne. The monks of St. Matthew, *de Finibus-terrarum*, were those of the ancient Benedictine abbey of St. Matthew at the most western extremity of Brittany. The department of Finistère, the writer remarks in a note in *Notes and Queries*, comprises very nearly the same portions of the province of Brittany as had belonged to the diocese of St. Pol de Leon and Quimper, which again answered respectively to the ancient districts of *Leonois* and *Cornuaille*. The juxtaposition of these names is noteworthy, and "almost leads one to suspect that the strange tradition respecting the Cornish 'Lionesse' may have originated in some Breton legend."

Mr. A. Hadrian Allcroft, in his recently (1908) published *Earthwork of England*, is also of opinion (p. 28) that the tradition of a submerged kingdom of Lyonesse which once

stretched from Land's End to the Scillies has no support in geological facts, for the subsidence of that area, he asserts, dates from a period immeasurably earlier than the legend. He goes on to say—as the writer in *Notes and Queries* hinted years ago—that the Lyonesse of medieval romance was in Brittany. Negative evidence in such a matter is of very little value, however, and the positive evidence of the very widespread belief in the Lyonesse story among Cornish folk of all ages is just as worthy of consideration.

CHAPTER XXI

MADRON, ST. MADRON'S WELL, BLEU BRIDGE, GULVAL,
LUDGVAN, MARAZION

MADRON is a simple, pretty, thoroughly typical English village with a church situated in a fine position. From it is seen Mount's Bay, spread out in a panoramic view right away to the low-lying, flat, tableland-looking Lizard Point. St. Michael's Mount lies at our feet, connected with the shore, for the tide is low, with a causeway, and all around are fertile fields, elm-shaded and surrounded by the characteristic Cornish hedges—stone walls with vegetation on their sides and top.

The church is certainly imposing, not only by reason of its unique position (350 feet above the sea), but also architecturally. It looks grand, and, like all real grandeur, is simple in its greatness. The well-proportioned square church-tower shows a grand gilt clock-dial with the motto "Watch and Pray, Time hastes away," and inside a tablet tells us that the "Clock in this tower was given by Thomas Robins Bolitho, of Trengwainton, to commemorate Queen Victoria's Long and Happy Reign of 60 years. Completed June 20th, 1897. The Clock was set going 26th November, 1898." In the tower are six bells, so that the parishioners of Madron are loudly summoned to services.

The east end is remarkable. It is a genuine early English portion of about 1260, and the church was enlarged in the fifteenth century.

The interior is large, lofty, imparting a feeling of spaciousness. The arches are pointed. The wooden statuettes of coloured angels with conventional wings—some holding coats of arms coloured blue and gold—support the ends of the beams of the roof, at least they are supposed to, probably they do not. The arch at the opening below the tower is painted with a diagonal pattern in blue and red, small



MADRON CHURCH



circles of red, a dot in the middle of each, being between the teeth. Several coats of arms on diamond-shaped boards adorn—or disfigure, some may say—the walls above the windows. On each side of the chancel a small, narrow archway shows that once Madron Church possessed a rood-loft. A piscina and sedile are worthy of more than a passing notice, and so are some old brasses on the south wall at the east end. An old tomb of a well-modelled man and woman kneeling and facing each other on the south-east of the east window is well preserved. The font is a fine one of the Norman period.

The church has one or two bench-ends, well carved but falling into decay unpleasantly rapidly. One represents the arms of Henry VIII, France and England quarterly surrounded with the garter and ensigned with a large crown. On the left a greyhound argent, collared gules, for Somerset. One bench-end has carved, in complete relief at the top, some animal with pointed head looking upwards in a very curiously strained attitude.

On the north wall of the church, of course outside, is a large gilt, rather gorgeous sundial with these words upon it: “Thy Days are Like a Shadow that declineth.”

In the churchyard I noticed a peculiarly old short Celtic cross, with defaced figure representing the crucifixion on the side facing the church and a plain Latin cross on the reverse abutting on the roadway. The names on some of the tombstones of Madron, as is so usual in the Land’s End district churchyards, are in many instances not common. I came across here, for instance, a “Melchisedec James.” Another tomb here bears a quaint life-history thus concisely told:—

“Belgium me birth, Britaine me breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children and a grave.”

The church of Madron is reputed to have been bestowed on the Knights Templar by Henry Pomeroy.

Who Madron, St. Madron, or St. Madern was is now unknown. Some speak of one Madan, a Celtic king who ruled here before the Romans came. Others say St. Madron was a female saint, like the patron of St. Buryan. Not improbably the saint or saintess hailed from the Emerald Isle, like he of Sennen and she of Buryan. In the entries

of the taxation of Pope Nicholas, A.D. 1291, Madron is called "Ecclia Sēi Maderni."

Sir Humphry Davy was born at Penzance on December 17th, 1778; and the parish register of Madron (the parish church) records: "Humphry Davy, son of Robert Davy, baptized at Penzance, January 22nd, 1779."

After visiting the church I told the driver of our wagonette to take us to visit the famous well associated with this saint. Through pleasing lanes and amid rural scenery of the picturesque, homely kind we drove, till we came to a gate a considerable distance north of the church and a little to the west. The driver informed us the well was somewhere through there, but where he could not remember, as, he said, with a significant smile, he had not been there for many years and had quite forgotten. Only girls, he added, went there to drop pins in. But from his own showing, before he was married he too must have visited the oracular precincts, and doubtless had tried his fortune, like the rest of young men and maidens.

Pushing open the gate, we entered on some marshy ground, and after some searching and following various tracks through dense thickets of bramble and bracken, at last struck the right one, and about a quarter of a mile from where we left the trap came on the wishing well so renowned to local fame.

The "well" is actually a stone trough of granite slabs, roughly three feet long by a foot and a half wide and sixteen inches deep, situated on a nearly level spot amid the moorland. The water trickles in at the far side, and overflowing makes the ground around boggy. At the bottom was a sediment of fine dark deposit, and plunging my arm in, I soon found some pins. Singular to relate, on one at least I found impaled on the point two little pieces of grass, evidently purposely and carefully so adjusted that when the pin entered the water it would take a perceptible time to sink to the bottom of the well. The wish, to be effective, must take place during the time the pin sinks, and no doubt this simple contrivance was to give time for a good long wish. So do trusting mortals hope to cheat destiny! Information may also be derived from watching how, in what manner, the pin sinks. Suddenly, going head first to the bottom, or point

downwards, or remaining momentarily on the surface—all have their occult significance, which those learned in pin-dropping into wells may interpret, I cannot. There seems here some similarity to the fortune-telling from the grounds in a teacup; and, at any rate, to this day the efficacy of the St. Madron's Well is believed in implicitly by the young people of Penzance, who flock out there particularly on the first Sunday in May to learn about their sweethearts and futures. Bubbles are raised in the well on certain days of the year by stamping on the ground near, and those initiated can also thereby foretell events. One is reminded of the ancient custom of looking at the entrails of victims, and from them forecasting the future of tribes, nations, and individuals.

But the potency of the well ends not with foolish lovers and their attempts to know more than they ought to. Here cripples were cured in times past (perhaps even now, who knows?) and diseases healed by its aquatic efficacy, like the marvellous cures at Lourdes. Similar cures used to be wrought in pagan temples, for the effect on the body of the imagination, as all medical men know, is immense. Just as nervous persons can, by imagining themselves to be ill, get ill in fact, so the converse may take place equally easily. I know a great physician, who told me he cured a nervous person, who insisted upon having medicine, by giving the patient a phial, with elaborate instructions for administration on the label. The lady would never be without this invaluable cure, and had she only known its contents would never have got well, for the bottle contained only water with a little sugar dissolved in it.

Borlase, the county historian, thought St. Madron's Well possessed oracular virtues, and seems to have quite believed in its healing powers.

As a test of faith too the well was much resorted to.

“Plunge thy right hand in St. Madron's Spring,
If true to its troth be the palm you bring;
But if a false sigil thy fingers bear,
Lay them the rather on the burning share.”

Bishop Hall went so far as to preach upon the repute of St. Madron's Well in his *Great Mystery of Godliness*; and though the water is in no sense a mineral water, as such are

usually understood, the prelate gives examples of its curative and miraculous virtues, and actually certified the cure of one John Trelille there in 1641.

A few yards beyond the well I came upon a circular hedge or wall of about twenty to twenty-five yards in diameter. This was entered by a sweetly pretty Cornish stile, and within was a roofless building of rudely shaped granite stones—the interior twenty-five feet by 12 feet 6 inches in size, with walls 2 feet 6 inches thick.

This ruin is the remains of the baptistery. The entrance is by the south side, and within, around the walls, are what look like low, long granite benches. The seat on the west side of the enclosure is a slab of granite with an oblong mortice sunk in its centre, intended probably for an image of the saint, and on the north-east corner the wall is rounded into a little circular apartment, the roof being partly still intact, domed, and composed of small granite stones. This circular corner looks very much as if, formerly, the real well was there, but at any rate at the present day the pins are dropped into the well I have described.

St. Madron's Well was reduced to ruins by Shrubsall, that terrible destroyer of all things sacred, who was governor of Pendennis Castle during Cromwell's time.

Since visiting St. Madron's Well I have seen a singularly similar well in France. I was at St. Emilion, near Bordeaux, where the wine comes from, and having visited the wonderful monolith church, went in by the side door to see where the saint, St. Emilion, had lived. I descended the twenty-four steps cut out of the solid rock and leading straight down into the bowels of the earth, and there found myself in a small cut-out chamber or chapel. At the bottom of the stairs on the left is a low wall, and behind this is a shallow well of clear water about two feet deep. On the top of the wall were a lot of large pins, and on asking the boy who held the lamp to light the cave the reason for their presence, I learned that young people visit the well of the saint to learn as to their future and to wish just as they do in Cornwall. Here it seems the way in which the pin falls to the bottom of the well, and whether it crosses another pin already lying there or not, and the length of pin-stem crossed, are the minute details from which the auguries are drawn.



ST. MADRON'S BAPTISTRY



ST. MADRON'S WELL



A long drive from St. Madron's Well, through country roads, and occasionally bordering on market-gardens which supply Penzance, a slight detour down a declivity brings the traveller to Bleu Bridge, which is worth visiting for the beauty of the spot alone, if it had not also as well an interesting relic of antiquity. A stream of water—streams are rare in the Land's End district and therefore noticeable—passes under a simple bridge of one or two large granite monoliths, shadowed by large elms, making an ideal artist's picture. The nettles grow here to a length I have seldom seen excelled, and the place has a somewhat unkempt appearance, as most artistic spots have. The grinding of the machinery in a large flour-mill close by, a few yards up the stream, does not add to the attractions of the spot.

At one end of the bridge, thickly penned in with nettles, is a pillar of granite, six feet high, with this inscription rudely carved on it: "*Quenatavus Icdinui filius.*"

The letters look very old, maybe about the end of the sixth or beginning of the seventh century, and its history is quite lost. It once served as one of the bridging stones, but has been very properly rescued from that position and placed where it now is.

A drive due east, without returning to Penzance, takes us to "Gulval churchtown," for that is the Cornish phrase for a village clustered round a church, through rich pasture-land. The great fertility of this part of West Cornwall is due in large measure to the fertilising effect of seaweed and sea-sand, which are brought up from the ocean close at hand and deposited on the land. In quite early days the value of the salts in sea-sand and weed as manure was appreciated, for during "the time of Richard, King of the Romans and Earl of Cornwall, a grant was made to the Cornishmen to take sand freely out of the sea, and carry it through the whole county, to manure their ground withal, which grant was confirmed by Henry III. This must have been one of their chief ways of improving their land, or there had been no occasion to apply for that grant, which was certainly occasioned by the exactions of owners of land on the sea-coast."

Gulval Church stands in one of the prettiest churchyards in Cornwall. Flowers bloom here in profusion, and the

brightness, even brilliancy, of the blooms takes away all feeling of sombreness in visiting this delightfully reposeful and shady spot where

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

In fact, it is one of the most beautiful and typically English God's acres one can see. Gulval Vicarage sub-tropical garden is one of the brightest and best in this country.

The church has been restored inside, and is rather richly decorated with a tomb to the William Bolitho family, quite modern and very expensive-looking. The font is of granite, and placed nearly in the centre of the interior, and not near the door, as is usual. The octagonal pillars of fine granite monoliths on the south side of the church are old and plain, but those on the north are of some yellow freestone—a singular instance of marked incongruity.

The bells are old, and bear dates 1600 and 1640. One says: "Ile . Ring . Allways . My . Makers . Prayes . 1675." Between each word is stamped the head of Charles the Second, with the lettering "Carolus II. Dei Gratia."

On the wall of the belfry this quaint rhyme appears :—

"Good sirs ! our meaning is not small
That, God to Praise, assemblies call ;
And warn the sluggard, when at home
That he may with devotion come,
Unto the church and joyn in Prayer ;
Of Absolution take his share.
Who hears the bells, appears betime,
And in his seat against we chime.
Therefore I'd have you not to vapour,
Nor blame ye lads that use ye clapper
By which are scar'd the fiends of Hell,
And all by virtue of a Bell."

Gulval is called *Lamieschi* in the taxation of Pope Nicholas, and in another old manuscript *Lanesely*. *Lan*, a church, and *shei*, low—the low church—agrees with its situation, for it lies on the low land running down to Marazion, along which strip the Great Western line runs to Penzance.

The church was dedicated to St. Gudvall or Gunwall—the spelling of these old saints' names is as indefinite as their identity—a Briton who was born in Wales about A.D. 500. He, it is said, collected eighty-eight monks in a little isle



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BLEU BRIDGE AND MENHIR



GULVAL FONT

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called Plecit, and when he left his island hermitage, came to Cornwall by sea and afterwards became Bishop of Brittany.

It is remarkable how many saints came to Cornwall by sea. They mostly came from Ireland: the high-class, superior saints on sacred articles such as altars; the lesser on other utensils which were rendered floatable for the temporary purpose.

A very old Celtic cross, discovered in the neighbourhood, has been placed on the west of the south door of the church, on the grass plot in the angle there formed by porch and church wall. An inscribed tall stone has also been preserved at the same place, as well as an ancient granite menhir, which was discovered in the chancel wall in September, 1885.

The principal village of Gulval parish is called Chyan-dower, close to Penzance town. Here is a well, named Gulfwell, or the "Hebrew Brook" (evidently so named after Jews, concerning which we have something to say later on in connection with Marazion, or Market-Jew), which was, according to Borlase, once attended by an old crone, whose death he speaks of in his time as recent. The water of the well was deemed oracular. It was consulted for such purposes as the recovery of lost cattle or stolen goods. The question being put before the old sibyl, the well answered at her powerful invocation. In place of the rapping of modern spirits, in those days the answers were obtained by observing the bubbles in the water. Human nature varies little in different ages; only the mode of expression changes.

From the simple little churchtown of Gulval we go on to the churchtown of Ludgvan.

Ludgvan parish lies about three miles north-east from Penzance, and borders on Gulval, further inland. Here was born the noted Dr. Oliver, of Bath, and where can one go without meeting the famous Bath olivers? A parish which gave birth to so great a man is surely amply rewarded for its hosts of nonentities which have passed the parish bounds. But not content with the biscuit celebrity, Ludgvan is also connected with Dr. William Borlase, so well known as the historian and antiquary of his native county. He was born at St. Just, but he was incumbent of Ludgvan

for fifty-two years, and was buried here. He was an indefatigable student of the natural history and antiquities of Cornwall, and died in 1772 in his seventy-seventh year.

Dr. William Borlase dedicates his Plate XXI of Cromlechs in his *Antiquities of Cornwall* thus: "To William Oliver of Bath, M.D., F.R.S. This Plate, engrav'd at his Expence, is with great respect inscrib'd by Wm. Borlase." Nearly all the full-page illustrations in this large quarto volume are similarly dedicated to individuals each "engrav'd at his Expence," so that the learned Cornish historian and antiquary thereby considerably lessened the cost of production which he had to pay, and at the same time pandered to the vanity of his patrons. Dr. Oliver, Bath biscuits, and cromlechs may therefore be associated together—certainly a curious mixture.

The granite pillars on the north side of the church of Ludgvan lean outwards and are ribbed with rounded corners. On the south they are of the same stone, but are now covered with salmon-coloured plaster, as are the walls of the edifice. Remains of a rood-loft door are visible on the north wall near the chancel. Two old monumental tablets on the north wall attracted my attention. I found each was of oak wood painted white, with black lettering upon it, in the old English black style of writing. That on the west was to one "Catherine the wife of Nicholas Davey Yeoman," who was buried July 18th, 1635. Then followed this on the board:—

"Death shall not make her memory forgott
Her virtues were to greate to bee forgott
Earth hath her earth which must yield it up againe
Heaven hath her Soul, where it must there remain.
The world her worth to blazon forth her fame.
The poor relieved do honour still her name
Earth, Heaven, World, poor do her immortalise
Who dying lives, and living never dies."

A monument in the chancel on the south side is to Robert Davy, of Varfell, and "Grace his Wife," "parents of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., Late President of the Royal Society, etc., etc., who died at Geneva the 29th of May, 1829, and was buried there."

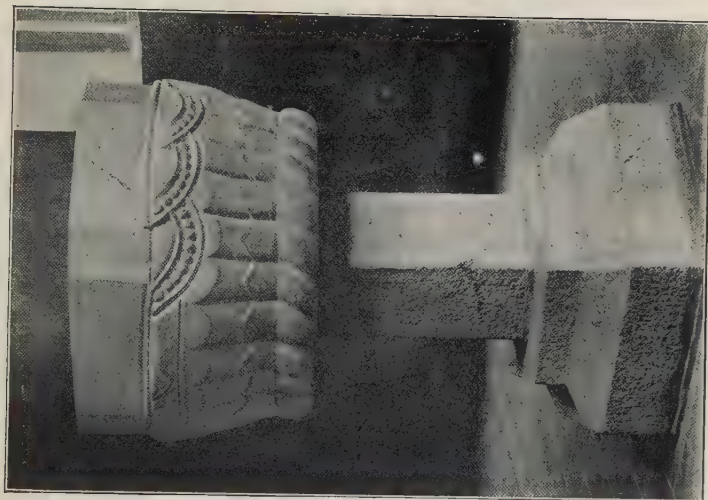
Other monuments of the Davy family in Ludgvan Church date back to 1635.

On the north of the chancel is a monumental stone to



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"Gul. Borlase, L.L.D., R.SS., obt. XXXI Aug. A.D. MDCCLXXII, Æt. LXXVI."

By the side of Dr. Borlase's monument is a piscina, supported by the head in bold relief of a very flat-faced man, whose nose-tip is hardly on a level with his cheeks.

A small brass (8 inches wide by 11½ long), high up above one of the pillars on the north side of the church near the chancel, I got up to with some difficulty, and read that it recorded the death, not at sea or in a war, of one Chr. Borlase "by a Fever" on the coast of Guinea, February 21st, 1749.

The font of Ludgvan is one of the most beautiful in the Land's End district. It is very early English, surrounded with the tooth moulding essentially a feature of early English fonts. It is traditionally reported that a patron saint of a well at Ludgvan laid his spell upon the water, so that whosoever should be baptised in this font should never come to the gallows tree, with the very satisfactory result that no Ludgvan man has ever suffered the last dread extremity of the law. It is further said the inhabitants of this neighbourhood take away in bottles water which has been used in the font, so that their children at a distance may obtain the benefits.

Wisely rescued from destruction and attached to the wall on the north side of the church behind the organ, is a large slab of thick slate, nearly six feet long by three feet, which has engraved upon it the design of five children in relief, with hands folded in prayer, three girls and two boys, all kneeling. The parents are double the size of their offspring, and the whole family clad in Elizabethan clothing of frills, high stomachers and full skirts. The date is 163 . (last figure chipped off) and the wording begins :—

"Here lyeth the bodye of John Sovth Mr. of Arts
who died Rector of this parish ye 6th Daye
of October in the yeare of our Lord God 163 ."

and then follows a long verse of poetry.

The churchyard has an old Celtic cross near one of the entrances, which has some carved stones on either side and stone benches; and at another entrance-gate is the head of a smaller old stone cross. The church has six bells, one

of which is inscribed : "WM. Borlase, Rector, 1722," and another "Soli Deo Gloria," "Pax in Terris."

Ludgvan has also an interest to the naturalist. The last wild wolf seen in England was captured at Rospeith in this parish.

From Ludgvan the road to Marazion, or Market-Jew, lies nearly due south till the Great Western Railway is crossed at a level crossing, and then on the seaside it turns to the left or east.

The long straggling street composing Marazion is drearily unattractive, the place being a small, even tiny, semi-suburban seaside resort, nearly a suburb of Penzance. The only interest it has nowadays is its proximity to St. Michael's Mount, to which it is attached by a causeway available for pedestrians before and after low water.

But the past history of Marazion is of interest, and it is unfortunate we know so little about it which is reliable.

The name is remarkable, and like that of Mousehole, provokes inquiry of even the dullest witted.

Marazion was formerly known by the name of Market-Jew, a name around which a great storm of controversy has raged. Carew calls the place Market-Jew, Marchas-diow, or the Thursday's Market.

Writing in connection with this subject about 1602, he says the Cornish "maintain these works" (that is the mines) "to have been very ancient, and first wrought by the Jews with pickaxes of holm, box and hartshorn; they prove this by the names of those places yet enduring, to wit Attall Sarazin, in English the Jews' offcast, and by those tools daily found amongst the rubble of such works. And it may well be, that as acorns made good bread, before Ceres taught the use of corn; and sharp stones served the Indians for knives, until the Spaniards brought them iron; so in the infancy of knowledge these poor instruments, for want of better, did supply a turn." And then he goes on to say: "Neither were the Romans ignorant of this trade, as may appear by a brass coin of Domitian's found in one of these works, and fallen into my hands: and perhaps under one of those Flavians the Jewish workmen made here their first arrival."

Polwhele writes: "Mr. Whitaker says the Jews were formerly very numerous in Cornwall; attracted by the lucrative commerce of tin, and engaged in managing the mines of it. In the windows of the church of St. Neot there are several pictures relating to some particular traditions of the Jews, which are exactly delivered in a Cornish book, now in the public library at Oxford. It is probable they had these traditions immediately from the Jews themselves, who were here in great numbers about the tin. This is in the east of the county. In the west we have an evidence still more remarkable. We have a town denominated expressly from the Jews, Marazion or Market-Jew; Marghas-Jewe being in its charter of the 37th of Elizabeth described as a trading town of great note before it was taken and destroyed by the traitors of Edward the 6th; Markesion or Markasion, as denominated in the endowment of the Vicarage of St. Hilary, A.D. 1261, and in the Bishop's approbation of it, A.D. 1313, being evidently Marghas-Sion; and both appellations being apparently derived to the Cornish, from the relation of its inhabitants to the Sion of Jerusalem, and from the Jews who had established a Marghas, Marhas, or Market in it."¹ That the Jews were once the monopolists of the tin of Cornwall there is the strongest tradition in the Land's End district of the county.

When the miners discovered the remains of an old smelting-place for tin they always called it a Jews' house. Old blocks of tin too have been occasionally found of a peculiar configuration, and are called Jews' pieces. The stream-works of tin that have been formerly deserted by the labourers are now styled in English Jews' works, and were used to be styled in Cornish Attal Sarasin, or the leavings of the Saracens.

Max Müller in his *Chips from a German Workshop* (1870) devotes no less than thirty-one pages to answering the question "Are there Jews in Cornwall?" With true Teutonic thoroughness and with irritating detail, he discusses this question, and throws doubt upon all the other authorities who have ever written on the subject before him. He concludes that the evidence of there having been Jews in Cornwall is not conclusive. "After thus looking in vain for any truly historical evidence," he says, "in support of Jewish settle-

¹ Polwhele's *Cornwall* (1816), Vol. I, p. 190.

ments in Cornwall, I suppose they may in future be safely treated as a 'verbal myth,' of which there are more, indeed, in different chapters of history, both ancient and modern, than is commonly supposed." He evidently considered that his researches and theories had absolutely settled the question he asked at the beginning of his long chapter, and that the answer was No, for he says concisely, "Thus vanish the Jews from Cornwall."

But I by no means think the question *is* settled, in spite of the cocksureness of the erudite German. A great deal can be said in favour of the popular and deeply seated traditional accounts, and it is not improbable that even now documentary evidence may turn up at any moment confirmatory of the prevalent opinions.

One of the many reasons for causing one to support the theory that Jews did come to this part of Cornwall at some distant and no doubt uncertain date, and one which has been quite overlooked by all writers on the subject, is the prevalence of Jewish traits of character, which are often cropping up, and of the marked Jewish physiognomy among the people of West Cornwall. There are very clearly marked casts of countenance, exceedingly permanent in character, which in all ages and in all countries are associated with the children of Israel. I have noticed several such myself in the west of Cornwall, and Mr. Lach-Szyrma tells me he too has often observed them, and he illustrated the statement by telling me that a fisherman of Newlyn sat frequently to artists for St. Peter, he having an absolutely typical and unmistakably Jewish face, and his daughter was likewise an equally obvious Jewess. These atavistic facts seem to have been unknown to Max Müller, or, if known to him, to have been passed by as of no account, and yet they seem to me to be of the greatest importance. He was always more of an arm-chair philosopher than a practical observer, and his actual personal knowledge of Cornwall was quite ephemeral.

These Jewish features, these Jewish traits of character could only have come from Jews.

"The name Market-Jew," says J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S., "has nothing to do with the Hebrew race. It merely means 'the market on the ridge of the hill.'" Thus we see, even

among the scientific, opinions differ very considerably. It is usually so with expert evidence.

In speaking of the past history of the tin mines Borlase assumes as a known fact that the Jews had to do with the mines, for he says: "In the time of King John (King John being at this time also Earl of Cornwall) the property of the tinnners precarious and unsettled, and what tin was raised was engrossed and managed by the Jews, to the great regret of the Barons and their vassals." And: "In the time of his son Richard, King of the Romans, the Earl of Cornwall, the Cornish mines were immensely rich, and the Jews being farmed out to him by his brother, Henry III, what interest they had was at his disposal; at the same time the mines in Spain were stopped from working by the Moors, and no tin being as yet discovered in Germany, Cornwall had all the trade of Europe for tin, and the Earl the almost sole profit of that trade. This Prince is said to have made several tin laws; but matters soon declining into disorder where the prince has too much, and the subjects little or nothing, and the Jews being banished the Kingdom in the 18th of Edward 1st, the mines were again neglected for want of proper encouragement to labour and security to enjoy and dispose of the products of that labour."¹

Concerning this great Cornishman, scientific observer and antiquary, Max Müller writes: "It is a pity that Dr. Borlase should not have given his authority, but there is little doubt he simply quoted from Carew." I venture to say that this is merely a conceited German assumption. On such an essentially Cornish matter, Dr. Borlase is, to put it mildly, just as worthy of credit and likely to be accurate as the German. The former, at any rate, knew Cornwall and its people, and had studied its antiquities vastly more thoroughly than the latter.

Of the old writers, Carew and Camden, the same German iconoclast (for he seems able to destroy and not originate explanatory theories) naturally but surely arrogantly writes: "Here we have men like Carew and Camden, both highly cultivated, learned, and conscientious, and yet neither of them hesitating, in a work of historical character, to assert as a fact what, after making every allowance, can only be called

¹ Borlase, *Natural History*, p. 190.

a very bold guess." The "bold guess" of these, on Max Müller's own statement, "learned and conscientious" savants, most people, I fancy, would prefer to the abstract, wordy, and highly metaphysical imagining of the subtle German brain.

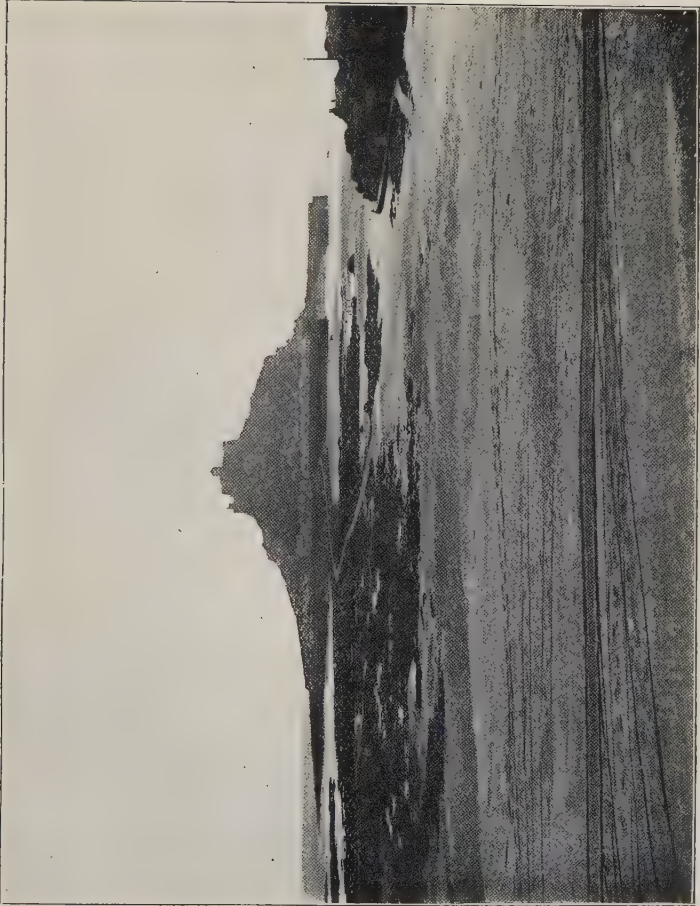
Except as the stepping-stone to St. Michael's Mount, Marazion would never be visited. There can be no question that the view of the Mount from this place is sublime. It is one of *the* views of England. Weirdly pyramidal, and ruggedly uneven in outline, this steep mass of rock rises straight up from the sea as an island when the tide is high. And even when the causeway connects it with the mainland, it is still beautiful, a thing apart, solitary in its grandeur and noble in bearing. No wonder in the early ages A.D., the legends locate here the resting-place of the Archangel who has ever been considered the guardian of seafaring men. Spenser says :

"St. Michael's Mount, who does not know,
That wards the Western Coast."

Carew styles it, "Both land and island twice a day," and nearly every poet of note has more or less alluded to it. The Italian romance writers speak of it, and some antiquaries say it is the Mount Ocrinum of Ptolemy. St. Keyna paid a visit to the Mount, and her nephew St. Cadoc also, about 490. Edward the Confessor founded a priory of Benedictine monks there, and Robert, Earl of Moreton, made it a cell to the abbey of St. Michael in Normandy. About the time of Richard I it came into the hands of one Pomeroy, who fortified it. The St. Aubyn family purchased it about 1660.

The view from the summit of the Mount is extensive ; as Stockdale (F. W. L. Stockdale, *Excursions in the County of Cornwall*, 1824) somewhat quaintly puts it :

"The prospects from the summit cannot fail to raise the most lively emotions, as the eye ranges over a vast range of the ocean, and which appears the more noble, when contrasted with the humble dwellings of the poor fishermen beneath." The comparison between the noble sea and humble dwellings of the poor fishermen, certainly original, is rather amusing.



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT



Everyone at some time or other visits St. Michael's Mount, and a mass of literature good, bad, and indifferent has been written on the historic pile. I should only weary my readers by adding to the mass.

“ Years since, I climb'd Saint Michael
His Mount:—you'll all go there
Of course, and those who like'll
Sit in Saint Michael's Chair:
For there I saw, within a frame,
The pen—O heavens! the pen—
With which a Duke had sign'd his name,
And other gentlemen.”¹

In such light style does the great satirical poet of the Victorian era hit off, if not the salient features of St. Michael's Mount, at any rate the characteristics of most of the visitors thereto.

¹ “Precious Stones” in *Fly Leaves*, C. S. Calverley.

CHAPTER XXII

ROMANS IN CORNWALL

THERE is singularly little evidence of any real Roman occupation of Cornwall. In other counties of England, where it is known the Romans actively ruled, villas, camps, roads, stone coffins, tessellated pavements, and baths, etc., are found. Not so in Cornwall. Roman roads in Cornwall are conspicuous by their absence, and it is well known that the first duty of a Roman general on conquering a country was to make straight roads for the passage of troops. That there passed a road west of Exeter to Totnes we learn from Robert of Gloster (time of Henry III), when speaking of the four great Roman roads. There is also some slight evidence that a road ran as far as the River Fal, but we have no proof that any regular Roman road ran to Land's End. Indeed, I find Carew (1602) noticing the absence of Roman roads in Cornwall: "for highways, the Romans did not extend theirs so far."

Most likely the Roman galleys put into the ports of Penwith, and the Damnonii submitted to the invading legions without a contest, purchasing peace by a tribute, paid perhaps in tin ingots, while the officers, viewing the rugged nature of the coast, were not sufficiently attracted by the scenery to care to reside there.

Scenery, beautiful landscapes and seascapes in the simple, exquisite reality of nature, had little or no influence on the military-trained minds of the Romans. They certainly understood art, admired sculpture and cultivated sculptors. That was because they had an appreciation of art, not nature. Many a person in these days, too, loves to wander through picture gallery after picture gallery; will spend days and days walking miles amid the pictures of Antwerp, Florence, Dresden, Bruges, Madrid, and Rome, who would be absolutely bored by sitting quietly down

and taking in day after day the beauties of the Land's End, or the subtleties of the lights and shades as they play upon the Lizard. In none of the old classical writers do you find expressed that keen delight in the beauties of nature which is so associated with modern poets. The Romans of old, especially these soldiers who were sent to conquer distant lands, had no time for such frivolities. They would not possibly have called them frivolities, for they were very serious in all their undertakings. They simply did not recognise the beauties around them; they merely did not see them at all. The Seasons of the famous Arch of Trajan (114 B.C.) at Benevento are represented by nude boys. Even when a landscape is attempted to be portrayed on that wonderful monument of Roman sculpture, nowhere does it for one moment detract from the predominance of the human interest. "So consistently is the scheme carried out that the spectator accepts the strange compromise without the slightest effort of imagination, and becomes entirely accustomed to a toy architecture and landscape among which men move, build, march, and die—offer stupendous sacrifices or receive extensive embassies—like so many Gullivers in a land of Lilliput."¹

The Roman villas (the remains of which we find in this country) are placed in by no means the most beautiful positions. They were built in spots where few in a similar position in the social scale in these days would choose to build a house. Then, too, these Romans who invaded England had come from a very beautiful country—a country abounding in every variety of grand, gorgeously coloured, sublime scenery, so that when they arrived at our rocky shores—especially Cornwall—they were not enraptured at all at the sight. In our own day thousands and thousands of our countrymen go to Italy to enjoy the scenery there, and thousands upon thousands more would do so had they the means for travelling.

So there is no need for surprise in the knowledge that the Romans did not settle in Penwith.

Perhaps, as Mr. Lach-Szyrma says, some unfortunate centurion may occasionally have been sent here for banishment, "but of evidences of Roman civilisation, so common

¹ *Roman Sculpture*, by Mrs. Arthur Strong, LL.D., 1907.

in other parts of England, in Penwith we have next to none."

That being so, it is at first sight strange to learn that an immense number of Roman coins have been found in Cornwall, and particularly Penwith. Borlase in his *Antiquities of Cornwall* (1769) gives several instances. In the sides of Karn-brê Hill, a Mr. Bevan, of Redruth, discovered in 1749, three feet under the surface, the quantity of one pint of copper Roman coins; and a few years before a Mr. Stephens, of the same town, came upon a quart of old coins of the same nation in the same place. "At Tredine (Treryn), the south-west point of Cornwall, there was found," says Leland, "in *hominum memoria*, digging for the fox, a brass pot full of Roman money." On an arm of the sea called "Helford Haven, in the tenement of Condorah, in the spring of the year 1735, were found twenty-four gallons of the Roman brass money," of the age of Constantine and his family. In 1747, about two miles below the seaport of Truro, on a branch of the Falmouth Harbour, in a ditch near Mopas Passage, were found twenty pounds weight of Roman brass coins, most of which were from Gallienus, who began his reign A.D. 259, to Carinus, who with Carus and Numerian reigned about two years, from 282 to 284. In 1807 no less than three hundred coins of Gallienus, Postumus, Victorinus, and Tetricus were found near the Land's End.

Borlase thinks that these finds of large heaps of coins point to them as being part of the military chests of those days. "It being absurd to imagine that even merchants or misers would lay up such a heap of copper farthings (if I may call them so), or carry them from place to place to traffick withal, or that any but the Romans could have such a quantity in their possession for the payment of soldiers." From the small value of these coins, and their worn state, Mr. Lach-Szyrma suggests, on the other hand, that they might be miners' wages, or remains of Roman counting-houses.

But be that as it may, the curious question remains, why did the owners of these masses of coins bury them? Odd coins, which have been found all over Cornwall, can easily be accounted for—they may have been accidentally

dropped or lost. But when you come to gallons found together, as at Mopas and Condorah, the solution is not so simple and is worth considering. The solutions which have been advanced are interesting, as showing, at any rate, the truly wonderful resources of antiquaries. Some have suggested that the Romans buried their money in order to perpetuate their glory and the memory of their conquests—in other words, to make themselves poor that they might benefit some future finders.

Mr. Speed thought that the Romans buried their money when they took their last farewell of the country—an explanation I venture to think equally unsatisfactory. It is also probable that in those troublous times copper, brass, and bulky coins were hurriedly buried in the confusion arising from sudden attacks, plunderings of camps, and even war alarms. The gold and silver coins would naturally be secreted about the person and so are never found in bulk. Maybe the Roman commanders, when returning home, thought it not worth while to take back the bulky coins to Rome, as they could get plenty more struck off there to pay the soldiers, and so buried those they had left over before leaving England. Among the inhabitants here they would have been of no use as currency, as they were not negotiable. Such are some of the explanations for these curious finds, and there may be others which I know not of. In all probability these burials of coins in bulk may have been due to more than one cause. There is one very Roman-looking antiquity in Cornwall, and that is the Plan-an-Guâre, or amphitheatre, which seems to me, at any rate, to owe something to the influence of the Romans, an example of which is, as we have seen, at St. Just.

If it be true that clotted cream is made nowhere in the world but in Cornwall, Devon, and Phœnicia, the fact is significant—pointing to early intercourse between the Cassiterides and the natives of Tyre and Sidon. It is more probable that the Phœnicians brought the art of making this delectable delicacy to Cornwall when they came to trade for tin. That Brittany, however, has also the art of scalding cream might be expected, from the common Celtic origin of the two peoples. Devon, of course, borrowed the idea from Cornwall: such a delicacy could not long be

restrained by Tamar's stream. The use of saffron in cakes at Easter-time in Cornwall looks very Oriental in character, and is not improbably a remnant in some way or other of the early trading and intercourse between the East and the county, the interchange of ideas between Romans and Celts.





PAUL CHURCH

CHAPTER XXIII

PAUL, MOUSEHOLE, NEWLYN

THE church of Paul stands on the brow of the hill just over the village of Mousehole. From the sea it is a distinct landmark, as the steamer to Scilly coasts along the shore before striking off to the Isles.

The two most remarkable features about Paul Church seem to be the pillars which hold up the roof and the monument placed in the wall of the churchyard to the famous Dolly Pentreath, who is commonly said to have been the last speaker of the old Celtic Cornish tongue.

The pillars of the chancel, eight on either side, are made of blocks of granite, each a monolith, shaped octagonally, and 5 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, supporting plain round arches, and the curious feature about them is that they all slope considerably and quite noticeably outwards.¹ This leaning tendency imparts an enhanced idea of the length of the church when seen from the west end, and was probably so intended to do. But the construction has necessitated five ties of square iron rods right across the nave to keep the roof in place.

The other feature which brings so many visitors to see the church—the monument to Dolly Pentreath—is concerned with the extinct Cornish tongue, and deserves a chapter to itself.

The church, like other churches in the Land's End district, is not lofty, and the square, rather shapely tower has the same generic features as the neighbouring churches.

Some attribute the name of the church to St. Paulinus, Archbishop of York, who shortly after the landing of St. Augustine in Kent was sent to preach the gospel in

¹ I came across, in Galicia, in Spain, a church whose pillars all lean similarly outwards, but very much more than here. The church is Santa Maria de Sar, just outside Santiago. See the *Antiquary*, 46, Nov., 1910.

Yorkshire. Some say that it was named in honour of St. Paul de Leon, a native of Cornwall. He was also an eminent Breton saint, and Bishop of Leon. The cathedral of S. Pol is named after him. He was cousin-german to St. Malo, of S. Sampson, Bishop of Dol, in Brittany. The Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma informed me that in his opinion this was the most likely origin of the name.

But there is a third claimant to the honour of being the patron saint—the famous British Pawl-Hên, the founder and abbot of Whitland, in Carmarthen, and one of the most eminent theological teachers of the ancient Welsh.

In the “Valor Ecclesiasticus,” time of Henry VIII, the name of the church is spelt Poule, and in the taxation of Pope Nicholas, A.D. 1291, it is entered as “Ecclesia Sancti Pauline.” The church formerly belonged to the Abbey of Hayles, in Gloucestershire.

The general consensus of opinion is against the idea that St. Paul of the Pauline epistles ever visited these islands. Had he done so, in my humble opinion he would surely have written an “Epistle to the Britons,” for his journey to the northern isles would have been a much more adventurous and hazardous one than any of those he has given us an account of.

Still, a great controversy has taken place on the subject, many people seeming to wish that St. Paul had come to England, especially to Cornwall, and that the church near Mousehole was really dedicated to the great Apostle of the Gentiles. To support their extremely slender theory they bring forward, as is usual in such purely academic disputes, arguments that are more amusing than convincing. In *Cornish Notes and Queries* several of these arguments are set forth. “From the time that he was set at liberty at Rome,” writes one critic, “A.D. 63, until he was beheaded at Rome under Nero, there was an interval of five years, during which time we hear nothing about him. ‘From the very beginning of his ministry,’ says Blunt, ‘he journeyed westward, and now from Rome he goes on to Spain, and Clemens Romanus, his contemporary, expressly affirms that his travels extended to the limits of the west. What became of him, whither he went from Spain, is a mere matter of conjecture.’ There was at least presumptive

evidence that he took ship for these islands in the far west and landed in Cornwall, and preached and taught on the promontory—ever since, for that reason, called Paul.” Another writer, following on the same side, thinks there is no historical record to make it improbable that the Apostle Paul might have visited Britain. After his conversion at Damascus and his escape in a basket, it was three years before he joined himself to the disciples of Jerusalem and had intercourse with Peter, and then remaining a fortnight, was absent again for fourteen years. Thus, this critic says, there was ample time for visiting Britain. Paul too “being a tent-maker, and a large body of Roman soldiers being stationed in Britain, his business might have conducted to his support, as well as opened intercourse between him and them.”

The churchyard is entered by two old stile-gates of the stepping-stone species. Each of these entrances has a stone bench-seat on either side, and the spaces below the stepping-stones have been considerably levelled up with earth. The main-entrance lych-gate is at the south-west end, and in the centre is a low bench of long, narrow granite upon which every coffin has been rested from time immemorial before it enters the edifice. This stone and custom are common to nearly all the churches of Land’s End and have doubtless some symbolic significance.

There is some indication of lettering on this long stone which I endeavoured in vain to discover.

Over the porch a slate sundial has the hour figures coloured red, and the dial is surrounded by a conventional figure of old man Time with regulation wings and scythe. The remains of a niche above the church door, inside the porch, show where doubtless the figure of the Virgin Mary once stood.

A few feet to the west of the main stile, leading to the porch, flush with and forming part of the wall of the churchyard, is a grand old Celtic cross well worth studying. It is of the “holed” description, with a crucifix on the face fronting the road, the toes of the figure being close together; on the reverse are five bosses in relief, emblematic of the five wounds of our Saviour. The labour of cutting an elaborate cross like this, boring four holes through the thick

stone, in this exceptionally hard granite, must have indeed been great in those days when tools were very primitive and inefficient.

The lych-gate or stile at the east end of the churchyard has a granite bench on either side, and in the wall by its side is the tall monument to Dolly Pentreath.

The church is Perpendicular in architecture and at one time had this inscription upon it: "The Spanzer burnt this church in the year 1595."

In the parish register it is recorded that "the church, tower, bells, and all other things pertaining to the same, together with the houses and goods, was burnt and spoilt by the Spaniards."

At the same time the Spaniards burnt the villages of Moushole and Newlyn. The ridiculous prophecy of Merlin, to which I refer later on, seems to have made the inhabitants panic-stricken. They seem to have taken the destruction of their belongings as inevitable. Sir Francis Godolphin failed to inspire them with courage in order to resist the invaders—certainly not more than two hundred. Penzance too was awe-stricken and gave no help to the neighbouring villages, which was accounted so glaring an example of cowardice that the proverb has passed into the rank of local sayings, "Not a word of Penzance!"

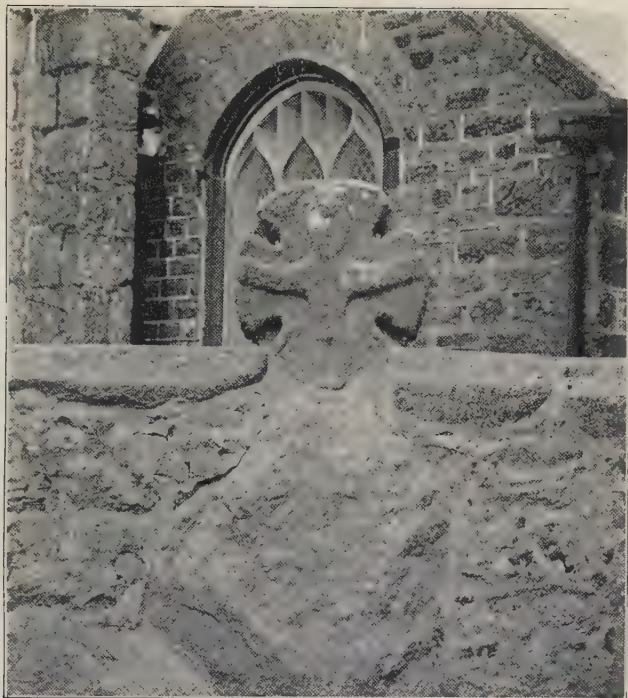
I think it not at all unlikely that another Cornish rhyme arose about the same time:—

"Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And come again another day;
When I brew, when I bake,
You shall have a figgy cake,
And a glass of brandy."

The old church of Paul is represented only by an arch in the north aisle and the porch. The tower was most likely rebuilt with materials from the former one.

The tower has a set of three bells, cast by A. Radhall, of Gloucester, 1727. The inscription on the tenor bell is: "I to the church the living call, and to the grave do summon all"; the second bell has upon it: "Prosperity to the Church of England"; and the treble: "Prosperity to the parish."

Considering that Cornwall had a language of its own which has practically only recently died out, it is surprising



CELTIC CROSS, PAUL CHURCH

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OLD GRANITE CIDER PRESS IN WALL

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that many monumental inscriptions are not extant in Celtic, but such are exceedingly rare. Paul Church, however, contains one inscription to Captain Stephen Hutchins :—

“ Bownas heb dueth Eu poes Karens wei
Tha Pobl Bohadzak Paull han Egles nei.”

On the wall at the north-east end of the church, rather high up near the roof, is an elaborate monument to one of the Godolphins, with the steel breastplate and some ancient armour suspended around it.

The hill—Paul Hill—going down from the church of Paul to the quaint old-time fishing village of Mousehole below is steep, and the road is not of the best quality. A high hedge bounds it on either side of the usual Cornish description—a thick wall with trees and vegetation on the top. On the left-hand side going down near the bottom in the hedge is a curious cross different from any others in this part of Cornwall. The three arms—top and wings—are of single pieces of quite flat granite rounded off at the ends, and the centre square piece is separate and of whitish marble. It stands on a two-step basement of granite and is 5 feet 4 inches high.

Picturesque and odoriferous is Mousehole. Loved by artists for its nooky corners, higgledy-piggledy arranged, or rather disarranged, cottages and oddments of fishermen's abodes, its steep, lane-like streets in steps, its subtile bits of greenery here and there visible over walls and up courts and alleys, its bronzed-faced, sturdy fishermen, its gorgeous colouring of blues, purples, and lakes as seen on the water of its harbour, always tenanted by black-hulled, first-class sea-going fishing-boats.

One of the most charming of the many pleasant vistas and peeps one gets in Mousehole is that looking up a steep, narrow alley rejoicing in the name of Mount Pleasant, which irresistibly recalls the main street at Clovelly, but with not so many steps. Gulls are usually to be seen on the ridges of the houses, attracted by the oddments of fish, they regularly scavenging these Cornish fishing villages. That indescribable smell of pilchards and of pilchard-oil is always present. So used do your olfactory nerves get to it, that at last you cease to notice the aroma unless after a ramble in the country.

Artists abound here, as at Newlyn. You turn a corner—one of the many sharp ones revealing sudden beauty of old cottage and delicious colouring; and at once nearly stumble over an easel. I suppose no exhibition of pictures of any note in London has been without specimens of seascapes, harbour views, or cottage picturesquenesses from Mousehole, or its neighbour east—Newlyn. The boys in the lanes and little alleys stop at once and pose as you take a photograph. They know all about posing, having “sat” so often as models. In fact, they suggest to you good “views” and offer to go and sit or stand at the right “spots.” The time is surely not far distant when our young artists will have to seek fresh fields and pastures new if they desire to portray nature uncontaminated by artificiality.

A small cul-de-sac in Newlyn leading from one of the main ways is a little nest of artists’ studios. Four or five cluster there, and six or seven more are close at hand. The entry formerly was nameless, but Mr. C. MacIver Grierson, R.I., Mr. Fred. M. Evans, and the late Edwin Harris named it *Rue des Beaux Arts*, and Mr. Grierson painted the sign-board and affixed it to Tonkin’s cottage at the entrance. In such strange ways do street names arise. Little bits of civic history like this are always worth recording.

When Mr. T. C. Gotch, R.B.C., R.I., first visited Newlyn, in 1879, there was then resident in the place Mr. Henry Martin, a painter, who left in 1884, after having resided in the village about twenty-five years. Mr. Martin built the first studio in Newlyn, and did a great deal to accustom the fisher folk to the ways of artists. Among the artists who were constant summer visitors at that time were Mr. R. H. Carter, Mr. Matthew Hale, R.W.S., Mr. E. M. Wimperis, R.I., and Mr. W. A. Breakspeare. In 1881 Mr. W. J. Wainwright, R.W.S., was at Newlyn for a time, and other Birmingham artists; also Mr. F. Millard. In 1884 Mr. Walter Langley, R.B.C., R.I., was the tenant of Pembroke Lodge, and in that year Mr. Edwin Harris succeeded Mr. Martin at Cliff Castle. In the same year Mr. W. Ayerst Ingram, P.R.B.C., R.I., was at Newlyn for a few months, also Mr. Norman Taylor, R.W.S., and Mr. W. B. Fortescue, and in the winter Mr. H. S. Tuke, R.A., R.B.C., A.R.W.S. The first Newlyn artist to make a marked success was Mr.

Walter Langley, and his work was done at Newlyn in 1882 or 1883, and made a sensation at the Institute. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A., R.B.C., arrived at Newlyn, I believe, either in the autumn of 1884 or in 1885, and his "Fish Sale" marked an epoch in British art. It was the first recognition by the Royal Academy of what was then the new movement in art.

Mr. Frank Bramley, R.A., R.B.C., and Mr. Fred. Hall, R.B.C., came to Newlyn about 1884-5, also Mr. Frank Bourdillon and Mr. Chevalier Taylor, R.B.C. Mr. Norman Gartstin, R.B.C., arrived about 1886, and Mr. Percy R. Craft, R.B.C., in 1885 or 1886. Since then there have been many artists who have come and gone.

The name of this place, Mousehole, always provokes comment and questioning, often merriment. It is a funny name for a village. The names of most places are passed by and accepted as a matter of course. Mousehole is a distinct exception to the rule. Even the most heedless and usually unobservant on arriving at this little fishing village will ask the driver of the trap, "Why is it called Mousehole?" The popular explanations are, as is usual in such cases, many and varied. I have heard the fine fern-lined sea cave at the Battery Point mentioned as the Mousehole whence the name is derived—a big mouse it must have been to select that as its dwelling; but then, no doubt, it was of the giant species now extinct, like the colossal giants who hurled the quoits and holed stones all over the country-side and sat in huge chairs.

The word was probably a corruption of an earlier Celt form, though it was also commonly known among the old Cornish by the descriptive term of Port Ennis, or the Port of the Island (referring to St. Clement's Island, close to it). The old spelling in 1414 was Mosal. It appears as Mosehole in the charter of Edward I. Some suggest "Maid's River," others "Sheep Moor."

Paul Church being considered too far, St. Mary's Chapel was erected under the later Plantagenets. This chapel was built too near the sea, and was demolished in a storm. Hence the appeal of Bishop Stafford in 1414: "As the chapel of Mosal, formerly built in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and situated near a port or creek of the sea, is now by the force of the sea entirely thrown down and

demolished; which while it stood was a mark to the seamen, and which, if rebuilt, might still be the means of the preservation of many sailing into this port or creek of the sea, and as the revenues of the said chapel are by no means sufficient. . . ."

Only one house of the Tudor period now remains of the old Mousehole.

This is the old mansion house with a porch on pillars now the "Keigwin Arms"—a temperance inn. The landlady showed us the interior—for a shilling—and said the rooms were as they always were, which, if true, shows that at Mousehole in those days mansion-dwellers did not dwell in either lofty or large apartments. The old house is a good example of the architecture of the sixteenth century. We saw there two rusty, round iron cannon-balls, a small one and a large one. To one of these is attributed the death of Jenkyn Keigwin, at that time a person of distinction and head of the Keigwin family. Two of the mantelpieces show carvings of escallop-shells¹ and other devices.

One of the Keigwins was noted for his loyalty to King Charles during the Rebellion. He is stigmatised in a letter by one of Cromwell's officers as "a notable Active Knave against the Parliament." Still another of the same family has earned renown. Mr. John Keigwin possessed considerable knowledge of the old Cornish language and wrote some important manuscripts on the subject which are now in the Bodleian Library, and were published by the county historian Davies Gilbert.

The visitor, if observant, cannot fail being struck at Mousehole and Newlyn with the strange, foreign-looking faces of the men and women. The dark eyes, straight and pronounced nose, and regular features generally are unusual in England. I have no doubt these people are descendants of the Spaniards who made descents upon the place and burnt and ravaged the houses and church.

About a quarter of a mile westward from Mousehole a little promontory is reached called "The Battery." There is a small, flat platform here of granite stones on which

¹ For the significance of the escallop-shell, or scallop-shell, see *English Illustrated Magazine*, March, 1912, "A Remarkable Church and Significant Scallop-shell (Barfreston, Kent)."



MOUNT PLEASANT, MOUSEHOLE

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KEIGWIN ARMS, MOUSEHOLE

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cannon were placed after the Spanish descents upon the coast. The view looking back on Mousehole from here is fine. You see the place spread out as a map. In front is St. Clement's Isle, and next it, to the west, is "Merlyn Car," or "Merlin Rock."

A chapel once stood on St. Clement's Isle dedicated to the saint; now a small monument shows up silhouetted against the sea, put up to the late owner of the island. The formation of the island is of slaty felspar of a grand purple colour. Indeed, the geological formations of this part of Cornwall are unusually interesting. At the back of Mousehole pier is seen the juncture of the slate and granite formations, and veins of granite in the slate may be clearly seen here at low water.

It was concerning Merlin's Isle that the Cassandra of the Arthurian times uttered the fearful prediction:—

"Aga syth tyer, war au meyne Merlyn
Ara neb syth Leskey Paul, Penzance, hag Newlyn."

"There shall land on the stone of Merlin
Those that shall burn Paul, Penzance, and Newlyn."

Looking a little farther west as one stands on Battery Point, the eye is charmed with Spanish Point, where it is said that Spaniards landed. The trees clothe it right down to the water's edge and are green and refreshing to look upon.

Far away the Lizard is seen, right in front, a low-lying strip of land bordering the horizon in that direction. The top of St. Michael's Mount is clearly visible against the sky, above the outline of the hills, and with the rocks at our feet—fantastically named the Bible and Prayer Book—a scene of more than usual peacefulness and beauty is disclosed. The walk to Battery Point is well worth taking.

Just at hand, about twenty yards, a path conducts to a cavern about forty feet high simply lined with ferns, amongst which I noticed the sea fern (*Asplenium marinum*). The climb down to the shore in order to get to the entrance of this cave is not so easy, but two iron staples, or handles, firmly affixed to the surface of a bare rock at one difficult spot, aid the enterprising visitor.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ANCIENT CORNISH LANGUAGE

IF there were no other feature about Cornwall to make it deeply interesting, the fact that until comparatively recently it had a language of its own would alone be sufficient to attract the attention of many persons. No other county of England is distinguished in this manner, in which respect it is therefore unique, and to the Land's End district belongs the merit of last retaining this ancient tongue.

The ancient Cornish language was Celtic, allied rather to the Welsh and Armoric branch, and a dialect of that which before the Saxon invasion was common to all Britain. It was more pure and nearer the original Celtic than any of the other languages. In other words, it was Cymric, not Gaelic. In origin not so early as the Irish, but probably older than the Welsh, yet sufficiently like the Welsh and Armoric for the Bretons and Welshmen to talk together; and Scawen, writing at the close of the seventeenth century, says it was the most pleasing of the Celtic tongues, being less guttural, "stored with a sufficient plenty to express the conceits of a good wit, both in prose or rhyme"; or in Carew's words, "not so unpleasant in sound with throat letters," and therefore more elegant and expressive. Carew further says: "Oaths they have not, passed two or three natural, but are fain to borrow of the English. Marry, this want is relieved with a flood of most bitter curses and spiteful nicknames."

In 1746 Captain Barrington had a seaman on board who, speaking his own Cornish language, was readily understood by some French seamen on the coast of Brittany. The names of many places in Brittany show the similarity of the Cornish and Armoric languages, such as Portdavet, Planguain, St. Meen, St. Aubyn, Pontivy, St. Pol de Leon, Penmare, Lannion, Treguier, etc.

Max Müller says of it that "it was a melodious and yet by no means an effeminate language."

Scawen places it in this respect above most of the Celtic dialects. "Cornish," he says, "is not to be gutturally pronounced, as the Welsh for the most part is, nor mutteringly, as the Armorick, nor whiningly, as the Irish (which two latter qualities seem to have been contracted from their servitude); but must be lively and manly spoken, like other primitive tongues."

Though it was spoken very generally in the days of Henry VIII, English had begun to be understood; for Andrew Borde tells us that "in Cornwall is two speeches, the one is naughty Englyshe, and the other the Cornyshe."

About 1584 Norden says that "the Cornishmen have much conformed themselves to the English tongue"; but "that in the western parts of the county the Cornish tongue is most in use amongst the inhabitants." The language made a brave stand for existence, it seems, in the parish of Feock, where its use was so prevalent in 1640 that the vicar, Mr. William Jackman, was under the necessity of administering the Sacrament in Cornish, as his parishioners understood no other language. In the parishes of Paul, St. Just, and Sennen—that is the Land's End district of Cornwall—it was almost universally spoken as late as 1650 by the fishermen, market-women, and tinnerns. The last sermon in Cornish was preached in 1678, in Landewednack Church. The guaries or miracle plays continued, however, to be acted in Cornish for some years after. In 1701, Mr. Ed. Llhuyd, the keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, who died in 1709, writes that every Cornishman could then speak English, and that Cornish was then heard in a few villages at Land's End. In 1768 Mr. Daines Barrington made a complete tour of Cornwall in search actually of the Cornish language, but he could find only one person, Dolly Pentreath, an old fisherwoman of Mousehole, who could speak it fluently, and two or three aged neighbours of hers who understood it.

Peter Pindar gives the story of the interview of Daines Barrington with Dolly Pentreath in this verse:—

"Hail, Mousehole! birthplace of old Doll Pentreath,
The last who jabbered Cornish—so says Daines.
Who bat-like haunted ruins, lane and heath,
With Will o' Wisp, to brighten up his brains."

This old woman, Dorothy Jeffery, better known by her maiden name of Dolly Pentreath, is popularly, though erroneously, supposed to have been the last person to speak Cornish. She was born in or about 1714, at any rate that is the year of her baptism, and she died in 1777 and was buried in Paul Church. Mr. Thompson, an engineer of Truro, who had made the Cornish language his study, wrote the following epitaph upon Dolly, which he circulated among his friends: hence the tale of a tombstone that never honoured her remains:—

“Old Dolly Pentreath, one hundred aged and two,
Deceased and buried in Paul parish too:—
Not in the church, with the people great and high,
But in the churchyard, doth old Dolly lie.”

In Cornish:—

“Coth Doll Pentreath cans ha deau,
Marow ha kledys ed Paul Plêu:—
Na ed an Eglos, gan pobel brâs,
Bes ed Eglos-hay, coth Dolly es.”

A monument to the memory of this old woman was placed on the outer wall of Paul Churchyard on the south side, near one of the entrance stiles. It states that “Dorothy Pentreath, who conversed in Cornish, died in 1777”; and “This stone is erected by the Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte and the Revd. John Garrett, 1860.” The inscribed monumental stone is surmounted by a plain Celtic cross on the two sides and back of the top portion.

From what one can gather Dolly was a bit of a fraud, and if it had not been for the philological zeal of Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte little would be heard of her nowadays. She gabbled to strangers in an unknown tongue for six-pences and shillings; but to say that she was the last that spoke Cornish is to say that a language dies out like the snuffing of a candle, which is absurd. Languages, like nations, die out gradually in the course of time, and there is no precise moment or even exact period when a language or a nation can be said not to be. A writer in *Cornish Notes and Queries* says of the famous Dolly: “I was told a story about her by a very old inhabitant of Paul, who vouched for its truth, as having heard it from his father, and which shows that Dolly was an impudent beggar. It seems that



DOLLY PENTREATH MONUMENT, PAUL CHURCH



Sir Rose Price, of Trengwainton, walking up Paul Hill, was accosted by Dolly, who asked him for money. Sir Rose refused, reminding her that she was in receipt of parish relief and ought not to beg. She persisted, and the baronet angrily refused again and made to pass on, whereupon Dolly darkly threatened to ill-wish him if he did not help her. It would seem that Sir Rose Price was not unsuperstitious. At any rate, on her continued threats, he was at length induced to hand her a coin, doubtless much annoyed, but thankful to have escaped the evil spell of the wicked old woman."

But the best description of Dolly is given by Dr. Borlase, of Castle Horneck, who about the year 1774 writes:—

"Dolly Pentreath is short of stature and bends very much with old age, being in her eighty-seventh year, so lusty, however, as to walk hither [that is to Castle Horneck] above three miles in bad weather in the morning and back again. She is somewhat deaf, but her intellects seemingly not impaired. She does at this time talk Cornish as readily as others do English, being bred up from a child to know no other language; nor could she, if we may believe her, talk a word of English, before she was passed twenty years of age; as her father being a fisherman, she was sent with fish to Penzance at twelve years old and sold them in the Cornish language, which the inhabitants, in general even the gentry, did then well understand. She is positive, however, that there is neither in Mousehole, nor in any other part of the county, any person who knows anything of it, or at least can converse in it. She is poor, and maintained partly by the parish and partly by fortune-telling and gabbling of Cornish."

In 1776 the same traveller, Barrington, produced before the Antiquarian Society a letter written by one William Bodener, a fisherman at Mousehole, in Cornish and English, which is printed in the fifth volume of the *Archæologia*, and in the following year he informed the Society that one John Nancarrow, of Marazion, could then converse in Cornish. In 1790 Dr. Pryce, who wrote a Cornish grammar, said in his preface that the vulgar Cornish was then spoken at the extremities of the county, and he particularly mentions a very old man at Mousehole, then living, who being

on the shore at Morlaix, three score years before, to buy greens, found that he could make his wants known in Cornish and be better understood in that dialect than at home.

William Matthews, of Newlyn, who died about 1786, also spoke the Cornish language later and more fluently than Dolly Pentreath.

The *coup de grâce* was no doubt practically given to the Cornish tongue when, as Scawen says, "our people in Queen Elizabeth's time desired that the common liturgy should be in the English tongue, to which they were then for novelty's sake affected, not out of true judgement desired it." Dr. Moreman, of Menheniot, is said to have first introduced this innovation.

In order that the reader may better see what the Cornish language looked like in print I give the Apostles' Creed as it was formerly used in all the Cornish churches:

"Me agris aez en Du an Tas Allogollogack wresses a neu hag doar; hag en Jesu Chrest, ys nuell mab agan arluth; neb ve concevijis ryb an hairon sperres, genjis ay an Voz Mareea, cothaff orthaff Pontius Pilat, ve crowsye, maraws, hag bethens; of deskynas en the Iffran; hag an Trysa journa ef sevyte arte thort an maraws; ef askynnas en the Neuf; hag setvah wor an dighow dorne ay Du, as Tas Allogollogack; ag en a ef fyth dos the judgge an beaw hag an maraws. Me agris en benegas spirres, an hairon Catholic eglos, an Communion ay sans, an givyaus ay peags, an sevyans ay an corfe, hag an bewe regnaveffere. Amen."

Though the Cornish language is, as a speaking tongue, as dead as the dodo, yet in a certain way it lives. The Rector of Paul told me many of the natives even now use Cornish words. In the names of towns, castles, rivers, mountains, fields, manors, and families, in a few of the technical terms of mining, husbandry, and fishing, Cornish, though dead, yet speaketh. Dr. Bannister has amassed no less than 2400 Cornish proper names beginning with *Tre* (=homestead), 500 with *Pen* (=head), 400 with *Ros* (=moor), 300 with *Lan* (=church or enclosure), 200 with *Pol* (=pool), and 200 with *Caer* (=town or camp). That so many names of Celtic origin should have come down to us is remarkable, and shows the tenacity of the Celtic nature. Danes and

Saxons dispossessed the Celts, and then the Normans dispossessed the dispossessors, and through all the upheavals the old Celtic language survived. The vitality of the Celts is one of the great forces of the world.

The fast disappearance at the present day of the Cornish language as a spoken language, within a few generations after the general introduction of printing, may with some shred of probability be attributed to the shrewd good common sense of the people, their commercial character and employments, and the absence of cisteddfods and other artificial or dilettante contrivances for "keeping above the ground the ghosts of defunct nationalities."

It seems to me a retrograde step to endeavour to resuscitate a dead or a dying language. Civilisation points upward and onward to an ideal uniform language which can be understood of all men. Those who try, I think quite vainly—to reintroduce as a vulgar tongue the ancient Irish language are doing the very worst thing that can be done for Ireland, that is if they at all succeeded. Suppose the poor peasants of Connemara could once again speak only Irish, they would be thrown back centuries of progress.

Academically it is right, proper, and delightful to keep every record of an expiring tongue, but only as a matter of education and antiquarian interest.

And so the Cornish language has gone. Three or four small volumes would contain all that is left to us of the Cornish literature, and these MSS are in the British Museum and Bodleian, and they consist chiefly of mystery plays.

The most important is that by William Gwavas in the British Museum (Addit. MS, 28554). This gentleman, who had a perfect knowledge of the Cornish tongue, was born in 1676, and was buried on Jan. 9, 1741, in Paul Church, where a marble monument was erected to his memory. About 1710 Edward Lhuyd came into Cornwall, where he conferred with Gwavas, Thomas Tonkin, and John Keigwin about the formation of a Cornu-British vocabulary. The upshot of the conference was that a good many proverbs, idioms, mottoes, and sayings were collected and saved from oblivion.

CHAPTER XXV

TOWEDNACK

THE parish of Towednack is a most wild and desolate region, but it possesses an old church of more than usual attraction.

On the way here a pause should be made on the top of Trendrine Hill, eight hundred feet above sea-level, for the view is one of the finest in Cornwall. The sea almost lies right under our feet, and miles and miles of furze-covered hills and fields, spread out like counties on a map, slope away to the edge of the ocean.

The little village of Towednack lies on a flat plateau in a wild tract of country entirely surrounded by low hills mapped out into fields by hedges. The church stands in a lonely position about 180 yards up a by-road. A ditch of water runs round the south side of the church, and there are no less than four stiles, of the stepping-stone order, by which this solitary house of prayer is approached from all points of the compass.

The church is entered by a low porch with a bench-seat on either side, that on the east side being one large granite stone on which is inscribed a cross of a simple though unusual form. It looks very much as if it had once been the stem of an old Celtic cross. The block of granite is 7 feet long, 1 foot 6 inches high, and 10 inches wide.

The arch of the porch outside is composed of two pieces of curved arched granite stones only. This, the simplest form of arch, barely pointed and formed of two stones only, is said to have been introduced into England and the Continent in the time of the Crusades, but it was probably used by Celtic Ireland and Celtic Cornwall long before. The doorway of Teampull Chiarain Church, in the Arran Islands, has, like this church, a beautiful example of the simple construction and common application of the arch

formed of two stones only, which appear, as here, to have been worked from one and then split in the centre.

Above the arch is a small sundial which has this inscription upon it: "1720, Bright Sol and Luna Time and Tide doth hold. Chronodix Humbrale."

The great feature of Towednack Church, however, is the chancel arch, which is of the thirteenth century, very pointed, and consists of two chamfered orders springing from corbels. It is composed of only five granite stones on the north and seven on the south side, the corbels being just five feet from the floor-level.

The church consists of chancel, nave with western tower, south aisle, and the porch we have described.

The tower is unusually low, of local granite, and looks massive. It has been built devoid of any attempt at ornamentation. The string-course and cornice are bold and simple, the battlemented parapet walled in on the east and west sides. The belfry windows are square-headed, so that altogether this tower is admirably harmonious in its dignified solidity and simplicity with the wild and dreary landscape around.

The tower staircase is unusual: it springs direct from the north-west angle of the nave, in the church itself, with five steps, without any newels or winders. The four arches are supported by pillars of granite, each a single block from 3 to 4½ inches high. The walls are plastered and yellow-washed, but the pillars and arches have been left bare and display the plain granite stones. The rafters are painted pale blue and white.

The font is interesting. It stands 3 feet 1 inch high, and is 1 foot 9 inches across the bowl, on a square granite slab 6 inches high. The bowl is octagonal, and on the facets are carvings in relief. These are "I. R.," "W. B.," the other compartments exhibiting two quatrefoils, a conventional lily, and the date 1720, while one is blank. The pedestal of the font is round, with an expanded base, and where the column and the pedestal meet a tooth pattern, with the serrated edges pointing upwards, runs round. This is singular, and it looks very much as if an old Norman font had been inverted and the modern one of 1720 (same date as the sundial over the porch) had been placed

there on the top of its base. The more modern portion is of the peculiar sparkling granite from Ludgvan, whereas the old Norman portion is of stone not found in the district of Towednack.

Close beside the font has been placed a large slab of granite 6 feet 2 inches long by 2 inches thick, on which are incised four small crosses and a larger one in the centre. This interesting relic was found about seven years ago by the churchwarden, Mr. H. Dunstan, and very wisely put by him in the church for preservation. It was probably an altar-stone, and when funds permit it is intended to use it in the church for that purpose in place of the ordinary table.

I noticed that, as in many of these churches in this district, there had been a north doorway, now blocked up. It was rudely constructed, the head segmental, cut out of one granite block.

There was formerly a side chapel, the piscina being still in the wall. The tower hangs four bells. The tenor bell weighs $8\frac{1}{4}$ cwt., and has upon it: "Sancti Spiritus Assit nobis gracia" ("May the grace of the Holy Spirit be with us"). Another weighs $5\frac{3}{4}$ cwt., and is inscribed: "A.D. 1667 R.P." A third, weighing $6\frac{1}{4}$ cwt., is dated: "1774, W. Curnow, R. Baragwanath, Churchwardens." These were all recast with their original inscriptions in 1905, and a new bell added weighing $4\frac{3}{4}$ cwt.

The church had doubtless many carved bench-ends, but two only now remain, and they are most peculiar. They have been worked into a chancel-seat, like the "Mermaid" bench-end of Zennor. On each is deeply carved in relief the profile portrait of a very Spanish-looking man in a felt hat with sweeping curves, mustachios and typical Spanish pointed beard, and has the lettering rudely cut, "Master Mathew Trenwith Warden," the W being strangely formed—XX. On the other side is "James Trehwela Warden." Each bears the date 1633.

These two bench-ends were formerly on pews near the north door, which is now blocked up.

The history of these bench-ends with Spanish Dons on them is unfortunately lost, but then it is not so surprising to find them as may at first seem. Early traffic with the

Phoenicians must always have involved intercourse between this end of Cornwall and Spain ; the very maritime position of Penwith and its good harbours led, no doubt, to the introduction of much foreign blood. This intercourse between Spain and the west of Cornwall may have led to small migrations of Spaniards to the county. At any rate, it has always struck me that many faces about Newlyn, Mousehole, and Sennen are very Spanish in appearance. Some of the old Cornish words also are very Spanish, such as *cariad*, *carided*, charity or benevolence ; *egloz* or *eglez*, a church. In the Elizabethan days particularly Cornwall and Spain had many relations, friendly as well as hostile. So that altogether these Spanish bēnch-ends of Towednack are simply additional proof of what has been long thought by most persons acquainted with both Cornwall and Spain—that there was a considerable connection between the two places.

From an iron chest kept in the chancel, dated 1828, and inscribed “ Messrs. Andrews Stevens and Wm. Rosewall, Churchwardens,” Mr. H. Dunstan produced for my inspection a silver chalice of 1576 which he said had once a cover, so it was reported, but which has now disappeared.

On a tombstone, east of the church, to “ Elizabeth, wife of John Green, Clerk of this Parish, died 1843, aged 33,” is this verse :—

“ Weep not, my child and husband dear,
I am not dead but sleeping here ;
My debt is paid, my grave you see,
Prepare yourselves to follow me.”

On the north side of the church is a tombstone to Lydia Hicckes, daughter of “ Francis and Sarah Hicckes, of St. Ives ; died 1804, aged 5.

“ The Village Maidens to her grave shall bring
The fragrant Garland each returning spring,
Selected sweets in emblem of the Maid
Who underneath the hollow turf is laid.
Like her they flourish beauteous to ye eye,
Like her too soon they languish fade and die.”

Such an old and interesting church as that of Towednack has naturally legends attached to it. When the masons were building the tower the devil came every night and carried off the pinnacles and battlements. Again and again this

work was renewed during the day, and as often was it removed during the night, until at length the builders gave up the work in despair.

It is said in consequence there are no cuckolds in Towednack because there are no pinnacles or horns on the church tower. At any rate, there stands Towednack Church, lonely, in a wild country, with its square, odd-looking tower.

Probably associated with this is the true origin of the Cuckoo Feast. The Towednack feastentide, or parish festival, occurs on the nearest Sunday to April 28th. Once, it is said, Towednack had no feastentide. It is said that a certain inhabitant one springtime invited some friends to a merry-making at his house—evidently a great event in those days, or it would not be recorded. A large log of wood was placed on the open hearth, when no sooner did it begin to crackle and blaze than a cuckoo flew out from a hole in the log. The host caught the strange bird and kept it, and he and his guests resolved to renew their festive gathering every year in future. From this sprang the parochial festival under its odd name of the Cuckoo Feast. It is also called the Crowder's Feast, or Fiddler's Feast, because the fiddler formed a procession at the church door and led the people through the village to some lively tune.

In the Tonkin MSS (f. 36) in the British Museum I came across this origin of the name Towednack: "I take the name of this parish to signify no other than St. Wynnock; for Ta and Da are synonymous terms for Good. It is a dawŕ church a Chappel of ease to Lelant and goes in the same persentation."

These Tonkin MSS, and also the Gwavas, in the British Museum, are well worth the careful study of those interested in the county and in the ancient Cornish language, now quite dead.

CHAPTER XXVI

CORNISH HUMOUR OF THE LAND'S END DISTRICT

THE Celtic blood in the Cornish people makes them not only ardent and vivacious, but also possessed of a keen sense of humour. And there is a good deal of humour to be found in the Land's End district. A simple question may often bring forth an unexpected answer, or even more frequently, another question, showing quickness of wit and repartee.

The old and crusted riddle propounded by an artist-visitor in the old-fashioned sanded parlour of the Success Inn at Sennen Cove, "If a herring and a half cost three-halfpennies, what will twelve cost?" was received with stern, rather ominous silence by the fishermen seated on the ancient settles around. Cornish people are not fond of riddles, and rather resent being asked them. I fancy few people like being asked riddles unless the answers are at once vouchsafed. The artist, simple stranger, thinking it had not been properly understood, repeated the conundrum and then deliberately announced the answer. "Why, of course," said a Pender, "what fules us be, to be sure! Us was thinkin' yew was tellin' about pilchers all the while."

Cornish bulls, like Irish bulls, are not unknown in this far part of England. The Cornish paper which reported an accident on the railway, "A man was run down by the — passenger train and killed; he was injured in a similar way a year ago," perpetrated one of the best bulls we know.

If Coleridge's definition of what constitutes a bull is correct—"A bull consists in a mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas with the sensation but without the sense of connection"—then a bull which seems to be an excellent example of this came from the report of a Benevolent Society in the Land's End district: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid

for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during this year."

I think it was a Cornishman who, when defending the race of bishops in the House of Commons, said, "Bishops are not really so stiff and starchy as some people make them out to be. There is a good heart beating below their gaiters."

During a contested election a candidate in addressing a meeting of his supporters remarked, "If you give these people" (electors on the other side of politics) "rope enough they will certainly hang themselves, and after they have done that it will be our turn."

Which reminds me of what I once heard at Bristol Assizes. The late Mr. Justice Denman, when sentencing three small boys to a small punishment for stealing cigarettes out of a shop, concluded with, "And now I hope you will be good boys for the rest of your life and good men after." I fancy few in court noticed the joke, so naturally did it come out, but I happened to write it down at the time.

The Cornish editor's correspondent was delightful when he wrote: "Will you please to insert this obituary notice? I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death."

A Cornish M.P., and a Cornishman, in a speech on Mr. Asquith's amendment to the Address on the fiscal question, delighted the House when he said, "The Government have no right to throw the fiscal question into the melting-pot, to see who will catch hold of the handle of the ship of State." This was equalled by a Cornish policeman in the police court, who stated to the presiding magistrate, "He was drunk, your honour, and couldn't stand. I told him to go away, and as he wouldn't, I locked him up."

The laugh in another Cornish court was certainly against the examining solicitor, who, thinking to browbeat the witness, severely asked, "Were you present when you heard this?" These are perhaps more examples of mixed metaphors than bulls. A good sample of the former, at any rate, is that of the eloquent town councillor who, getting entangled in the course of a protracted debate, indignantly declared, "It is time we put our foot down with a loud voice."

A witness being asked what he was doing at a certain time at a certain place, puzzled both Judge and Bar by telling the Court very naively he was "eating fair maids and drinking mahogany." Fair maids are cured pilchards (*fumadoes*) and mahogany is a mixture of treacle and gin. No wonder the Court was puzzled!

The Cornishman likes telling stories and with fitting gravity brings out the subtle points, as in this:—

Zac: "Do 'ee b'l'ever et'll bring good luck you, ef you do kip a rabbut's foot en your pocket?"

Jock: "Naw, I doan't. I carr'd wan 'bout with me I did th' day I preposad to my awld wamman."

A clergyman told me an occurrence in his parish which is illustrative of the sprightliness of the Cornish woman. He prepared for confirmation a grandmother, and she was confirmed by Bishop Temple. Mentioning to the Bishop after the ceremony that he had had the unusual experience of confirming a grandmother, the prelate expressed much surprise, as he thought all the fair sex who had passed beneath his hands had been girls, and he had called each "child," not "servant," as is provided in the Prayer Book for such cases. The truth was, my informant told me, this ancient dame had deliberately clothed herself in a white veil and dressed up just like the other girls, saying to the clergyman who prepared her for confirmation, "Why should she be different from the others?" Her figure being lithesome and youthful in appearance had aided her innocently intended deception—though perhaps that is too strong a word to use to express her youthful mental attitude.

A local veterinary, not a qualified surgeon of course, on being asked why he did not send his son, who was following his father's business, up to the Veterinary College to learn his profession properly, answered with a sly wink, "Why, they'd zuck out o' he all he do know."

The proverbs of Cornwall are condensed extracts of common sense put up very neatly. Some of them are full of humour and pleasant conceit. None of them are boorish or brainless.

"Who won't be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock" is a smart allusion drawn from the rocky nature of the Cornish coast.

"The strands of Cornwall, so often covered with wrecks, could not fail to impress on the imagination of its inhabitants the two objects whence they draw this salutary proverb against obstinate wrong-heads."¹

"Time and patience will wear out stonen postes" is a local allusion to the substitute for wood at the Land's End district.

"The tide never goes out so far but it always comes in again" is a local application of a well-known proverb.

"Kissing will never be out of fashion till furze is out of bloom" is a homely proverb drawn from the plant so prevalent all over the Penwith district which supplies warmth in the winter.

"Where cobwebs are plenty kisses are scarce" is a keen conceit and a novel variation of the usual form of this proverb.

"Hurried in mind like Pomeroy's cat" is also another smart one.

"As knowing as Kate Mullet and she was hanged for a fool" is an admirable description of a foolish, conceited person.

"There's no dependence on the moon, as Uncle Jacky Bennetts said when he lighted a lantern on a moonlight night."

"Quietness is the best noise, as Uncle Johnny said when he knocked down his wife."

"Uncle" in all these Cornish proverbs is used as a term of endearment. The term finds a parallel in Andalusia, where the elder bending with age is styled "Tis," which is the same word as uncle.

The humorous element is not wanting in many Cornish stories, as, for example, the following:

A small peasant farmer of St. Just had a difference with a neighbour and went to law. In the course of conversation with his solicitor he suggested the expediency of sending the judge a couple of fine ducks. "Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the solicitor. "If you do you'll lose the case." In due course the case came on and was tried, and judgment was given in his favour. When next he saw his solicitor he said, "I sent in the ducks." Astonishment on the

¹ Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, Vol. III, p. 55, ed. 1858.

part of the lawyer changed to admiration when his client continued, "Aw, but I sent 'em in t'other chap's name."

Another story has its locale at Penzance, but I have come across it elsewhere.

A Penzance solicitor owned a large dog which was addicted to stealing joints of meat from the stalls of the market. One of the butchers who had suffered from the dog's depredations sought an interview with the owner of the dog, when the following colloquy ensued :

"Please, sir," asked the butcher, "could I sue the owner of a dog for a leg of mutton stolen from my stall ?"

"Certainly, my good man," replied the lawyer.

"Then, please, sir, the dog is yours, and the price of the mutton is four shillings."

The money was paid, and the man was leaving the office in triumph when he was called back by these words :

"Stay a moment, my good fellow ; my fee for consultation is six and eightpence. You therefore owe me two and eightpence."

And this sum the discomfited butcher had to pay.

The Cornishman not only has no patience with riddles, but he also resents metaphors, as a certain district visitor in a small town discovered. She was calling at the house of a poor woman whose husband constantly took to drink. "It's a turr'ble trouble, ma'am," the unhappy woman complained. "Many's the time I've 'ad to git out uv bed and trapse over the stairs and open the door to un and ear un to bed, 'e bein' so drunk I cu'd mos' bate 'im to a jelly." "But," protested the district visitor, "you should try gentler means and heap coals of fire upon his head." "Cawls of fire. Fancy that now, and I never thought upon ut ! Many's the time I've thrawed bilin' water over un, but cawls of fire—well !"

The Cornish are devoted to funerals, and they attend all they can. In this respect they are just like their Irish Celtic brethren, who make a great local event of the last rites.

Once a Cornish servant came back very late from a funeral, and gave as her excuse the fact that she had become engaged. "Engaged, Mary !" said her mistress in surprise ; "but you have been to a funeral, have you not ?" "Yes,

ma'am, please, ma'am ! " " Then where have you become engaged ? " " At the tay, please, ma'am, to the corpse's husband ; he said I was the life and saul of the party."

The members of the Western Circuit know how reluctant a Cornish jury is to return a verdict of " Guilty " in a capital case.

In a famous murder trial in Cornwall held in the middle of the last century, a popular surgeon was acquitted of the charge of murdering his mother-in-law, in spite of the overwhelming evidence against him. One juryman said that although he believed that the doctor did poison his mother-in-law, "'twasn't fair to 'ang a young man fur pisonin' an old dumman with one foot in the grave." Another juryman observed, " I bain't fur 'angin' of un, an' I bain't fur lavin' of un go. Can't us put un on the civil side an' give un sax months fur debt ? " " I dun naw nothin' 'bout this yer assenic," remarked a third, " but us was twald th' old dumman was atin' rabbit-pie and inyuns for supper the night 'er died. Ef that didn't kill her, it ought to."

Some years ago *The Times* said that it believed the Yankee drawl was nothing but the nasal intonation of the Cornish, and this was an evidence of the impress Cornwall had made upon the New Continent.

Old English words (used by Shakspere and Milton, and obsolete in other parts of England) are still employed in Cornwall. Shakspere's commentators mark as obsolete *giglots* and *malkin*, yet the woman who observes a party of merry, giddy girls, noticeable for loudness of speech and gaudiness of attire, says, " Dressy bits ! Saucy giglots ! They oft to be ashamed uv theirselves." And another says, " Get to doors, dirty little malkin."

A Cornish provincialism solves the riddle of " char-woman," for she herself says that she will " do any little *chers* for you night or day." *Chers* means jobs.

" Giglot Fair " is still held at Launceston in the first week after Christmas, at which young people in numbers are always to be seen.

Cornishmen are famous eaters, or as they would say in Ireland, they are good trencher-men. A Cornishman from the wilds of the inland at the Land's End came up to London

to visit a friend, who took him out to one of the cheap restaurants in Soho and gave him one of the wonderful eighteenpenny *table d'hôte* dinners. The repast was, as is usual in those Italian restaurants, ample, and the viands various : soup, fish, joint, vegetables, sweets, cheese, and all for eighteenpence. The Cornishman took each course with avidity and great gusto—he polished off everything. When the meal was finished and black coffee had been despatched, the Londoner asked his Cornish friend how he had enjoyed the meal. “ Immensely,” said the Cornishman. “ Have another with me.”

CHAPTER XXVII

SANCREED AND ITS CROSSES

“THE world forgetting, by the world forgot” appropriately sums up the position of Sancreed at the present time. Some day it is not improbable the world may awake to a knowledge of Sancreed’s existence. When it does it will be seen that this remote Cornish village possesses attractions which only require to be known to be appreciated—that is by a certain section of the public. The public that loves hustle and bustle, the roar of trams and the hoots of motors ; that sees nothing unnatural in black carbon pouring out of tall chimneys ; that likes to jostle along crowded streets and look in glaring shop-windows, will never like Sancreed. That is well also for Sancreed.

At present Sancreed lies neglected, and for the pertinent reason that it reposes in peaceful slumber away from highways, thoroughfares, and the busy haunts of men. You cannot take it on the main route anywhere. You have to go out of the ordinary rut of tourists and pleasure-seekers to get there, so that unless you were told what an interesting place it was, in the ordinary course of events you would never visit it.

Between the main road running from Penzance to Land’s End and that from Penzance to St. Just, Sancreed is to be found ; but it requires looking for, just as do sweet violets. If you be fond of exactitude, you may be glad to know that Sancreed lies six miles and a half nearly north-east from Land’s End, and three and a half nearly due west of Penzance.

The Sancreed I have specially in mind is not the whole of the large, bare, down-covered, breezy parish bearing the name, which covers some thousands of acres and contains a very scattered population of less than eight hundred souls all told, but is the sweet centre of the parochial existence





SANCREED CHURCH

of the place, crystallising around and associated with church, vicarage, glebe farm, and school. This perfectly peaceful and restful oasis of the old-time life (some of it very, very old-time, as we shall see), mellowed with memories of the past, as are its ancient church and still more ancient Celtic crosses with venerable grey lichens and other weather-worn evidences of advanced age, is the Sancreed I mean.

The grey granite church, with the vicarage snugly nestling close beside it on the north-west side, is simply embosomed in a grove of sycamore trees, lofty and graceful, from whose feathery summits come the almost never-ceasing "caw, caw" of numberless rooks. From the belfry windows may be seen flitting in and out an occasional jackdaw, and perhaps "amid the sticks and the straw," ends of which protrude and are clearly visible, who knows but one might find a ring or other relic in the nest of "that little jackdaw"?

Opposite the grey-stoned and lichened sacred edifice, just across the road, is the plain, solidly built glebe farmhouse, set well back in a recess from the thoroughfare, with a well in front (now closed in and surmounted with a pump), looking altogether very much like an old-fashioned wayside inn. In fact it used to be an inn, "The Bird in Hand," but some twenty years ago the then vicar relinquished the licence after a man had fallen into the well on his way home, and not being accustomed to cold water, or indeed water of any temperature, had suffered from the immersion. Evidences of its tavern days are still visible inside, though where the old signboard went I know not. The little back parlour, which was formerly the bar, still has affixed to the walls the ancient settles in which sat the local politicians and gossips.

The present occupier of the glebe farm, Mr. Stevens, is warden of the church over the way, and runs the farm chiefly as a butter and poultry producing business, and is himself in perfect keeping with the harmonies of the place. He told me that once he went as far as Truro, whither he had been summoned as a juryman, that being the extent of his wanderings from the Land's End, and when I mentioned the metropolis he replied, "London is not in my district."

Sitting in the deeply mullioned window of the front parlour, one looks across the road upon the churchyard in front of the retaining wall, where the attention is arrested by a small rectangular block of old granite stones with four steps at either end. Mr. Stevens explains that this is the "heaping-stone," which a further query elicits is a variation of "helping-stone." In fact it is the old mounting-stone, a remnant of those days before roads were, and when people came to church on horseback and used the structure for getting upon and off their horses, which during the time of service were stabled at the inn—always close to the parish church. In thought one could imagine fair damsels and buxom dames being assisted to dismount or mount the pillion by attending squires, and the fine opportunity afforded thereby for gallant attentions and glances. Our modern methods of travelling have destroyed much of the charming chivalry of the old days.

But I see "Old John," the sexton, across the way and go out to meet him. He is a character. His venerable physiognomy is a study. He is proud to tell you his portrait appears in the foreground of the painting of *Sancreed Church*, painted by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A. This picture, under the title "October," was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1898. Under his guidance I am introduced to the antiquities of the church, and first he takes me to a new grave at the north side of the churchyard and says, with understandable pride, "Now you stand on the grave of an old woman I buried there a week ago, aged hundred and two." Such instances of longevity are not rare in Sancreed parish, and I do not wonder thereat, for the spot is at a high elevation and most healthy. John revels in ancient tombs, and the burial of aged parishioners. Modern things have no attraction for him. He next showed me a prostrate slate slab near the east window, close to the footpath leading through the churchyard. The tomb is of one Thomas Hosken, who, according to its inscription, was *buried* (it does not say, curiously enough, when he died) "the 16th day of April in the year of our Lord 1742 aged 73 years." The eighteenth century was the day of poetic effusion—at any rate on tomb-

stones. This was no exception. It bears upon it in quaintly incised letters :—

“This world is like the Sea in it we’er tossed
By wind and storms till life it’s self is lost
Whats in’t we use whilst hear we stay till death
Calls for us home and takes from us our breath.”

The word “ death ” was evidently omitted by the carver, and added above the “ till ” in much smaller letters in order to get it in. The spelling of “ hear ” too is noticeable.

But a still more ancient tombstone, of slate also, was brought to our notice by the same antiquary. This stands opposite the fine nine-feet-high old cross, and the only words now decipherable show that it too recorded the last resting-place of a “Hosken,” but in “1666.”

Sancreed Church is of the late fifteenth-century architecture, and has been restored in excellent good taste by Mr. Sedding, so that nothing offends the eye. All the old features have been preserved. The high pews have been cut down, but the bench-ends have been copied in solid oak from the old ones. The panels of the screen (29½ inches long by 6 inches wide) have been replaced in their right position across the chancel, and those which were missing have been replaced by others in keeping with their ancient brethren—all of carved oak. These old panels show signs of colouring, white, red, and blue, as at Buryan and St. Levan, and are grotesque in character. I noticed one with two heads back to back, another exhibited two women’s heads and busts also back to back, in what would be called nowadays extreme décolleté apparel. A grotesque bird like an owl occupies another panel, and next it is a wild-looking goat standing on its hind-legs. A very finely cut head, Spanish in character, with hat, long, pointed beard, and ruff, is very reminiscent of similar carvings on bench-ends at Towednack Church and some other churches in the district.

A long, twisted serpent body with head of Satan is appalling in its directness, and conveys what was believed to be a satanic expression in those far-off days. Then comes a dragon with a forked tail, followed by a panel displaying two serpents entwined down its whole length. A female head and bust and then a grotesque animal of quite indescribable species come before a remarkable panel.

This is a triple man's head, one front face and two in profile, which the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma, in his *Two Hundred and Twenty-two Antiquities in or near Penzance*, briefly mentions as "Symbol of the Blessed Trinity." But I venture to doubt this explanation, for there is nothing about these monstrous faces which can be called by any blessed epithet. I cannot fancy any religiously or devoutly disposed person symbolising the Deity in so grotesque a manner. Then there is a snake formed of a series of links and scales holding in its mouth the neck of a bird like a swan. Next a goat holding in its front crossed legs the stem of a thistle which extends down to the base of the panel.

A clown, most grotesque, is depicted blowing into a long trumpet which extends to the foot of the panel with a snake twined around the instrument. The head of a Spaniard in hat and long beard—in this case the face in profile—fills another.

Most of these screen-panels are filled with geometrical patterns or designs, and with foliage or flowers conventionally treated and many bunches of grapes—in this latter respect showing a remarkable resemblance to the carving at Buryan Church.

No two panels in this wonderful wealth of carved panels are alike, so it may be imagined how varied and interesting is the collection.

The font, placed by the south door, is of granite, the bowl (2 feet 3 inches in diameter) having on each of the four outside corners a carved winged angel holding what looks like a coat of arms. When I photographed this church the Easter decorations were still *in situ*, which accounts for the flowers and foliage shown in the view.

The seats are modern with elaborately carved oak bench-ends, and the ceiling over the chancel consists of square oak panels richly carved after ancient examples. There are two aisles and a side chapel on the north. The two aisles are separated by four pillars of granite and five simple pointed arches. The entrance to the side chapel (used now as vestry) is two-arched. The little door on the south-east with seven winding steps once led to the rood-loft.

The south porch has above it a slate sundial bearing upon it: "A : Fecit : 1752 Lat^d 50 : 10." This, Old John, the



INTERIOR, SANCREED CHURCH



sexton, informed me, used to be on the wall near the east window, but was moved in 1881—when the church was restored—to its present (and very likely original) position. The church tower is noticeable for being built of huge blocks of granite. The arch of the belfry door is made of two very large pieces. I measured some of the pieces of granite; one I found was 71 inches by 15 inches.

The door, now walled up, with square head on the north-west end of the nave, is probably as old as the thirteenth or the fourteenth century. In the recess of this door formed on the outside are deposited the remains of some window tracery, and underneath are portions of the Purbeck marble font which used to be in the church before the present granite one was placed there.

A stoup in the porch on the east side, close to the door leading into the church, is of granite, and shows worn signs on the south edge, where the fingers of the faithful, in the days of belief in the efficacy of holy water, came most in contact with it. A narrow granite seat on either inner side of the porch, an exposed ceiling of wooden beams carved, and a trefoil arched niche above the church door—now empty, but which formerly carried a figure of the Virgin—complete the features of that portion of the church. As a specimen of the late fifteenth-century architecture Cornwall possesses no better example than this Sancreed Church.

Sancreed is particularly rich in ancient and also prehistoric remains. It is therefore a place where you can blend thought with exercise, with knowledge, health; for they are scattered about the parish, and need walking exercise to see them.

Of the five old crosses I came across here, four are appurtenant to the church, and one is on the border of the Nanjarden estate, some distance off.

There are also the remains of no less than three ancient chapels in the parish: Chapel Uny, in the small village of Brahan, another in the small village of Bosence, and a third about two hundred yards behind the glebe farm on Chapel Downs.

The last-named is the most interesting and the most perfect. This ancient monument lies at the back of the glebe farm, and is reached by a footpath till the first stile

is approached, and then a path at right angles up the hill is taken till a clump of trees is arrived at. A modern drinking-trough for cattle, made by Mr. Stevens, obtains its water from the holy well within the clump of trees by means of a small galvanised iron pipe. The trees amid which are the ruins and the iron railings (to prevent people falling into the ditches) were all put there by the late vicar, the Rev. R. Basset Rogers. The saint's abode—he has not been named yet, to my knowledge—is of the usual Cornish description, and just about the same rectangular shape and size—roughly 10 feet by 8 feet—as at St. Levan and elsewhere. The well is close beside it, and the steps leading down to it are still extant. I looked into the water, about two feet deep, to see if there were any pins there, but owing to the fallen leaves could not discern any. But on asking a damsel of the neighbourhood if she ever tried her fortune at Chapel Downs Well, she shyly confessed that she had, and that others had done so too.

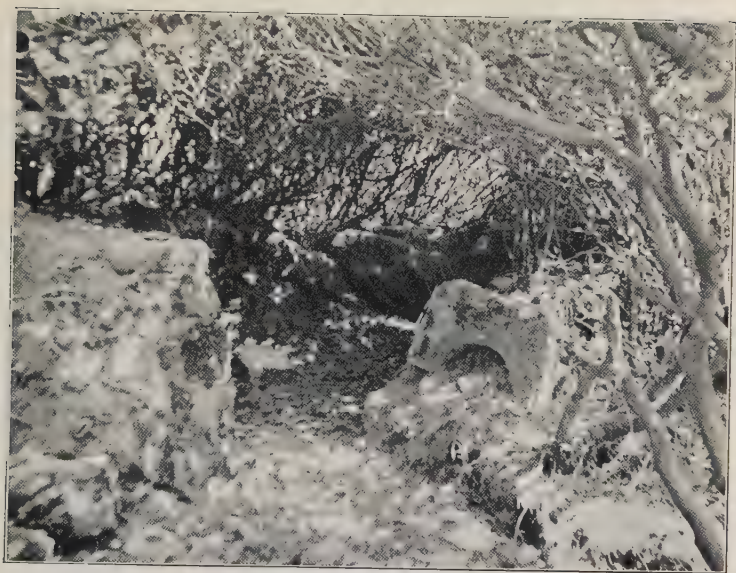
This saint of Chapel Downs, whoever he was, had a discerning eye for a commanding building-site. The views from his abode embrace a vast extent of country. St. Michael's Mount and Mount's Bay are clearly visible. Only one piece of prone granite shows any sign of carving, and this is a portion of the arch which probably formed the top of the east window. The trees now clothing this ancient chapelry, all planted by Mr. Rogers, mainly laurel, pine, and thorn, are not conducive to the preservation of the remains. Tree-roots in the natural process of growth are deadly enemies of ancient buildings.¹

Bosence Chapel is situated on the side of a hill in the corner of a field near a solitary farm-house at about one and a half miles from the church. The ruins are simply the very much dilapidated bare walls of a rectangular building the same size as Chapel Downs.

I could see no signs of a well, but as most probably there was one formerly, it is now filled up and forgotten. The floor is lower than the ground outside, which seems to have been a feature of early English structures.

Sancreed is rich in ancient crosses, possessing no less than five which I saw. There may be others in the neighbourhood which I did not come across.

¹ See p. 144.



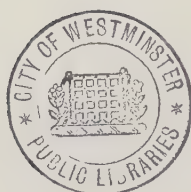
CHAPEL DOWNS, SANCREED

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ENTRANCE TO WELL, CHAPEL DOWNS, SANCREED

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Four of these are closely associated with the church. As you enter the churchyard, over the stepping-stone stile, at the gate at the west end, on the north side of the hedge, planted on the top, is the head of a cross just two feet in diameter with plain back.

Another cross is situated at the north side of the east entrance to the churchyard. It is placed in the ground with its back to the churchyard wall, and is merely the head of a cross $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches across and with just a five-inch shank remaining.

In the churchyard itself are the two important crosses of Sancreed. That in the south-east angle made by the porch and chancel wall is of the usual Maltese description. It stands out of the ground 6 feet 3 inches, the width of the boss or head being 21 inches. The back is plain, but the face looking towards the path shows a rough carving in relief of the crucifixion. The cross is composed of a granite monolith. The upper portion of this cross, consisting of the head and a piece of the shaft, was formerly fixed on the top of the western boundary wall of the churchyard. The late Vicar of Sancreed, Rev. R. Basset Rogers, found the shaft in 1881, during the restoration of the church, built horizontally into the upper and eastern part of the wall of the aisle. He then had it removed, and found the head fitted on to the shaft, so he had the two pieces cemented together. But even then the mended cross did not find its present resting-place. The vicar had it erected on the right-hand side of the gateway leading to the vicarage, which is close to the churchyard gate. Mr. Arthur G. Langdon, being desirous of obtaining a rubbing of the ornament on the back of the cross, got the vicar to allow him to take it down for that purpose; its position close against the hedge rendering the operation there impossible. In order that both sides of the cross should in future be seen, a rough granite base was provided and the cross placed on June 13th, 1894, where it now is.

On the head of the cross in front facing the path is the figure of our Lord having a nimbus round the head. Both arms are slightly raised and bent, and the figure is clothed with a tunic terminating above the knees and has an unusual addition—a band round the waist. The shaft is

divided into two or probably three panels—a short panel, now defaced, one of interlaced work, and one with an inscription in two horizontal lines. The letters seem to be

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and as at Lanherne there is a similar cross with the letters

r ū

h o l

upon it, Rev. W. Iago, of Bodmin, considers that the mysterious-looking inscription signifies the maker of the cross and that the two were made by the same carver.

But the especially famous Sancreed cross stands about ten yards from the porch in the centre of the churchyard, fronting closely on a footpath and looking towards the east window. This cross is a block of granite—a huge monolith—standing now nine feet out of the ground and set in a block nine inches thick. Formerly two feet of the shank was buried, so that its noble proportions were stunted.

This cross is much weather-worn, grey, and yellow-lichen covered. It dates most probably from the eleventh century. It is richly sculptured on all four sides. On the front or east side of the head the figure of our Lord in bold relief is still dimly discernible. The figure is clothed in a tunic to the knees, the sleeves expanded. Both arms are bent and slightly raised towards the head. The legs are painfully straight, and rest on a rounded projection below the neck of the stone. The toes are apparently turned in. The shaft of the monolith is divided into three panels: the upper contains a rectangular geometrical figure with diagonal lines from corner to corner; a middle portion concerning which there is much to be said; the lower panel has traces of markings at the top, on which are evidences of an inscription now almost totally obliterated by weather. According to an old account these markings were

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The symbolic design in the middle panel is that around which much controversy has raged. A spear-head, some

say a lily—the emblem of the Virgin—on a thin shank or stem (twenty-three inches long) rests on the top and centre of a shapely, rather conventional-looking chalice or vase fourteen inches long. Mr. S. Baring-Gould in his *Curious Myths* thus alludes to this rare emblem on crosses :—

“ Sir Galahad, Sir Percival, and Sir Bors met in the forest and rode together to the castle of King Pelles. There they supped, and after supper they beheld a ‘great light, and in the light were four angels bearing up an ancient man in bishop’s vestments, and they set him down before a table of silver, on which appeared the Sangreal. And this aged prelate was Joseph of Arimathæa, ‘the first Bishop of Christendom.’ Then other angels appeared bearing candles, and a spear from which fell drops of blood, and these drops were collected by an angel in a box. Then the angels set the candles upon the table, and the fourth set the holy spear even upright upon the vessel, as represented on an ancient churchyard cross, in rude sculpture, at Sancreed in Cornwall.”

On the other hand, many writers assert that the device arising out of the vase or chalice is a lily—the lily of the Virgin. But it seems to me that if it be true that the old legend of the Sangreal did exist, and the particular story of the angel inserting the holy spear upright upon the vessel was also extant, what we see on this Sancreed cross is a representation of that traditional incident.

There is still, however, a third similitude which seems to have occurred to nobody up to now. The vessel or chalice is roughly heart-shaped—that is the main body of it—and the head of the so-called “spear” is distinctly divided and has cross-pieces which, being recurved, doubtless gave rise to the lily theory of the origin. Now there was an ancient Egyptian cross of the Latin variety rising out of a heart, like the medieval emblem of “Cor in Cruce, Crux in Corde,” and this was irresistibly brought to my mind when looking at this Sancreed cross. The emblem I am alluding to is that of goodness,¹ and is figured in Mr. Baring-Gould’s work already referred to.

There are, then, three theories to account for this curious and unusual design on the Sancreed cross. One that it is a

¹ Munter, *Religion d. Babylonier*, Taf. 1.

variety of the very old myth of a cross in a heart, representing goodness, adopted and adapted in Christian times; that it is simply the lily emblem of the Virgin standing in a vase of water; that it represents the spear of Longinus and the Holy Chalice.

My own opinion is that both of the latter may not improbably be derived from the former. Many of our so-called Christian emblems and signs are merely adaptations of far older emblems and signs. The cross, for instance, as an emblem, and a sacred emblem too, dates back at least to 1000 years B.C., which is a most interesting and significant fact.¹

Mr. Arthur S. Langdon in 1896 alludes to this portion of the Sancreed cross in these words: "A jug with a flower standing in it having a long, straight stem, with a fleur-de-lis termination at the top, which may possibly be intended for the lily emblem of the Virgin so often found on the Gothic bench-ends of this county. Beneath the jug are some much-defaced markings."

On the left side of the cross is a plain panel at the side of the head, and the shaft is divided into three panels—a rectangular figure like that on the front, a zigzag line, and at the bottom a rudely semicircular concave line with indications merely of some ornament.

On the right side is a small panel, at the top of the shaft, with a kind of double cross ornament and a panel of diagonal key-pattern ornament. Below this the cross shaft is plain, but has evidently had some lettering incised upon it. The lettering reads from the bottom upwards. The only letters now decipherable are "FILIVS IC." These letters seem to be of earlier date than the ornament on the cross itself, and are probably early Roman, and the original cross in some much simpler form may date from early Roman Christian times. The back is not plain, but has been finished off in keeping with the ornate character of the other sides. A deeply incised and rounded line runs round the margin of the shaft nearly to its lower end, and also across just below the head. In the centre of the head at the back is a small, perfectly round, plain, embossed, concave ornament cut in the granite, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter. The socket in which the haft of this cross is placed does not belong to it. When the cross was

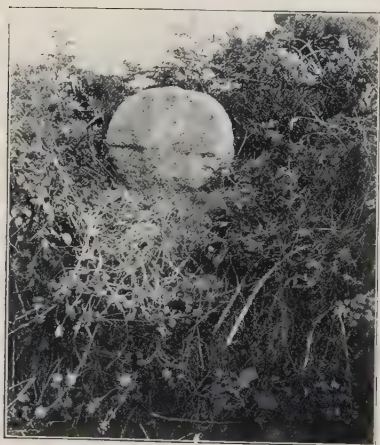
¹ See p. 142.





SANCREED'S FAMOUS CROSS

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ANJAI DEN CROSS, SANCREED [p. 267



CURIOUS HOLED STONE. SANCREED [p. 267

taken up in order to expose the two feet of buried shaft, on which some of the lettering is, a granite stone with a hole in it, which was built into a wall in the neighbourhood, was taken out and used to make a foundation for the old churchyard cross. The hole had to be enlarged, as the cross belonging to it had evidently had a smaller shaft.

The fifth cross of Sancreed, under the direction of Mr. Stevens, I found on the top of a hedge at the junction of two fields close to the road on the Nanjarden estate. It is a cross of the usual ancient Celtic type, and is probably very old, with a cross on either face, so that it must have originally been placed somewhere at right angles to a thoroughfare, in order that wayfarers might see the sacred emblem from either side of approach. Its diameter is twenty-two inches, and only a small bit of shank is visible on the top of the hedge.

Some of these Cornish crosses, in which this Land's End district is so remarkably rich, belong, no doubt, to a very early period, having been erected about the time of Athelstan's campaign in Cornwall, about A.D. 930. Many more must have been erected at a later date. After the Reformation, stone crosses ceased to be generally erected, and many of these that were then standing were destroyed by the Puritans, or buried, or used for building and other purposes. Some were originally erected to mark scenes of tragic events; some were planted where four roads met; some may have served as boundary-stones to the estates of religious houses; others, again, indicated the route to church. Mr. Erredge in his *History of Brighthelmstone* remarks that "in primitive times, the south side of every churchyard contained a column placed on a pedestal, having on its summit a cross; and the nearer to this a corpse was interred, so much the sooner, it was believed, would the soul be relieved from purgatory." Hence perhaps one of the reasons why the south side of a churchyard most frequently contains the greatest number of interments, individuals having a solemn dread of being buried in the north, where there was no cross.

Quite close to this ancient cross, one hundred yards away, on the other side of the road, and now acting as the left gate-post of a swing gate, is a wide piece of tall granite (two feet wide) with a four-inch hole right through the stone near

the top, in the centre of a depression or roughly hewn basin, evidently artificial. The hole is not big enough to pass a child through, so the monolith cannot be classed among the famous "holed stones" of Cornwall. I have never seen it noticed in any book. Mr. Stevens could give me no history concerning it, but said that it had been in its present position on the glebe farm since he had been tenant, and I can offer no plausible theory as to what purpose it was intended to serve or whence it came. It is possibly one of those old bridal stones which in some parts of the country took the place of the ring in the marriage ceremonies of our remote ancestors. At any rate, a very similar stone, holed in the same way, and called a bridal stone, is to be seen on the farm of Crouse, a few miles out on the Wigtown road in Scotland.¹

As I took a photograph of this Cornish curiosity, perhaps its delineation accompanied by this description may lead to some explanation being forthcoming.

Accompanied by that stalwart Cornishman, the Rev. J. Stona, Vicar of Sancreed, I visited that remarkable ancient fortified camp *Caer Brân* (Brennan's Castle), locally known as *Caer Gear*. This is one of the best-preserved earthen mounds and ditch encampments I have seen in Cornwall. The sides of the ramparts are still of considerable height, and as sharp nearly as they must have been originally. There are two circles of earth and stone wall entrenchments and two deep ditches. The view from this solitary hill summit, of coarse grass, bracken, and fern, is superb. The sea is visible from Mount's Bay to Land's End, all round except on the Sancreed side, and the ruins of Ding Dong Mine some four miles away (690 feet) stand up to the north like some ancient church tower clearly silhouetted on the top of a ridge of hills against the sky-line. To see this view alone it is worth making a pilgrimage to Sancreed. The summit is quite a short walk from the church, half a mile on the left of the road. From the top of *Caer Brân* the remains of an old Roman road run north, called locally *Grassy Lane*.

Another interesting walk from Sancreed is to Tregonnebris (pronounced *Trējōnēbris*) to see the Giant's Stone and the fine stone circle of maidens known as *Boscawen-Un*, by some

¹ *Notes and Queries*, June 27 and November 17, 1908.

supposed to be the Gorsedd of Damnonium of ancient Welsh triads. This walk is due south of Sancreed Church.

Passing by the one or two houses forming the village of Tregonebris, I noticed cemented into a wall outside a farmhouse two circular granite stones. One had a groove cut round the margin with a lip on the circle, and the other had two depressions cut in it for a clamp or attachment. These singular-looking objects are evidently the remains of an old cider-mill—singular I say, for now all the apple orchards in the neighbourhood have disappeared.

The Giant's Stone is a huge granite natural rock outcrop, on which are those basin-like depressions, so common in granite, and which the country people have fancifully imagined are due to demon agency. On this block of stone they certainly bear the resemblance to a huge boot-print, heel and sole, on the rock. Standing on the top, just below, about 200 yards in the furze-covered common and surrounded by a wall, one gets a capital bird's-eye view of the most perfect stone circle I have seen in Cornwall. At a first glance it looks like a walled-in churchyard. Away down south the elegant tower of Buryan Church breaks the sky-line, and beyond, to the east, the rounded gap in the land shows where lies Lamorna Cove with sea beyond.

Boscawen-Un, as this circle of monoliths is called, is composed of nineteen standing stones, and is of slightly oval form, the longer diameter being 80 feet, and the shorter 71 feet 6 inches. One of the stones is a block of quartz 4 feet high, and the others are of granite varying from 2 feet 9 inches to 4 feet 7 inches in height. On the west side there is a gap which may have been the entrance to the circle, but some think it probable that a stone there has been removed. Within the area, 9 feet to the south-west from the centre, is a tall monolith, 8 feet out of the ground, which has a marked inclination to the north-east, being 3 feet 3 inches out of the perpendicular.

In 1594 Camden described this ancient monument as consisting of nineteen stones, 12 feet from each other, with one much larger than the rest in the centre. He does not say that the centre monolith was inclined, so it is possible that it was then upright and has since been disturbed, possibly by treasure-seekers. Forty-five years ago a

hedge ran across and bisected the circle, but of this I saw no traces, I am glad to say.

The word *Sancreed* may puzzle some readers. The name implies some ecclesiastical import, and means simply the *holy creed* or *holy belief*. St. Sancredus is simply a reduplication of the word Sanctus in the case of the holy creed. An equivalent would probably be St. Faith. Obviously the name of this parish is (comparatively, when viewing the prehistoric remains around) modern—subsequent to the introduction of Christianity.

These fictitious saints, like St. Botolph and others, have become quite materialised in the course of time; and so I find that, according to Tonkin, St. Sancreed was chiefly famous “for curing all distempers in pigs, which used to be brought from all round the country”!

I came across one reference to this ancient Cornish parish which brings to memory a very unpleasant time in this merry England of ours. Leprosy was very prevalent in Cornwall. It is singular how all countries where fish is the chief diet, such as Norway, are liable to this fell disease. Bishop Bytton, of Exeter (1291 to 1307), left, at his death, legacies to no less than twenty-three leper hospitals of refuge in Cornwall, which shows the widespread nature of the scourge in his day. The sums of money he left were in varying amounts of shillings up to about 280 (equivalent to £300 or £400 or even more purchasing power in these days), and amongst these legacies I find one of sixpence to the Leper Hospital of Sancto Sancredo or Sancreed. No remains of this hospital are now known, and, thank Heaven! one is not now needed.

Population of Sancreed.

1861	.	1233	1891	.	867
1871	.	1182	1901	.	784
1881	.	937	1911	.	805

A decrease of 428 in fifty years.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SANCREED AS A CENTRE FOR SEEING ANTIQUITIES, LOWER DRIFT CROSS, DING DONG DISTRICT, MÊN-AN-TOL, MÊN SCRYFA, "NINE MAIDENS," FOUR PARISHES BOUNDARY-STONE, MULFRA QUOIT, PENDOUR COVE, HORSE'S BACK, KENIDJACK, THE "NINETEEN MAIDENS"

THERE is ample evidence that once Sancreed had a much larger number of inhabitants and was more important. Adjoining the glebe farm-house is a shed now used for stabling Mr. Stevens's trap, which was formerly the market-house wherein beef and mutton were dispensed to the country buyers. On the glebe farm are two fields, known to this day as the Bowling Green Fields, where once upon a time that old-fashioned English game was played. Then there is also the Wrestling Field, formerly the site of many a trial of strength in that ancient Cornish pastime. Alas! now there are none in the neighbourhood to play bowls, and the young, sturdy Cornishmen who should be now indulging in occasional bowls or trials of strength have gone to other lands in search of fortune.

On the other side of the glebe farm-house is an old barn, where an ancient game called—so far as I could make out—"Kails" was played. This, I take it, is the local name for *skittles*.¹

Most Cornish villages have their Cross Parks. Sancreed has no less than two, neither of which possesses a cross at the present time. Most of the crosses which once stood in these Cross Parks have been removed and placed in, or adjacent to, the parish churches to preserve them from what history seems to say is inevitable destruction or misuse, and sometimes abuse. Sancreed also had its Plan-an-guâre, now a field overlooking the vicarage grounds. In old days every parish had one.

¹ "Kails, ninepins."—Skeat.

Another item of evidence pointing to the former greater importance of Sancreed is afforded by the fact that a blacksmith's forge once stood near the church, a little farther up the hill. The massive granite monolith square trough (54 inches by 42 inches and 22 inches deep) in which the irons were cooled is now in the glebe farm-yard and is used as a watering-trough for cattle. A deep pool by the roadside just below the church has from time immemorial been known by the name of the "Devil's Hole," but why I could not ascertain. Before the time of roads a bridle-path ran across here by the side of it.

Sancreed is a wonderfully good centre for seeing antiquities. They are chiefly in the centre of the county in this part of Cornwall, and Sancreed is the only parish which has not a sea border. The antiquities and curiosities lie around in considerable number within a radius of a few miles, and most of them can only be seen by walking. One morning I started out to try to find some old stones, which in Edmonds's *Land's End District* (1862, p. 17) are simply dismissed with: "These three pillars are all invisible from the temple and one another." What that means I know not, but I went on the road from Sancreed till I nearly reached Lower Drift. This place is a mere handful of cottages, on the main road from Penzance to Land's End, at the top of a steep hill. Before reaching Lower Drift I climbed over the hedge, and went through a wilderness of bramble and high bracken, tumbling and almost rolling down the steep descent to the bottom of the valley, or croft. Here a little stream, much attenuated in the hot summer weather when I visited it, wanders along the bottom to an old mill where two large wheels are picturesque objects. I noticed an abundance of the royal flowering fern (*Osmunda regalis*) and butcher's broom growing beside one another on the banks of the stream. I utterly failed, however, to find anything in the way of monolith to which the epithet ancient could be applied. Not daunted, I returned to the spot on another day, and consulted the blacksmith at Lower Drift, one Charles Clements. He is a middle-aged man, and said he remembered when he was a "nipper" seeing a stone in the valley with a cross upon it. He thought he might perhaps be able

to find it. So with him I started. We went over the hedge again about four hundred yards from the main road, on the right going towards Sancreed. The valley-side was densely covered with bracken four feet and more high. We searched it thoroughly, tumbling rather badly several times, as we could not see the ground at all on which we walked. At last we came to an upright monolith, and I at once cut away the ivy which quite covered its surface, and made a halo round it by trampling down the bracken and furze which many years of undisturbed growth had rendered almost impenetrable. The stone stands on the right side of the steep valley about one hundred yards from the bottom. It is roughly wedge-shaped. I found it was $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height above the ground and 28 inches wide. Its position is at right angles to the side of the valley, or north-east by south-west. It is 12 inches wide on the south-west, and it tapers to 3 inches on the north-east at the top, being 12 inches at the bottom on that side. It has a cross on either side, both Latin. That on the north-east side is 26 inches long by 14 inches across the arms, and it is not placed symmetrically in the centre of the monolith. Both crosses are in relief. On the south-east side the cross is 11 inches across the arms and 23 inches long, and like that on the reverse is not cut symmetrically. The whole monolith looks elementarily rude and primitive, and the two crosses the simplest, and probably the most ancient, Latin ones I have come across in this part of Cornwall. The blacksmith said no one before in his time had ever been to see it, so that the photographs I took are the first which have ever been taken of this quite forgotten monument of the past. Poking about amid the great ferns, I came across a number (twelve at least) of large hewn stones lying scattered on the hill-side close around.

These are clearly remains of a chapelry or some ancient structure, and it seems a great pity this spot should not be cleared and scientifically investigated. I sent off a small boy for a crowbar, and with the aid of that and the blacksmith's brawny arms we turned two of the huge prone monster monoliths, but could find no indications of crosses upon them. We essayed to turn one or two more, but failed in our endeavours.

The rediscovery of this long-forgotten cross of Lower Drift naturally provokes reflection. The situation for a cross is most unusual. It is on the way to nowhere—at least now. It stands on the side of a steep valley quite apart from the surroundings one is accustomed to see near these ancient Cornish crosses. At some day, long ago, there must have been a right of way to it—now there is none. Why was it placed in so unusual a position? It could not mark a road to church, for there is no church near. Does it mark the scene of some great event or some fearful tragedy? Is it the burial-stone of some chieftain? If it is, why has not the spot continued to be sacred and known? The curious thing is that the cross and its situation should have been practically not only lost, but forgotten. It is not marked on the Ordnance Map. Until the ground is cleared and we can glean some more facts concerning its surroundings, its *raison d'être* must remain a mystery. This cross, I gathered, is in Sancreed parish.

Another easy walk from Sancreed is to go to Lower Drift, follow the main Land's End road a little way west, and turn off through fields on the left. Two ancient monoliths are soon met with. They can be seen from the gate on the high road. Called "The Sisters," they stand about 16 feet apart. That to the east is 8 feet high, 42 inches by 28, and of irregular shape. That on the west is the same height and 42 inches by 20. Going farther on, in a field between Tresvenack Farm and Kerris Chapel is a stone 6 feet high from the ground and roughly 23 inches by 19. This has a shoulder near the top which slightly tapers.

But the real old "Long Stone," as it is locally called, is in a field close by at Tresvenack. It is a striking object, and must have entailed a vast amount of labour to hew and erect. It is about 12 feet high, and at 3 feet from the ground I found it to be 36 inches by 30. It is now splitting vertically from the top downwards. From this "Long Stone" the "Two Sisters" can be plainly seen lying north-east. This "Long Stone" must not be confused with another monolith bearing the same name, which is in Trevorgan's farm, in Buryan parish.

A short walk along footpaths from Sancreed brings one to an antiquarian object of interest.



THE SISTERS, SANCREED

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LOWER DRIFT CROSS

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LONG STONE

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It is a cross placed at the south side of a stile, and makes a comfortable leaning-post to rest against if you sit on the bottom step. The cross is at right angles to the stile, and the north side (that is the side abutting on the stile) has very rudely carved upon it in incised lines a Latin cross $30\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The reverse or south side has cut in relief upon it a Maltese cross $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The top arm of this on its west side is half gone, and from the clean look of the fracture I should judge not very long ago. The total height of this cross is 66 inches, and the breadth of the head 20 inches. The Latin cross was probably cut later than the Maltese.

I had to cut away the brambles which concealed the head with my pocket-knife before I could see enough of the cross to photograph it, and I had to tear away masses of turf hiding the base before I could get at its juncture with the road-level in order to measure its height. In thickness this monolith varies from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 inches.

A rough road track for farm carts only runs at this spot east and west, and about fifty yards due north-west of the stile over which it keeps guard is a small cottage (known as Burnt House) on the footpath to Brane, which, when I was there, was uninhabited and becoming dilapidated.

I regret to say that in addition to the decay (?) on the upper arm of the Maltese cross I have already alluded to, some chips on the Latin-cross side near the road seem rather recent, judging from the bright look of the jagged granite. Now this cross is in a very desolate part of the country, quite away from houses or the hum of men; but when rustic wayfarers pass along the footpath and sit on the comfortable stone stile to rest, the inclination to hit at the cross with a stick may become irresistible, and once a chip is made it is marvellous how soon the example is followed. The same tendency is discernible in towns. I have for many years had the fortune, or misfortune, to have chambers in the Temple facing the main entrance (west) into the Temple Church. I have seen probably some hundreds of sightseers poke the points of their umbrellas and sticks into the decayed stones of the arch, to see, I suppose, what the Temple Church feels like. Each thrust, or even tickle, of stick or umbrella-end is, of course, destructive; but that fact at the moment of temptation is not thought of by the

thruster or tickler. We not only follow one another like sheep in going astray, but we also follow one another in our wanton destructive habits with regard to property.

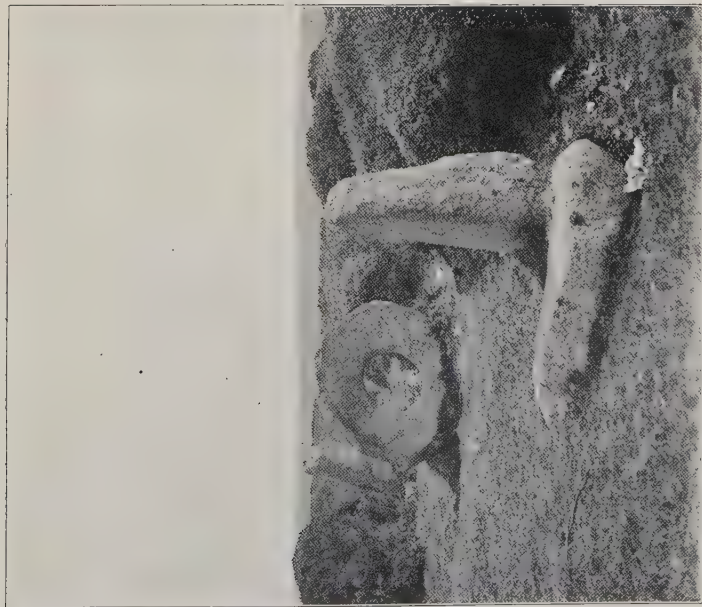
This cross might well be removed and placed within the protective shadow of Sancreed Church. There many could see it who would not care to walk all the long distance to the spot where it now stands.

The drive from Sancreed to the Ding Dong district shows what large acres there are in this part of wild Cornwall quite uncultivated. Miles and miles of seemingly good cultivatable land lie idle. One side of a valley or hill-side may be divided up into fields growing good crops, the other remains a wilderness of furze and bracken, and yet the one side is no better in any way than the other. Why is this? We import millions of pounds' worth of dairy and farm produce from France and other countries, and yet here is land just waiting for the intelligent hand of the farmer to bloom, blossom, and bring forth abundance.¹ Sad this is to see. Some day it is to be hoped we shall not waste the materials and possibilities at our doors.

Foxgloves are plentiful in this part of Cornwall. They live and thrive in the hedges by the side of the road, shooting up their brave patches of colour skyward from every ditch and bank. They are not mean, attenuated specimens, but grandly flowering plants, often a yard or even more high, their brilliant spikes seen in masses making quite a splash of gorgeousness and regal colouring which can be seen a long way off. This is, of course, in summer.

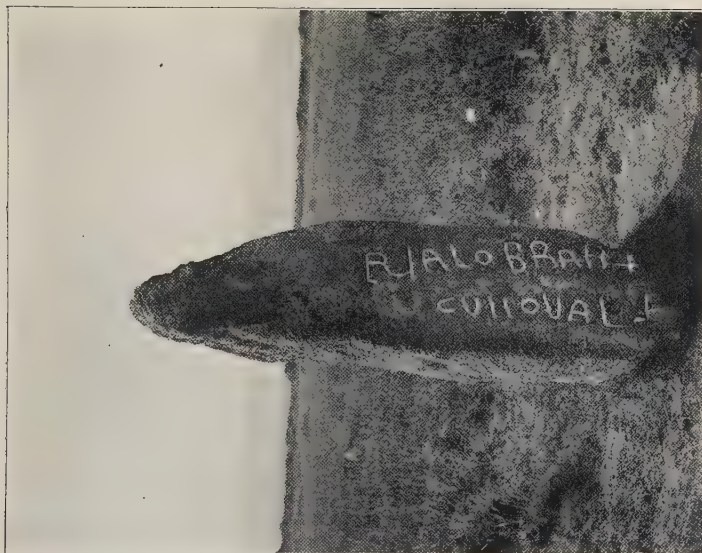
Rich indeed is this part of Cornwall in interesting objects. Ding Dong Mine—perhaps the oldest in Cornwall—the Nine Maidens, the famous Mên-an-tol, the old boundary-stone of four parishes, the Mên-Scryfa, and a host of ancient burrows lie close together in a cluster. I visited first the “holed stone,” as it is called, or the Mên-en-tol. One has to leave the trap at a farm near Lanyon village and walk up through bracken for about three-quarters of a mile, on to a furzy common. The low stature of the three upright stones or monoliths is what first strikes the visitor. I had expected to see much taller stones.

¹ In 1910 we imported butter, £24,493,450; eggs, £7,296,145; cheese, £6,812,371; bacon, £13,391,274.



^ MEN-AN-TOL

[p. 276



^ MEN-SCRYFA

[p. 277

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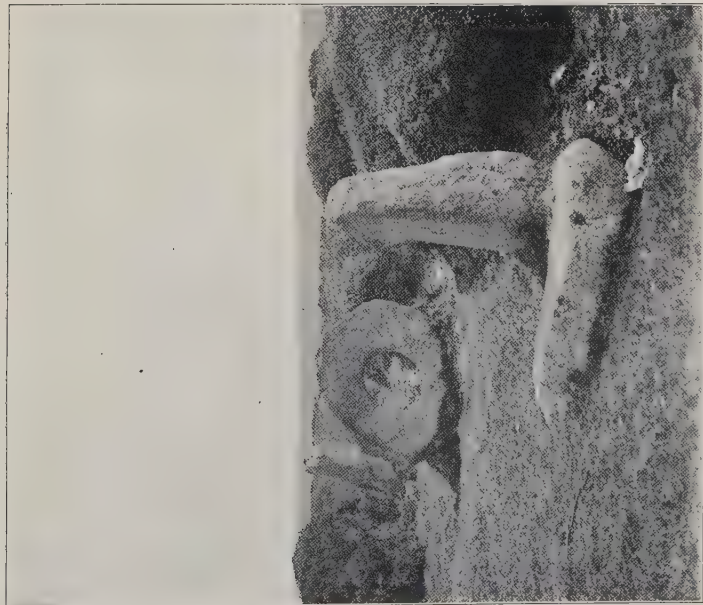
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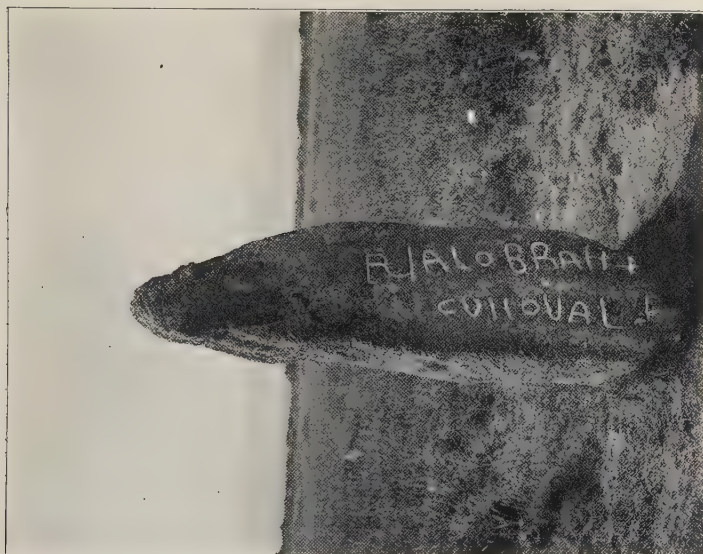
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^ MEN-AN-TOL

[p. 276



^ MEN-SCRYFA

[p. 277



The holed stone is the centre one of three—that at either side being entire or holeless. First let me give their measurements as I make them. The diameter of the stone with the hole in it is 50 inches. The hole itself is on one side 18 inches in diameter, on the other 21 inches. The height from the ground of the stone to top is 42 inches. The end holeless upright stones are 42 inches and 52 inches high. The three stones, I found, lie nearly due east and west. The east stone is 8 feet from the holed stone, and the west stone 7 feet 6 inches.

The origin of this holed stone is unknown, but we may be certain that not for nothing was it laboriously quarried and carved. It seems to me, however, from the evident orientation of the three stones, that they may have had some astronomical significance. Superstition has always been associated with this holed stone. Children were (and even now are on the quiet) passed through it to cure them of ailments, and even adults suffering from rheumatism and spinal complaints try its curative powers. Similarly at Zennor there was a superstition that to crawl nine times under a bramble the top of whose branch had rooted itself in the ground would cure gatherings, or “blackheads,” as they are called.

Another Zennor folk-lore tale I heard was that if you stroke a sty on the eyelid nine times with a cat’s tail in the same direction the irritating lump will disappear.

An old woman at a cottage near the holed stone directed us to the Mên Scryfa (“written stone”), which is only distant about half a mile. I made this stone to be 6 feet 6 inches high from the ground-level and (at 3 feet from the base) 5 feet 8 inches in diameter. It tapers towards the top, the inscribed side facing north-east. As I approached it I saw a brown hawk perched on its top, a sight quite in keeping with the rugged solitariness of the monument’s position.

Some kind friend has painted with white the incised letters, so they are easily read. The inscription runs from top to bottom

RIALOBAN

CVNOVAL FIL

which means that Rialobran, the son of Cunoval, was

buried here. The letters vary rather in size, and are probably not *later* than the fifth century. The "C" is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, the "I" is $5\frac{1}{2}$.

Next we went on to see the "Nine Maidens," also close at hand, near to Ding Dong Mine. Of them I found seven stones only standing. Four are prone, having obviously fallen. The diameter of the circle is twenty-four yards, the widest gap between the stones being at the north-east. A fine view is obtained from the circle. Carn Galva, a weird mass of high, natural rocky outcrop arising with startling abruptness straight out of the ground, is seen not far off to the north-west—only some eight hundred yards. The tall, imposing, tower-like, ruined engine-house of Ding Dong Mine is sharply silhouetted against the sky-line on the south, and bounds the horizon in that direction. The ground falls away rapidly to west and east, affording extensive views over vast areas of country in either direction. Fold after fold of dark and light meadow-land, interspersed with rough, uncultivated land, some of it divided into fields by wide Cornish hedges, lies on either side of the widely expanded ridge on which we stand. Delicate and faintly blue, as in an old-fashioned water-colour drawing, the landscape appears in the keenly bracing autumn air.

Mulfra Quoit is seen, like a huge dark mushroom, topping a rise almost due east. This circle—to us of mysterious importance—was evidently placed with a view to a commanding position, whatever its purpose might have been, whether weird, sacrificial, sepulchral, or entertaining.

Within a hundred yards of the "Nine Maidens" and south of them are five tumuli, in a line, partly fallen in, and apparently communicating by underground passages. Several others are scattered around on the hill-top, or wide ridge.

We also saw the huge, flat natural stone, marked with a cross, where four parishes meet. The centre of the cross has a hole in it, just big enough to put the end of a walking-stick in. The four parishes which meet at this point are Madron, Gulval, Morvah, and Zennor.

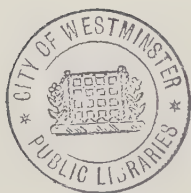
Ding Dong Mine engine-house is a most solidly built structure, and has defied for a great number of years the storms and fierce blasts which at this elevated position howl and rage around it, as I well know from experience. The



DING DONG MINE



THE NINE MAIDENS



machinery has been taken out and only the shell remains. The shaft seems deep, if one can judge by the time a stone takes to fall to the bottom. The views around are superb. Why does not someone fond of a fine airy position convert this historic structure into a dwelling-house?

I next went on to see Mulfra Quoit, which during my drive to the Ding Dong district from Sancreed had been almost omnipresent. A climb up a steep gorse-and-bracken-covered hill brings one on to the ridge where it is situated. The flat topping slab has evidently slipped from its horizontal position on the three supporting stones. The largest of these is 53 inches high and at the base 98 inches across. The topping stone or slab has slipped to the south, and is 12 feet across its broadest part and is 10 feet high as it now lies on edge. These measurements may annoy some readers, but I have found such gross inaccuracy in books and loose statements as to size and position of ancient monuments, that I think it is necessary to give them for the sake of those desirous of accurate information. No antiquary should ever attempt to describe an ancient monument unless he has himself visited it, and that, too, armed with tape measure and compass. If he can photograph it so much the better—he may describe wrongly, may mis-read tape and compass, but the lens sees accurately and records faithfully without fear, favour, bias, or prejudice.

The drive from Sancreed to Zennor is well worth making if the visitor be staying at the former place.

A few minutes' walk from Zennor churchtown towards the sea brings one to the head of Pendour Cove. A little gurgling stream tumbles down a sharply defined, deeply cut gorge into the sea, where steep black rocks on either side make a sternly cruel and foreboding-looking small bay. Deadly to ships must this spot be. Indeed, it has been. The entire absence of any boats shows how seldom can the spot be used for boating or fishing purposes. And yet, in distinction to the forbidding aspect of nature at the outlet, or sea-end of the valley, the pools made by the streamlet as it descends on its ocean-course are festooned with lovely ferns and brilliant wild-flowers—a sharp contrast to the savagery at the shore-end.

The remains of a mill on the right bank of the stream

show that once its waters were utilised. The mill-house used to be inhabited by the Stevans family, but a torrential downpour of water in the gorge so weakened its foundations that it had to be abandoned.

The cove of Pendour sadly needs a path down it to the sea, for the steep sides are slippery and even dangerous. Surely the people of Zennor will awake some day to see the beauty of this spot so close to their doors, and make it, what now it is not, accessible. I thought as I ascended the steep glen what a sadly difficult task, or wriggle, had the mermaid of Zennor to endure in order to attend service at the church. Such obstacles to the meetings of maiden and youth may well be made a little easier.

But there are many other lovely little bays and coves along this bit of old Cornwall's shores—small gold-mines, if the people only knew it—absolutely unworked.

Just to the north—a scramble of a few minutes over the grass-grown, steep down—by Pendour Cove, is a wild chasm or sharp cleft in the rocks, like a Norwegian fiord on a small scale. A narrow tongue of precipitous land, quite a hundred feet high, runs out straight into the sea on the south side of the fiord, on the razor-edge of which is still some stunted grass; but it would require a cool head and steady foot to venture out on that path, for on either side of the two-foot way is a sheer precipice. This is called the "Horse's Back." And yet horses, when herbage is scarce, will venture out and crop it. Many cattle and sheep have here come to an untimely end, I was told by a farmer who knew—for his was the loss.

A tiny sand-covered cove to the south of Pendour Cove can be seen where people can bathe. This is known as Vear Cove, and is the nearest bathing-place to Zennor.

Zennor Cove is larger than Pendour, and not so strikingly picturesque, but it has the advantage of a rough, very rough, little road leading down to it. Wicca Point bounds its northern limit, and the low-lying Carracles Rocks are seen, green-clothed, just beyond it, on the sea surface as it were.

The way to Pendour Cove can be taken past the Zennor Logan Stone, which I have already described (page 194).

"Go to Jericho," if said to me elsewhere, I should consider rude. At Sancreed it was said to me and I went.



MULFRA QUOIT

[p. 279



THE HORSE'S BACK

[p. 280

[Face p. 280



I might have gone also to Jerusalem and Jaffa, but I did not—I reserved them for an eastern expedition. Jericho, Jaffa, and Jerusalem are naturally close together in this part of Cornwall. I had been desirous of paying a closer visit to Kenidjack Cairn, Karn, or Castle, as it is variously designated, and so bided my time. The otter-hounds had just passed Sancreed Church—a gallant show—one fine August morning, and then a milk-cart which was returning with separated milk in four large pails. This latter had passed on its way to Penzance early in the morning, taking in the fresh milk to the factory to have the cream taken out. I made friends with the boy driving the milk-cart back to Jericho, and asked him if he would give my camera a lift as far as his biblically-named abode. He would, and he did. Here let me say at once I was disappointed with Jericho. There were truly plenty of walls round and about it, but they were not high and none that I saw were thrown down. The Jericho of Cornwall (marked on the Ordnance Map, so there is no fake about it) is a most desolately situated brown-stone farm-house, with a few out-buildings and four most melancholy and weird-looking trees of the pine order, three being dead and one that way inclined. After seeing Jericho I had no desire to see Jerusalem; and Jaffa, too, can wait. They might even have been more melancholy and depressing, if that were possible.

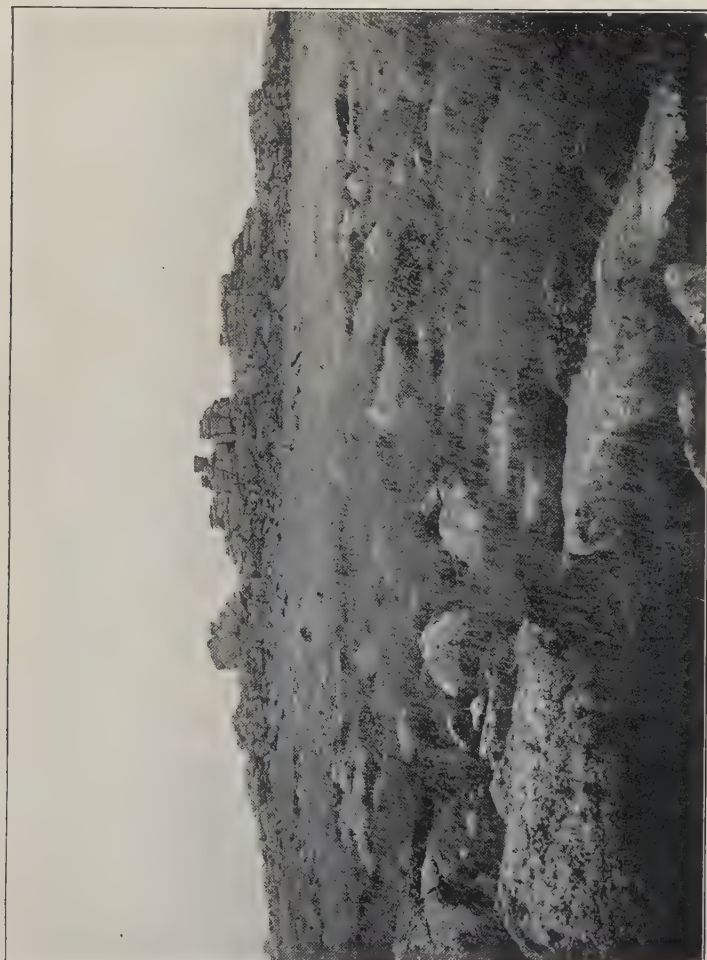
I found the cart springless and the most bumpity of bumpity carts imaginable, so I soon left my camera and legs in it and took to my own legs. We passed Grumbla, and then turning through a white gate on the right, took a sort of bee-line over the worst roads ever made till we struck a main artery, to St. Just. On our way we passed on our right the Powder Hut, on the bare hill-side, removed from all habitation. Here are kept such explosive items as dynamite, gunpowder, and gun-cotton for the lighthouses and other Government service. The structure is of iron, dome-shaped, with a long stiff wire—a lightning conductor—arising from the top. It is painted buff colour, and surrounded by an iron unclimbable railing, so that altogether it looks like a mausoleum of some highly respectable family in Père-le-Chaise, or some other burial-place of notabilities.

Upon reaching the main road my young friend and his

rattling noisy cargo went off to the right to dive down to Jericho in the valley beneath. I struck a bee-line for Kenidjack, which I saw plainly before me on an eminence to the north-west. Just about four hundred yards to the south-west of the cairn is the circle of upright stones called the "Nineteen Maidens." They are regularly disposed round a circle 50 feet in diameter, the tallest being 55 inches high, and the shortest 34 inches. To my surprise, in the centre was an ugly wooden hut of thin tongued boards painted black on the outside. It was partly ruined, I am glad to say, and I hope it will soon vanish, for a more out-of-keeping-looking structure with this wild, desolate spot and this unique relic of very ancient civilisation it were difficult to imagine.

The walk from the "Maidens" to Kenidjack is through furze, stunted bracken, and heath-covered moorland, very boggy at places. The cairn is silhouetted against the skyline, looking like the ruins of some mighty old Norman castle. I walked in amid the ruins and sat on the top of a pile of the horizontally divided, even laminated blocks of granite. They are, of course, a freakish natural outcrop. The top of St. Just Church was just visible above a fold of land, and all around were magnificent views of the country.

A Scotch mist came on while I was there, and I was glad to seek shelter with my camera under a slab of rock neatly poised, and weighing goodness knows how many tons, which if it had slipped would have crushed us to powder. The wind howled and whistled among the castellated boulders, like fiends let loose to work their own sweet will. I realised what a weird, almost unearthly, place it was. From my hiding-place I could see the mist in smoky wreaths sweep round the pinnacles just like smoke escaping from a neighbouring chimney. Lo, in a second I was on a rocky island with sea all around. The mist had enveloped the landscape on all hands and lapped and rocked in wool-white foam within ten yards of the rocks, blotting out entirely every landmark. It was like the transformation scene at a pantomime. Suddenly it cleared by magic, and I saw all the landscape as before bathed in warm sunshine, and every crack in the rocks around me clear as if viewed through a microscope, I descended past the ruined cottage



KENTIDJACK



I had passed after leaving the precincts of Jericho, and then I heard a tinkling noise like a goat's bell. I found the sound proceeded from an odd but effective contrivance to indicate the way to human habitation in a fog. The old iron spade-end of one of those long-handled implements used in these parts had been tied by a piece of string to a bare stem of a furze bush. Close to it, hung up by a separate string, was a large piece of slate. The slightest wind jangled the two together and produced the noise I had heard. I thought it a most useful and ingenious method for directing the wayfarer on these boundless wastes, where at places there are dangerous bogs. I saw not a single soul the whole time after I left my youthful milk-carrier, and the loneliness of Kenidjack was in keeping with its character. The shattering noise of other visitors would have jarred upon my nerves. I had the lonely cairn for one morning all to myself.

NOTE.—Mên-an-tol, p. 276. Since writing this account of the Mên-an-tol, the theory has been advanced (*Antiquary*, No. 48, April, 1912, p. 134) that the holed-stone is nothing more or less than the base of an old Cornish cross in an abnormal position. The Mên-an-tol stands, the writer says, "by the side of a track leading across the moors from Ding Dong, one of the oldest mines in Cornwall, to Morvah, a hamlet on the north coast of the county. . . . It is therefore quite reasonable to suppose that a cross was erected somewhere near the spot where now stands the monument [holed-stone] to indicate the position of the track to travellers crossing the moor." The theory is that the cross was taken away and only its morticed socket left *in situ* prone on the ground. This socket was afterwards raised to its present position to preserve its usefulness as a directing-post. The two upright stones near it are, says the same writer, "nothing more than the ordinary rubbing-posts one sees in nearly all Cornish fields."

NOTE.—To show how the spelling of Cornish place-names varies, I give the spelling of some samples from the map in Dr. W. Borlase's book (1758): Sancred, Burién, Bolleit, St. Levin, Senan, Morva, Lanyun (in his book "Lanyon"), Whitsand Bay, Molfra, Botalek, Landawinek (but in his book "Landawidnek"), Lizherd Point, Kynas (Kynance Cove), Lanant, Tiwidnek.

CHAPTER XXIX

ST. IVES, ARTISTS, THE CHURCH, THE SILVER BALL, THE BAY OF ST. IVES

“OH, what a going upstairs!” is the first remark a visitor to St. Ives makes, for all the houses seem to have odd-looking flights of stairs on their outsides leading to the floor above the ground. If there are no stairs going up, there are stairs going down. The principal door is entered by an upward flight of solid granite steps, sometimes with a protecting balustrade, often without, or by a descent of three or four stairs below the level of the street. They remind one of the story of the famous Cambridge professor of advanced mathematics who planned his own house, which he had exactly carried out, but having forgotten all about staircases, those necessary details had to be added afterwards—on the outside.

The thickness of the walls of these quaint-looking tenements is also noticeable, the ground floor being generally of stone, though a wooden “planchen” is not unknown. As a rule their height is limited to two stories, and the windows are narrow, “poky,” and infrequent, admitting little light, but often adorned with deep, comfortable window-seats, oak-lined. High oak wainscoting surrounds the walls of the rooms, a few pictures, old-world prints and religious mottoes, together with the chest of drawers, and a mantelshelf adorned with old china and oddments perhaps from far parts of the world. Brilliantly polished brass candlesticks and pewter trenchers and tankards are also in evidence.

Another typical form of St. Ives house consists of a fish-cellar, with two or three dwelling-rooms above, which in deeds finds expression as “all that fish-cellar and two dwellings over the same.” This type of humble house is to be seen down by the harbour and in the quaint old alleys and courts adjacent thereto, where some of the most



OUTSIDE STAIRS, ST. IVES

[p. 284



HICK'S COURT, ST. IVES

[p. 286

[Face p. 284



delightful "picture bits" in St. Ives have gradually been evolved in the course of past centuries.

And artists have simply revelled here. E. A. Waterlow, R.A., W. A. Ingram, R.B.A., Louis Monro Grier, William Eadie, Helena Sherfbeck, G. H. Fortt, Allan Deacon, W. B. Fortescue, Julius Olsson, Arnesby Brown, A.R.A., T. Millie Dow, Herbert Marshall, R.W.S., Sir Alfred East, A.R.A., Hillyard Swinstead, R.I., Greville Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Moffat Lindner, Fred Milner, Arthur Meade, J. Noble Barlow, J. M. Bromley, A. M. Foweraker, T. Blackhouse, Walter Titcombe, Leonard Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Edward E. Simmons and Mrs. Simmons, of the United States, E. Wyly Grier are among those who have brought away charming scenes of St. Ives life, habits, and scenery to gladden many a town house and brighten dull, gloomy interiors.

Mr. Walter Thomas, in a recent lecture at the New Gallery in London, said he had counted eighty-six painters' studios in St. Ives, and this was only one of the seven colonies of artists in Cornwall. Painters, too, come hither from Europe and America and meet at the "Sloop," where the parlour walls are panelled with signed sketches by famous men.

As Cornwall seems every year to become more and more the centre of English art, St. Ives seems to become more and more the point upon which the movement swings. There are, as I have said, quite eighty or even more studios in the little town, and hardly ever is one to let. The artistic coterie of St. Ives—or colony, as it might be termed—is perhaps less under the influence of any particular school of painting than is Newlyn. It is more catholic in aim, less under the numbing shadow of tradition, and the painters there share a wider range of subjects and methods of treatment. To mention all the artists who live at St. Ives and do their work there, in its brisk sunlight and bright scenery, would be beyond our scope, but the names of certain *resident* artists occur at once. Amongst them are John Alf. Arnesby Brown, A.R.A., Julius Olsson, Moffat Lindner, Arthur Meade, J. Noble Barlow, Allan Deacon, W. B. Fortescue, J. M. Bromley. Probably a larger number of pictures exhibited each year in the Royal Academy are painted in Cornwall than in any other county; they are

not all catalogued under Cornish titles, but are obviously Cornish nevertheless, and the percentage of St. Ives pictures is, I should say, higher than for any other town in the Duchy. Artists are a clannish set, and when two or three take to a place and settle down others follow rapidly. Like sheep they follow one another to St. Ives, and the work which issues therefrom shows that in so doing they go not astray.

And St. Ives lends itself to artistic treatment. There is hardly a vista in any of its quaint, angular, higgledy-piggledy little narrow streets which is not a picture. There has been no attempt here to drill the old granite houses into regimental order. The very names on the street corners are suggestive of old-time memories and ancient days. Court Cocking, Ayr Lane, Academy Place, Barnoon Hill, Fish Street, Dove Street, Dixes Hill, The Digey, Spriggs' Court, Virgin Street, Water Lane, Flamank's Court, are some I noticed at various times during rambles up and down the town.

Hicks' Court is the name of a large old house approached by a narrow alley through the Digey, where there is an old curious-looking arch or gateway, almost blocking up the entrance, 5 feet 10 inches high. It is formed of two large pieces of granite, roughly hewn. The building is now ruinous, but it evidently has had an illustrious past, as is evidenced by the mullioned bay-windows with square hood-moulding, at the corners of which are the letters "G. H.," for George Hicks, the former owner. Underneath the house is an old secret smuggling cave or cellar, a sample of many similar receptacles in the town.

The general aspect of St. Ives is foreign, and this partly arises from the lack of red, the prevailing tone being a silvery grey. Very delightful are the resulting harmonies from the greys of the stone together with the old slate roofs. Evidences of the trade with Italy in pilchards are seen in the houses. Souvenirs of Naples abound, usually pictures of Vesuvius, which figure under all aspects possible and impossible—by day and night.

St. Ives was at the zenith of her prosperity and fame during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. At that time it is related that its inhabitants were noted for the

polished gaiety of their mode of life. "Balls, concerts, and dinner-parties in the winter seasons, and picnics and boating excursions in the summer, made up the annual round of fashionable pleasure at St. Ives."¹

Before the middle of the last century the industries of the town languished and decayed. The invention of steam navigation killed her numerous fleet of sailing vessels, just as it was detrimental to the Scillies and Penzance, and shipbuilding declined. Next mining and then the fisheries began to fail, and consequently emigration on a considerable scale followed. At the present day the old families of St. Ives are represented by some of the most industrious and successful names in South America and other places wherever mining industries are prevalent. So the misfortunes which have befallen this quaint old Cornish town were for the advantage of many distant parts of the world, for the Cornish folks possess many sterling qualities.

It is interesting to note that on September 9th, 1835, a meeting of the inhabitants was held to consider the lighting of the town with gas. All approved except one man, who, grand old conservative, expressed his utter contempt for the new luminant in the following lines:—

"'Tis well for us the Sun and Moon
Are up so very high,
That no presumptuous hand can reach
To pluck them from the sky.
If 'twere not so, I do not doubt
But some Reforming Ass
Would soon propose to snuff them out
And light the world with gas."

It will be remembered that Cornwall is the birthplace of gas lighting—"the light without a wick," as it was called. William Murdock, the inventor, was sent to Cornwall in 1779 to look after some pumping-engines for his firm, Boulton and Watt, of Soho, and he lived at Redruth. He there made experiments and lit up his own house with gas, and it is said used to carry a bladder of gas about with him at night to illuminate his way. No doubt his discovery was much talked about in the county, and St. Ives, being a go-ahead town, decided to adopt the new method of lighting the streets. Murdock has hardly had the credit

¹ Matthews's *St. Ives*, 1892.

given to him for his revolutionary discovery. He died in 1839.

The church of St. Ives lies in an unusual position. Instead of being on high ground, commanding grand views and being a landmark, as are the churches of Paul, Buryan, and others, it is placed low down in the town close to the sea, and even its tower—remarkably high for Cornwall, is completely overlooked from the high ground in the town itself. This continual overlooking of the church at close quarters is a feature of St. Ives.

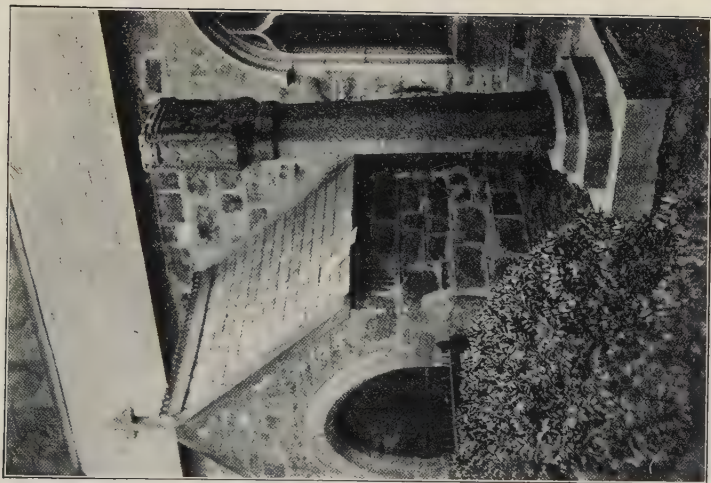
From the top of the steep, narrow street called Barnoon Hill one looks down on the church at one's feet beneath, as if over the balustrade in a house at the hall below. It was completed in 1426, having been sixteen and a half years in building. A local tradition says that the granite used in its construction was brought by water from Zennor, and that the boats had often to wait weeks for calm weather in which to land their heavy cargo. The position of the church, close to the shore, supports this tradition, for in those days the stone could scarcely have been brought by land. Roads there were none. Bridle-paths or mere tracks across the hills and commons were the only representatives of highways, and naturally wheeled vehicles were unknown. The religious fervour and zeal of the people, to build under such adverse circumstances so fine a church, must have been great.

In the Middle Ages church-building was a labour of love. Every capable parishioner gave freely—not money, for there was little then, but of his time and labour. The stone-owner gave his granite; the mason his skill; the metal-worker forged the iron; the wood-carvings on the bench-ends and screens, the painting of the lovely figures in the panels, the embroidery of the church banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the sternly outlined brasses, the stained-glass windows—all done by local artists. There was no dissent, all worked together for the common cause in the construction of a church where they could assemble and meet together, where their children could be baptised, marriages take place, their women churched, their dead buried. How changed has rural England become! The local artist, the village artificers in



BARNOON STREET, ST. IVES

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THE OLD CHURCH CROSS, ST. IVES.

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stone, wood, and metal, are gone for ever, and the fine work in our modern churches is done by imported Italian workmen. One cannot help thinking with a sigh of those old days in this beloved country of ours when the churches were beautiful, and when consequently the lives of those who made them beautiful must have been beautiful also.

Gilbert quotes from the text of the petition presented by the people of this district to the Pope, through the medium of the lord of the manor, for permission to build a church. The extract is interesting as showing the popular tone of the time, and so I give it.

“As it had pleased the Almighty God to increase the town inhabitants and to send down temporal blessings most plentifully among them, the people to show their thankfulness for the same, did resolve to build a chapel in Saint Ives, they having no house in the town wherein public prayers and Divine service was read, but were forced every Sunday and Holy day to go to Lelant Church, being three miles distant from Saint Ives, to hear the same, and likewise to carry their children to Lelant to be baptized, their dead to be there buried, to go there to be married, and their women to be churched.” Pope Alexander V, on October 20th, 1409, and, he dying, his successor, Pope John XXIII, on November 18th, 1410, recommended Bishop Stafford, of Exeter, in whose diocese Cornwall was, to make “the chapels of S. Tewynnoc and S. Ya parochial, with font and cemetery, but dependent on Lelant.”

The church has suffered much from Puritan zeal. Men were actually paid to break up all the stained glass, and an entry in the records shows that a sum of money was paid for destroying the organ and the beautiful carved oak wood screen, curtly called “Railings.” The accounts for the year 1647–8, when one Mr. Thomas Noale was mayor, has the significant entry: “I. more payd the Joyners for takinge down the Organs and Railings of the church £1 15s. 7d.”

The edifice is fine and large, consisting of chancel, nave, with western tower, north aisle, and south aisle, all Perpendicular in style, but the interior is spoilt by the gas-pipes, which obtrusively run about the walls and are of a very common and distracting appearance.

Some of the corbel-heads under the roof of the south chapel, or Trenwith aisle, are old and grotesque; one gentleman is pulling his mouth open with both hands, rudely putting out his tongue at the same time. Another carving is of an ape's head, bald, grinning, showing its teeth, with long, thin beard on the chin.

The font is of sparkling granite, 3 feet 10 inches high, and around the bowl are four angels each holding a shield, and connected by a band bearing these words in raised early English letters: "Amnes baptizate gentes." The bowl is on a circular pedestal with four smaller columns around, and on its circular base are four dragons which represent probably demons cast out by the sacrament of Baptism.

There are some old and remarkable carved bench-ends in St. Ives Church. There used to be many more. A former churchwarden and parish clerk had picture-frames made out of old oak from the benches early in the nineteenth century.

A brass in the church now affixed to the east wall of the aisle is worth attention. It commemorates Otho de Trenwith and his wife, who is seen kneeling before St. Michael. The saint has his conventional wings extended, and is trampling on the dragon, which he has transfixed through the mouth, with his spear or lance—I am not quite sure which saints use. But the curious feature about the saint is his face. This is represented just like a full moon: a thin rim with nose, eyes, and mouth indicated in the interior of the circle by rudely drawn lines, just as a child would make. The explanation is simple. This Trenwith brass once lay on the floor, as brasses usually do, and the feet of untold numbers of passers-by gradually erased the features of the saint, leaving only his halo or nimbus, which was cut deeper in the brass. Then some well-intentioned restorer, who evidently mistook the halo for the outlines of the face, filled up the void within, to the obvious caricaturing of the Archangel.

Beneath the figure on this monument is a Latin inscription which in English runs:—

"Here lie Oto Treunwyth, gentleman, who died on the Sunday next before the festival of the Purification of the

Blessed Virgin Mary, in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Fourth ; who was a man benign and well disposed to God and the world. And the Lady Agnes, his wife ; upon whose souls may God have mercy."

The old early fifteenth-century cross which stands, rather poked away in a corner, between the south porch of the church and the Trenwith aisle, is one of the most elaborate in the district. It is unusually tall, square-headed on an octagonal, oblong pedestal, fixed into a platform of three steps.

On the side of the head which looks westward is carved in relief an *arcus fœderis*, effigies of the Deity exhibiting to the world His Son crucified. God the Father is represented as an aged bearded man wearing a crown, seated and upholding the arms of the crucifix. In the top corners are two shields ; the bearings, if there were any, are now gone through age and weather. On the side facing the east is the Madonna crowned and holding the infant Jesus, with the effigies of two persons standing on either side of the central figures. On the narrow side, i.e. the south side facing the road, is carved a bishop in mitre and chasuble, with staff in his left hand, the right being upheld in the act of blessing. This has been said to be St. Uny, whose well near Sancreed is one of the famous holy wells of the Land's End district. On the north, narrow side of the square head of the cross is a female figure, robed and crowned, which is doubtless St. Ia. The head of the cross is battlemented. I noticed at Chantilly, near Paris, in one of the glass cases in the Grand Château (now thrown open for public inspection, and in my opinion one of the most interesting sights near Paris), a curious resemblance to this cross of St. Ives in the cross from the treasures of Bâle, also of the fifteenth century.

The Reformers threw down this beautiful cross, and it remained half buried in the churchyard, until it was replaced about 1850 by Robert Hichens, of St. Ives and London, to whose munificence the parish church owes much.

St. Ia, or rather the virgin martyr Ia, was a female Irish saint of the fifth century, who came over with St. Breaca and was buried here in the church.

A considerable number of Irish saints and female saints

came to Cornwall from Ireland ; St. Patrick himself crossed the sea on a stone altar, as became one of his rank and prestige amongst saints. Lesser saints came over on mill-stones and other odd articles which were handy, and which in these days would not be regarded as particularly ship-like. Such remarkable and miraculous journeyings no doubt had a great effect on the impressionable and religiously inclined Celtic minds of the Cornish, and the more wonderful the story the more ready were they to give it credence.

St. Ia travelled from Ireland on a slender leaf, so the story says. This, I expect, was a skin-covered coracle or canoe, which was the primitive vessel of the Celts, and the direct descendant of which, only canvas-covered and tarred, is to this day used in Achill Island and other parts of Connemara.¹ Some say she was martyred by Theodoric, King of Cornwall, others say not. The history of these saints is very shady.

Carew, the Cornish historian, says : " The Cornishmen, through the conversation of foreign merchants trading into their country for tin, by the testimony of Diodorus Siculus, grew to a larger measure of civility than others their fellow but more remote islanders. From which civility, in the fruitful age of canonization, they stepped a degree farther to holiness, and helped to stuff the church kalender with divers saints, either made or born Cornish."

Among the multitude of martyrs who suffered for the truth during the reign of King Henry VIII and Queen Mary we find but one Cornish individual, which peculiar circumstance was remarked by the martyrologist himself, and is thus quaintly accounted for by him : " The inhabitants of Cornwall were at such a distance from London, that their faith did not come upon examination, so happy a thing it is for good men to be out of harm's way."

Various are the names of this parish as shown by records in the Public Record Office. In 1327 it was called Sanete Ye ; then in 1546 Seynt Iysse ; in 1549 Seint Ies and Seynt Eyes ; in 1557 Seynt Iees ; in 1571 St. Yves ; and in 1593 for the first time St. Ives. Carew, writing in Elizabeth's reign, says : " This town is to this day called by the Common people in the West, Porthia, St. Ia's port."

¹ See my *Connemara*, pp. 11-15.

St. Ia was buried in an old chapel on the site of the present church, and her festival day, February 3rd, is still kept, although the new church has been coupled with the names of Sts. Peter and Andrew. This is most suitable as the main bulk of the parishioners are connected with the same industry as were those two disciples—fishing.

The parish festival, termed “Feastentide,” being the anniversary of the glorious death of the virgin martyr Ia, for some reason or other, long ago, was transferred from February 3rd to the nearest Sunday to Candlemas—“Feast Sunday,” it is called—and in recent time it has been held on the following Monday after the first Sunday after Candlemas Day. The day is a local holiday, and is termed “Feast Monday,” when teas and social gatherings are held in connection with the different denominations and temperance society.

At this festival the silver ball is thrown. The ball is kept in the custody of the Mayor, but on this particular day he brings it out and throws it up to the young men, who toss it to one another until they are tired, and then it is returned to the Mayor for custody again.

The Mayor of St. Ives (Mr. John Pearce) informs me that it is usual for the Mayor to first throw the ball to his eldest son, who then throws it to the crowd, the first one catching it when thrown off making himself responsible for bringing it back in the evening, when he receives two half-crowns. This sum is usually spent among the prominent hurlers. Mr. Pearce says: “Football has now taken pre-eminence, and the hurling is confined to a comparatively small number.” The silver ball is, nowadays at any rate, provided by the different mayors, who retain it as a memento of office. Formerly it was made from two five-shilling pieces beaten out and then joined together over a cork ball. This ball used to be handed down, and if lost was replaced by the Mayor.

Another old custom is also worthy of notice. The bounds used to be regularly beaten at St. Ives, as was usual in London and other towns—a custom still preserved under some garb or other in many places in England. I was amused when I came across the following significantly painful (or, at any rate, suggestive) entry in the civic records of 1679–80: “For Poynts to Whip Boys 4s. 0d.”

One wonders what the "Poynts" were made of and how they felt!

Wrestling and hurling matches may be counted among the ancient customs of Cornwall. Carew (1602) mentions two sorts of hurling: one in the eastern parts of Cornwall, called hurling to goals, and the other in the western parts, hurling to the country. Silver prizes used, some centuries ago, to be awarded to visitors in these and other games. These hurling matches are peculiarly Cornish, and are trials of skill between two parties, each of about forty to sixty men, and sometimes between two or more parishes. A wooden ball, about three inches in diameter, is hurled, covered with a plate of silver or gilt, and bears commonly a motto alluding to the pastime, as *Guare Wheagh* or *Yw Tead*, which means "Fair play is good play." The success depends upon catching the ball dexterously, when thrown up or *dealt*, and carrying it off quickly, in spite of opposition from the other side, or if that be impossible, throwing it into the hands of a partner on the same side, who in his turn exerts his utmost efforts to convey it to his own goal, which was often three or four miles distant from that of his adversaries.

In the method of wrestling Cornwall differs much from the sport as practised in most counties. No kicks are allowed, and the whole contest is fair and manly. In the Cornish hug Polwhele perceived the Greek palestral attitude revived, and, indeed, two Cornishmen in the act of wrestling bear a close resemblance to the sport as depicted on ancient classical gems and coins.

A gentleman of St. Ives, John Knill, bequeathed the income of a considerable estate to trustees that the same might be distributed in a variety of prizes to those who should excel in racing, rowing, and wrestling. These games, he directed, should be held every fifth year for ever around a mausoleum which he erected in 1782, on a high rock near St. Ives.

The first celebration took place in July, 1801, when, according to the will of the founder, a band of virgins, all dressed in white, with four matrons and a company of musicians, commenced the ceremony by walking in pairs to the summit of the hill, where they danced and chanted a

hymn composed for the purpose round the mausoleum, in imitation of the Druids around the cromlechs of the departed brave. Ten guineas were expended in a dinner at the town, of which six of the principal inhabitants partook. A spectator thus described the scene : " The spectators ranged themselves along the hills which inclose the extensive bay, while the pyramid on the summit seemed pointing to the sun, who appeared in all the majesty of light rejoicing at the scene. At length the Mayor of St. Ives appeared in his robes of state. The signal was given. The flags were displayed in waving splendour from the towers of the castle. Here the wrestlers exerted their sinewy strength; there the rowers, in their various dresses of blue, white, and red, urged the gilded prows of their boats through the sparkling waves of the ocean; while the hills echoed to the mingled shouts of the victors, the dashing of the oars, the songs of the virgins, and the repeated plaudits of the admiring crowd, who stood so thick upon the crescent, which is formed by the surrounding mountains, as to appear *one living amphitheatre*. The ladies and gentlemen of Penzance returned to an elegant dinner, which they had ordered to be prepared at the Union Hotel, and a splendid ball concluded the entertainments of the evening. Hilarity and beauty danced to the most delicious notes of harmony, till the finger of Aurora pointed to the time at which the quinquennial festivities should close." " This institution," continues the same writer, " will go far to preserve the tone of the Cornish character, and can never be neglected, while the Cornish men continue to be brave and the Cornish women to be virtuous." Games were again celebrated at St. Ives in 1806 and 1811, with even increased fervour and renewed attention.

St. Ives chiefly facing the east, and fairly sheltered from the west, has a more bracing climate than Penzance, from which it is separated by a strip of land only about eight miles across. The winter climate is very agreeable, the mean temperature being about 52°–22°. The average temperature in January is 42°, and July 63°. The average rainfall is 36 inches.

In the course of half a century, says Halliwell, not more than two persons in St. Ives were known to have had the

gout. When I was there I asked the leading chemist of the town concerning this, and he told me he knew of only one case of gout there in his life, and he added, as an after-thought, "And that was a form of mild rheumatism." He attributed this phenomenal absence of that complaint among residents to there being no chalk in the water and to its possessing traces of iron, which acted as an imperceptible tonic.

The *Journal of the British Medical Association* of September 23rd, 1875, says: "Within ten miles of Penzance is the town of St. Ives, which from its natural resources and position should attract convalescents. The climate is bracing, and differs in temperature six or seven degrees from the South. It is hence suitable for lung diseases and debilitated constitutions."

I noticed in August the place was full of visitors, and a growing feature here, and at other health resorts of West Cornwall, is for men to go about without hats. On Sunday at St. Ives I saw a considerable number of well-dressed men, carrying Prayer Books, going hatless to church, which, after all, is merely a reversion to the habit of the boys of Christ's Hospital.

It is truly remarkable how the physiognomy of people varies with locality. The general appearance of the St. Ives men and women is distinctly different from that of other places in West Cornwall. The stranger arriving after staying at a neighbouring place notices this. It is difficult to exactly put into words wherein the differences lie; they are subtle yet recognisable, perhaps rather more felt than can be expressed. The eyes of the women of St. Ives, for example, are brighter and more piercing or penetrating than I have noticed elsewhere in the Land's End district, and are often tinged with a yellowish, not displeasing, brown.

The faces of the men convey to the stranger just arrived an effect of squarishness which he has not seen in the neighbouring towns.

The description given of the typical young women of the place by J. Hobson Matthews in his history of St. Ives is, from my own observation, correct: "She dresses well for her station in life, which is that of a draper's assistant. Her

demeanour is frank and unaffected, even towards persons of the opposite sex. She can pull an oar in seamanlike style, and understands a good deal about sailing a boat. See her with her friends, walking up the Terrace, after chapel on a Sunday evening. She knows her bonnet is well up to date, and that her gloves and boots are good and fit her well; therefore she feels that she is as good as anybody in the crowd, and she steps out with a free and independent gait and an air of honest satisfaction."

The typical St. Ives man, according to the same authority, Mr. J. Hobson Matthews,¹ "is of medium height, but broad-shouldered, with the Cymric round head and face; he has black hair, black or grey eyes, and swarthy complexion. In character he is warm-hearted and impulsive; quick-tempered, but readily forgiving; of an imagination easily swayed by the spell of music, and influenced by religious feeling; clannish and hating change."

On Sunday evenings, if fine in the summer, it is the custom seemingly for the entire young population of both sexes to make a regular promenade up and down the one or two principal streets of the town till about ten o'clock.

The pilchard fishery is an important feature of St. Ives. As a rule the pilchard shoals or schools arrive in the bay about the same time as the herrings arrive at Yarmouth. The Yarmouth men therefore are always desirous of knowing when pilchards have been seen by the "huers" of St. Ives.

An unique custom obtains here in connection with the pilchards. The inhabitants, on the announcement of a school of pilchards, shout out, "Heva! Heva!" They sometimes say, in a doggerel:—

"Heva to the sea,
The boats have gone to sea."

St. Ives seems to have had a sense of the value of protecting her industries at an early period. In 1603 it was ordered that any person or persons "as shall buy or sell agayne by waye of retayle any barrell of Bristowe beere or any other Beere" brought into the town by any manner of shipping, considering that the "Beere and Ale whin or town" is by common experience found as good and healthful "to men's

¹ *A History of the Parishes of Saint Ives, Lelant, Towednack, and Zennor* (1892), p. 12.

Bodies and rather more," shall pay a fine. And then, on October 2nd, 1603, one Thomas Whyte was fined 18d. for importing "three barles of Glocester Beere," a mitigated fine as being the first offence.

The bay of St. Ives is one of the most lovely I have seen in England. It certainly surpasses in beauty Mount's Bay, on the south side of the peninsula, and now that good hotels have arrived, there is no reason why this quaint and peculiarly attractive town, with its good beaches for bathing and a most interesting neighbourhood, should not advance rapidly as a health and pleasure resort. That it is reached by that splendidly equipped and managed line, the Great Western Railway, is a distinct factor in its favour.

Just at the base of the stone pier, where it juts out from the shore, is an old building used as a resting-room or shelter for the fisher-folk, which is still known as the Chapel. It was formerly the oratory of Saint Leonard, and still preserves somewhat of its original outline with its eastern end narrowing inwards and the little narrow doorway in the north wall. During the Middle Ages the Chapel was especially devoted to the use of the St. Ives fishermen, who maintained a chaplain to say Mass for them, his payment being by offerings of fish proportionate to each catch. This office seems to have been continued till after the Reformation, for Warner tells us of a chaplain who, in his time, said prayers there for the fishermen whenever he was sufficiently sober to do so. Rough wooden benches are now placed along the walls, and there do the fishermen and longshoremen rest to forgather and gossip.

On the day that King Charles was beheaded at Whitehall (January 30th, 1649) a ship which was riding in St. Ives Bay, having on board the King's wardrobe and other furniture belonging to the royal family, bound for France, ran ashore on the rocks of Godrevy Island. She had on board about sixty persons, all of whom were drowned excepting a man and a boy, who with a wolf-dog swam to the island, and there for two days subsisted on rain-water and seaweed. As soon as the storm abated they were brought to St. Ives, and Mr. Hicks conversed with them. This he relates in the MS, which is extant.

To lovers of wild scenery the high promontory known as the Island appeals with quiet power. Once this was really an island, no doubt, connected with the mainland at low water by a causeway, just as St. Michael's Mount now is. The causeway was reclaimed, and is now part of the lower portion of St. Ives. The view from the top of the Island is exceptionally grand all round. This portion of St. Ives is not half enough known. Few if any seaside places possess such a lovely sea-girt spot. The sea often breaks on the black rocks with great violence, and then the effect is truly grand.

On the top stand the remains of the Chapel of St. Nicholas—patched up and so altered from time to time that little of the original edifice survives. "Its latest metamorphosis was when it was transformed into a look-out for the revenue officers. This was probably done some time in the last century; and brick additions were then made to the ancient building, turning it into a sort of cottage, with a low wall on the rock behind, on which the pilots rest their telescopes when scanning the horizon for vessels."¹ In former days a beacon fire was lit here when needed to alarm the coast during the scares of invaders. The old borough accounts contain entries relating to its maintenance, as that in 1665-6: "I. pd. for straw and roapes for the Beacon 1s. 9d."

Tonkin says: "On the island (or peninsula) work of Saint Ives standeth the ruins of an old chapel, wherein God was duly worshipped by our ancestors the Britons, before the Church of St. Ives was erected or endowed." And Hals also refers to it: "This town, as Mr. Camden saith, was formerly called Pendenis or Pendunes, the head fort, fortress, or fortified place, probably from the little island here, containing about six acres of ground, on which there stands the ruins of a little old fortification and a chapel."

The Two Edges is the name given to the remains of the cyclopean walls now to be seen on the Island, showing that it was always a strongly fortified spot.

Nowadays the grassy slopes are used by the fishermen to dry their seine nets. Near the fort, where the edge of the turf has been washed away by the sea, some four inches

¹ Matthews's *St. Ives* (1892), p. 35.

below the top of the grass I came across a large bed of broken sea-shells, chiefly mussel and winkle. They extended in what must once have been a high heap for some ten feet laterally, and in the thickest part were a foot deep. The black ashes and brittle nature of the shell-remains showed that here was one of the old dining-places of a people long since passed away. Yet what a lovely position they chose to eat their simple molluscan food in !

Population of St. Ives.

1861	.	6935	1891	.	6094
1871	.	6914	1901	.	6699
1881	.	6445	1911	.	7452

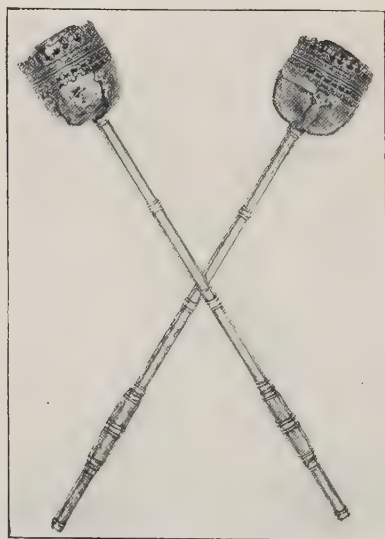
An increase of 517 in fifty years.





RADIUM MINE, ST. IVES

[p. 301



OLD CIVIC MACES, ST IVES

[p. 315

CHAPTER XXX

THE RADIUM MINE OF ST. IVES

FOR some fifty years past on the near outskirts of St. Ives has stood an ugly heap of refuse and debris, an eyesore to the numerous artists of the town and a nuisance to the neighbourhood generally. No one guessed even in his sanest intervals that in this refuse heap lay an element worth perhaps a hundred times as much as an equal quantity of auriferous rock from the Rand. This refuse contains a substance called pitch-blende, from which the marvelously active and valuable radium is extracted.

Pitch-blende is in appearance like solidified tar, and is a very rare substance. A small quantity has been found at Nogent-sur-Marne, in France, and at the Joachimsthal Mines in Bohemia, eleven miles from Carlsbad. It occurs here at the old Trenwith Mine, and at one other spot only in Cornwall so far as is yet known.

The geologist Henwood so far back as 1843 called the attention of scientists to this pitch-blende at the Trenwith Mine, concerning which he wrote :

“ Pitch-blende (oxide of uranium) occurs in great abundance among the copper ores of Wheal Trenwith, and was long carefully collected and thought to be black copper ore. The low prices obtained for the ores with which it was mixed, and the inferiority of the metal they yielded, equally disappointed the miner and the copper-smelter, until a specimen of the copper was examined by Mr. Mitchell, of Calenick, and found mixed with titanium in a metallic state. The ores were then inspected, and, pitch-blende being discovered among them, its nature and prejudice to the copper ores were explained to the workmen, by whom it has been, of course, since rejected. Was there ever an instance in which an acquaintance with mineralogy and chemistry would have been more useful ? ”

Since 1856 no work has been done at the Trenwith Mine, but now a syndicate has been formed to extract radium from the refuse. So the discovery of a lady, Mme. Curie—for it was she, and not her husband, who discovered radium—may bring back mining prosperity to St. Ives.

Mr. Francis Darwin, when President of the British Association, a few years ago, pointed out that radium was millions of times more powerful than dynamite, and that there was enough energy in a pound and a half to drive a cruiser six thousand miles at high speed.

The whole story of radium reads like a delightful fanciful tale from the Arabian Nights. The practical applications of radium, when sufficient of it is obtained—and the demand will, no doubt, as was the case with aluminium and other elements, make the desired supply—are almost beyond the wildest dreams of youth.

The market value of radium is almost impossible to be estimated. It is said by the experts that the pitch-blende at the Trenwith Mine will yield about one and one-hundredth grains to the ton. This quantity, in size only that of a small pin's head, is worth probably between £1000 and £1500.

Marking such an epoch in the mining industry of Cornwall, it is not without interest to know something of the spot which has already aroused so great an interest not only locally, but all over England.

According to *Domesday Book* "Trenwit" was owned in the time of Edward the Confessor by Sitric the Abbot, and before by the Earl of Cornwall and his "Villeins." In the Exeter *Domesday* this manor is called "Trenuwit." Trenwith was granted to John de Beaufort, son of John of Gaunt, by the Earl, and continued in his family till the attainder of Edmund Beaufort, Earl of Somerset, in 1471. Since then the manor seems to have been annihilated. The barton some time previous to the reign of Edward IV became the property of a family called Bailiff, who then took the surname of Trenwith. The Trenwith family died out by the death of Rebecca Trenwith in 1798.

Trenwith means "the habitation by the trees," the early form of it being "Treunwyth." In looking through the parish register one sees that the common baptismal name in this family, which descended from father to son for

many generations, was "Renatus." It would be interesting to know how this remarkable Christian name originated.

I visited the famous Trenwith Mine, being kindly shown over it by Mr. T. J. Chellew. It is close to and immediately above the town. At the time of my visit men were at work putting a fine electric pump into one of the shafts for clearing the water from the workings. Immense heaps of debris, in the form of broken-up pieces of ore dull reddish in colour when seen in masses, lie around on the slopes, from which the town and church of St. Ives are scarcely divided by any tangible interval. You could throw stones from the top of the heaps on to the roofs of the houses below. Men with spades and hand-barrow were painstakingly sorting out and picking over the debris on the look-out for pitch-blende—a blackish, vitreous substance—a little like pitch, containing the oxide of uranium in thin silvery streaks. These streaks run not in straight paths, but zigzag and turn about here and there in the pitch-blende heavy lumps, for very heavy is uranium. There are several grades of the ore, with varying richness in the uranium salt. At present (1909) the pitch-blende is obtained solely from the debris of the workings of the old Trenwith Mine, which closed down some forty years ago. When the electric pump is working and the water has been cleared out from the mine's interior, search will be made for pitch-blende, which will be won and brought to the surface. The mine-water has great radio-activity, so that probably pitch-blende exists there in some quantity at least—in what quantity time will prove. If in large quantities, the gold and diamond mines of the world must take a distinct back seat as money-makers.

Radium, of course, is not seen actually at the Trenwith Mine. What one does see is this uranium oxide in the pitch-blende, from which by processes in the chemical laboratory the salts of radium are extracted.

At the head of the Trenwith Mine are several locked sheds, in which the precious pieces of pitch-blende are secured under lock and key. As the pieces are discovered by the workmen picking over the debris, they are at once dropped between bars into locked boxes. These precautions are necessary. Let me mention one significant fact. Two

small parcels of pitch-blende were sent to Germany, and were both lost on the road!

There is a fully equipped chemical laboratory at the mine, where necessary tests, experiments, and analyses can be conducted.

Should it eventually happen that pitch-blende rich in radium be found, St. Ives will become the most important place in Europe. The eyes of all nations, and particularly the war departments of the world, are very closely watching the progress of the advent of this latest scientific marvel.

The known quantity of pitch-blende in the world is extremely limited. Though uranium is found in other ores, it is not commercially available. Therefore, so far as is known at present, pitch-blende is the only practical source of radium.

The presence of radium causes one to take precautions which are quite unusual. I took my charged camera into one of the little houses where the pitch-blende is stored, and suddenly remembering the wonderfully actinic potency of the emanations from the ore, rushed out and deposited my camera outside, for the rays treat wood, leather, and metal almost as if they were not. When radium comes into general use it will make us careful in many directions where we are not at present, and will lead to many revolutionary customs and usages.

Sir Joseph Thomson, at the meeting of the British Association at Winnipeg (1909), said some pertinent words about radium. He is of opinion that the most plausible theory of radio-active energy is that the elements are not permanent, but are gradually breaking up into elements of lower atomic weight: uranium, for example, is slowly breaking up, one of the products being radium, which radium itself breaks up into a radio-active gas called radium emanation, the emanation into another radio-active substance, and so on. The radiations, in short, are a kind of swan's song emitted by the atoms when they pass from one form to another. Thus, when a radium atom breaks up and an atom of the emanation appears, the rays which constitute the radio-activity are produced. The atoms of the radio-active elements are, then, not immortal; they perish after a life whose average length ranges from

thousands or millions of years in the case of uranium to a second or so in the case of the gaseous emanation from actinium.

The energy developed by radio-active substances is exceedingly great. One gramme of radium develops nearly as much energy as would be produced by burning a ton of coal.

One indirect effect of the discovery of radium is the light it throws upon the age of the earth. Before the discovery of radium it was supposed that the supplies of heat furnished by chemical changes going on in the earth were quite insignificant. It was thought that the heat of the earth in the interior was gradually going, and nothing could replace it; that when the earth first solidified it only possessed a certain amount of heat, which it is constantly spending, and not gaining fresh heat. Though the quantity of radium in the earth is an exceedingly small fraction of the total mass, yet the total amount of heat given out by this small quantity of radium is so great that it is more than enough to replace the heat which flows from the inside to the crust of the earth. If radium behaves in the interior of the earth as it does at the surface, rocks similar to those in the earth's crust cannot extend to a depth of more than forty-five miles below the surface. Though the discovery of radio-activity has thus taken away one method of estimating the earth's age, it has supplied another. The gas helium is given out by radio-active bodies, and since it is not found in minerals which do not contain radio-active elements, it is probable that all the helium has come from these elements. In the case of a mineral containing uranium—the parent of radium in radio-active equilibrium, with radium and its products, helium will be produced at a definite rate. Helium is permanent and accumulates in the mineral. Hence, if the amount of helium in a sample of rock be measured, and the amount produced by the sample in one year, the length of time the helium has been accumulating, so the length of the age of the rock can be determined.

But the most interesting feature about this latest scientific marvel, radium, lies in its suggestiveness. Middle-aged scientific men remember that it was not unusual for quite a pessimistic feeling to be prevalent: that all the interesting

things in the universe had been discovered. The advent of radium on the scientific horizon has caused enthusiasm to be quickened, and has engendered a hopeful, youthful, perhaps exuberant, spirit which will lead men—aye! and women too, for radium is a woman's victory—to make with confidence experiments which twenty years ago would have been thought puerile and even fantastic. As we conquer peak after peak of knowledge, we see in front of us more regions full of interest, beauty, and ungleamed marvels. In the dim vistas of science tower still higher and higher peaks.

“Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.”¹

The marvellous discoveries of the past fifty years are probably only a dim foreshadowing of far more glorious advances to come in the near future.

One of the latest ideas in connection with the practical use of radium is the formation of a Radium Bank, which will keep a stock of the rare element, and loan out fractional weights at so much a day or week. It is proposed to lend 100 milligrammes for £40, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of its value, for the first day, and half per cent per day for each subsequent day. Truly radium is revolutionary!

The result of the discovery of radium has been that the health resorts possessing mineral springs have all been finding radium in some form or other in their waters. It is unquestionably the fact that bottled mineral waters are not so efficacious as those same waters drunk at the source, and it is possible that the radium-influence may depart from the fluid soon after reaching the earth's surface. The truth is, little is known about radium—certainly not so much as about electricity, and we do not know even now what electricity is.

¹ Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Book VIII.

CHAPTER XXXI

LOVING-CUPS AND THE FAMOUS PEACE CUP OF ST. IVES

THE loving-cup is of greater antiquity than many people imagine. At any rate, it was known in the days of Lucian, Athenæus, Plautus, Martial, and Terence. Even in the remotest ages its equivalent was extant in the form of pouring out or spilling wine on the ground in honour of the gods. In ancient Greece three craters, which would correspond with three very large cups, were drunk to the gods, each one to a particular god, chiefly to Mercury and Jupiter the preserver. It was customary for the master of the feast to drink to his guests in order of their rank, as is still done at great banquets, drinking himself a part of the cup, and sending the remainder to the person named. Amongst the Romans the chairman (*rex convivii*, *magister convivii*, *arbiter bibendi*) seems usually to have been chosen by lot—throw of the dice. “It was customary,” say Eschenburg and Fiske, “to drink healths, the memory of the gods and heroes being usually honoured in the first place.”

In the middle of the fifth century health-drinking is often recorded. For instance, Hengist, a noble Saxon leader, having had the Isle of Thanet given to him by King Vortigern for his services against the Picts and Scots, erected a castle thereon, in which, on being finished, he invited the King to supper. After the banquet Hengist called for his daughter Rowena, who, richly attired and with a graceful mien, entered the dining-hall with a golden bowl in her hand, and in the Saxon language drank to King Vortigern, saying, “Be of health, Lord King,” to which he replied in the same tongue, “Drink health.” As we know, Vortigern, enamoured of Rowena’s charms, afterwards married her, and gave her and her father all Kent.

The ancient Saxons were much addicted to bouts of

hard drinking. It was on the festival of St. Augustine, in 946, that Edmund the First was murdered—a catastrophe which might have been prevented but for the inebriated state of the King's attendants and the nobles who were present. Edgar the Peaceable, as he was called, tried to check the vice and put a stop to the numerous quarrels which were the consequence of it. Mugs and drinking-vessels in those days were all articles of value and not plentiful. It was the practice to hand round to the company a common drinking-vessel which the guests used to vie with each other in trying who could drain it to the greatest depth. Edgar ordered that these common drinking-vessels, or loving-cups, should be made with knobs of brass at certain distances down the depth from each other, so that no one might be obliged to drink more at a draught than from one of the knobs to another.

The earliest drinking-cups were the horns of cattle and the scallop-shell. These in later days gave place to the communal cup, which, being handed round the assembled company, became in still later times the loving-cup as we now know it.

In the Middle Ages, and particularly during the time of the Renaissance, objects which to us nowadays are common, but which were then rare, were frequently mounted as cups in the most costly manner by the silversmiths of the period. Perhaps the cocoa-nut—then considered a rarity—was more used as a cup than any other object. There are two of such elaborately mounted cups at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. At Oxford there are no less than six medieval cocoa-nut cups: two of the fifteenth century and one dated 1584–5 at New College, one of the late fifteenth century at Oriel College, and two of the early sixteenth century at Exeter and Queen's. Some of the great city companies also possess similar cups of about the same date, notably the Ironmongers, Vintners, Armourers, and Saddlers. Many of the cocoa-nut cups of the Elizabethan era were carved with scenes from the Bible.

Another object often elaborately mounted as a cup because of its rarity in those days was the ostrich-egg shell. These are not so common nowadays as are the cocoa-nut cup, because they were more liable to get broken. Bishop

Richard Fletcher gave one to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, dated 1592-3, which is still there. Other examples, one of 1623-4, in the possession of Lord Swaythling, and another, of 1610-11, at Exeter College, Oxford, are still to be seen.

Another object of still more fragile description was formerly much used to form loving-cups—the nautilus shell. There used to be a fragment of such a cup made of this beautiful shell at All Souls College, Oxford, dating from about 1290-1300, but unfortunately it is now lost. From a description it seems that the delicate shell was mounted in a stand or case of silver-gilt of the form of a filled-up horse-shoe, but having a semi-elliptical opening at the larger end to receive the central curve of the shell. The enamels with which it was covered were heraldic, costly, and most elaborate.

The progenitor of the silver loving-cup of to-day was the mazer. The mazer was succeeded by pewter, pewter by silver. The word *mazer* meant simply a wooden cup, called in French *madre*, which, says Cotgrave, is used "of wood whose grain is full of crooked and speckled streaks or veins." The German *maser* is a spot, speck, or the grain of wood, *maserholz* is veined wood, and *maserle* maple wood or the maple tree. From this source our old drinking-cup or mazer is clearly derived. Though the best and most highly valued drinking-bowls were made of maple wood, the term came to be extended to all bowls of similar form made of wood other than maple.¹ The bowl was usually constructed from the knots and roots of the maple, those portions being especially prized for their veined and mottled grain. As knots would not be very thick, and so the bowls made of them shallow, not holding sufficient liquid for passing round in a large company, their depth was increased often by mounting them with a high metal rim, which is characteristic of mazers. This rim also allowed for the exercise of the art of the silversmith, and was frequently highly ornamental and sometimes had an inscription running round it.

¹ " 'Bring here,' he said, 'the mazers four
My noble fathers loved of yore.' "

Lord of the Isles, Sir Walter Scott.

A will found at York in 1446 disposes of no less than thirty-three mazers, or "murræ usuales," and two of such importance as to have had names assigned to them. One well-known specimen of mazer of polished maple is figured in Parker's *Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages*, and bears engraved around the rim of the ample bowl:—

"In the name of the Trinite
Fille the kup and drinke to me."

A fine old loving-cup, the gift of Bishop Cosin to Peterhouse (St. Peter's College), Cambridge, dated 1657-8, is noticeable. Its shape is peculiar to the time of the Commonwealth, a time when little plate was made—particularly in the form of cups—drinking in public being tabooed. The body is large, the base splayed or with a wide flange, and the sides of the bowl are decorated with flat flowers and scrolls. The cup is double-handled, as all proper loving cups should be in order to enable it to be passed readily from one to another down and across the table, and each handle takes the form of a terminal figure.

Though most of the old loving-cups are double-handled, many have three handles—the better to aid rapid progression. The capacity of these old loving-cups was prodigious, three and a half pints or even quarts being not at all unusual or a maximum.

In the seventeenth century bequests of tankards, silver cups, and other plate were common in wills, and many of our city corporations, city companies, colleges, and Army and Navy messes have benefited thereby.

The town of St. Ives is the lucky heritor of a loving-cup which is little known; yet it is one of the most interesting in this country. Its value? Well, it is one of those things that are priceless. The Mayor (Mr. John Pearce) not only allowed me, with flattering trustfulness, to inspect at my leisure this civic plate, but he most kindly brought it into his drawing-room in order that I might photograph it at my convenience. The famous Peace Loving-Cup is of silver, and I was glad when the Mayor told me he only allowed it to be cleaned with a very soft leather, and *without* using any plate-powder, the use of which must of necessity



THE FAMOUS LOVING CUP OF ST. IVES

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reduce the sharpness of the engraving. I think an Act of Parliament should be passed prohibiting all civic plate more than one hundred years old being cleaned with anything but soft leather or old silk handkerchiefs.

The cup is of solid silver (gilt), elaborately chased and wrought. I measured it with my tape, and found it was $22\frac{3}{4}$ inches from base to top; the diameter of the cup itself $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches. From base to the top of the head of the figure on the cover the cup measures 33 inches. The exceedingly elegantly modelled dominating figure has the left hand resting on a shield, and the right is grasping a spear or bow—it is not easy to decide which is meant—and it stands on an oval ball and a three-sided pyramid, supported on three sea-horses. The chief interest in the cup lies in the inscription, which is incised on the *inside* of, and reads round the base of the cup on the rim or splayed-out fringe upon which the cup stands.

This is the famous inscription:—

“ Iff any discord twixt my friends arise
Wth in the Burrough of Beloved St. Ives
Itt is desyred that this my Cup of Loue
To everie one a Peace maker may Prove
Then am I Blest to have giuen a Legacie
So like my hartt unto Posteritie.

F^{cis} Bassett Aⁿ 1640.”

Ever since worthy Francis Bassett bequeathed this loving-cup to the town it has been used at the annual mayoral banquets, and passed to the citizens and guests in succession. Who knows what good inspirations have not flowed from its use? Thousands have drunk from it since 1640, and each one has known of the harmony-desiring motto on the base. Peace upon earth is the highest ideal we can set before us, and this cup, silently for 271 years, but perhaps in the most eloquent manner, because not obtrusively, has been inculcating the blessed maxim. Yes, Francis Bassett in 1640 did a good deed when he presented the cup with its quaint rhyming message to his beloved St. Ives. He could scarcely have left a more enduring memorial. Mr. Pearce, the Mayor, informed me that on November 9th that year he distributed 1300 buns to the children of St. Ives, and

that each youngster had a drink from the cup, for by a very old custom each child belonging to the town has a right to a drink of wine from the famous cup on Mayor's Day. The wine used, I was informed, was of a very mild description—local raspberry. Of late years at the civic banquets I understand a silver ladle has been used to dole out the wine into glasses. It seems a pity the old customs associated with the loving-cup should be discarded.

At many of our colleges and at banquets of city companies curious customs are observed when the loving-cup goes round. When one at the table stands up to drink from the cup, a very prevalent custom at most colleges and city companies is for his immediate neighbour to stand up also and face the drinker. When the cup is passed to him, he, in his turn, turns round and the next neighbour stands up facing the drinker, and so on all round the table. This old custom, like most quaint ceremonies of to-day, has a curious origin. In the days of our Anglo-Saxon progenitors it was the habit to drink deeply and to pass round a large cup, from which each in turn drank to the company. When standing up holding the cup with both hands his body would be exposed and therefore he would be unable to ward off a suddenly struck blow. To prevent this treachery taking place during the drinking interval, he required his companion who sat next him to be his *pledge*, or responsible for protecting his body against any of the party who should be mean enough to take advantage of his defenceless position.

At Lichfield this ancient protective custom entails no less than three persons standing up together, one of whom is drinking from the loving-cup. From time immemorial in this city at dinners given by the Mayor, or at any public dinner of the corporation, the first two toasts given are "The King" and "Weale and worship," both of which are drunk out of a massive embossed silver cup holding four quarts, presented to the corporation in 1666 by one Elias Ashmole, a native of the city. The ceremony that takes place is interesting. The Mayor drinks first, and on rising the persons on his right and left also rise. The Mayor, having well drunk, hands the cup to the person on his right



side, when the one next to him rises, the one on the left of the Mayor still standing. Then the cup is passed across the table to him, when his left-hand neighbour stands : so that there are always three standing at the same time—one next to the person who drinks, and one opposite to him. Lichfield, it would therefore seem, must in ancient days have been a dangerous place to dine at—no less than two pledges being needed when a man drank from a two-handled cup in public.

In many places the cover of the loving-cup is held over the head of the person drinking by his neighbours on his right and left hands. This, no doubt, was likewise protective in origin. The custom prevailed (I do not know if it is so still) at Queen's College, Oxford, for the scholars who wait upon their fellows to place their two thumbs on the table.

The same ceremony, a writer says, is used in some parts of Germany whilst the superior drinks the health of the inferior. The inferior, during this, places his two thumbs on the table, and therefore is incapacitated from making any attempt upon the life of the person who is drinking.

In order not to drink more than a fair share of the wine in the loving-cup, it was always the custom at Peterhouse, Cambridge, that no breath should be taken after the lips had once touched the rim ; on breaking this rule a fine was imposed, usually the providing of another fill of the cup.

In the early Victorian era it was the custom to bequeath mourning-rings to friends and relatives, some of which contained hair from the head of the dear departed. In some families a custom used to prevail which seems much more sensible. Instead of the customary mourning-ring, cups of family love bequeathed to the surviving children and grandchildren seem a pleasanter and more unselfish form of memento. Such are easily procured or made, and the custom might with advantage be followed to-day. In 1742 a dear old grandmother left a cup of love to each of her grandchildren, with a Latin inscription which roughly rendered was :—

"A grandmother a cup of love,
 To each grandchild bequeaths,
 And trusts each love of her will prove
 By mutual deeds of love.
 Oft as they meet and drink may they
 Think, as the cup goes round,
 Of her advice who's passed away
 And mingled with the ground."¹

In these strenuous, mercenary, calculating days we want more loving-cups. We want more old grandmothers to leave cups of love to their children and grandchildren. And why should these loving-cups be only bequeathed? Why should not many rich people give loving-cups in their lifetime, and live to see the enjoyment they would give, the happiness and kindly feeling they would engender? Just think what untold kindly feeling would be caused by occasionally passing round a loving-cup in a workhouse. Even a convict prison would be none the worse, I venture to say, for the presence on stated or star occasions of a loving-cup passing the round. All convicts are not bad. In the worst criminal are good traits. Loving-cups can only foster and encourage the good. It is a contradiction of terms to say a loving-cup can do evil. But then a loving-cup should be suitably endowed. It is no use leaving a loving-cup in your will unless you leave the wherewithal to fill it, and let the filling be generous and good, and in keeping with the beauty and intention of the vessel itself. To give and endow a loving-cup is comparatively a small matter. A few hundred pounds will furnish and for ever equip such a cup, and yet how few, if any, think of this simple and inexpensive way of affording an immense amount of innocent pleasure and happiness to a vast number of their fellows.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love";

and the loving-cup is just an attempt, feeble no doubt,

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 2nd S., 7, p. 279. The Latin inscription ran:

"10 Junii, 1742
 Poculum Charitatis
 Nepotibus suis singulis et neptibus
 Ab Avia amantissima C. N. legatum est,
 Hâc mente,
 Ut quoties alii alios interviserent,
 Ex eo propinarent sibi,
 Et memores quo affectu eos ipsa dellexit
 Eo se invicem prosequerentur."

but a noble one, to give a practical expression or illustration of that sentiment so truthfully and feelingly expressed by Sir Walter Scott.

And if a motto be wanted for engraving on a loving-cup, perhaps these lines of Edwin Arnold, from his *Light of Asia*, will better meet that want than any other I know :—

“ Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath ; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.”

But besides the famous Peace Loving-Cup the borough of St. Ives possesses two other pieces of ancient and interesting civic plate.

The two silver maces—I weighed them and found them to be five and a half pounds together—are of silver, each beautifully chased and engraved with the coat of arms of the borough on top, and female figures in repoussé pierced work round the head. They have large dents upon them as though they had been forcibly used at some time as weapons. There were formerly but one policeman for the borough and two sergeants of mace who were constables. These latter made the tour of the town and visited the inns at closing-time, and were called out on special occasions to assist the policeman. Probably they always carried the maces with them, and used them on unruly citizens when occasion required. The Sir Francis Bassett who gave the massive silver loving-cup to St. Ives obtained for the borough its first charter in 1639, when it was made a municipality, with a mayor, recorder, and town clerk. In the accounts for 1639–40, which I looked up, I read : “ Item. More given to Mr. Robert Arundle when he brought the cupp given by his Maister to our Towne £2 ”—a considerable gratuity for those days, when we read : “ To Andrew Lawrie for his wages being Towne Clarke 8s.” !

The arms were thus blazoned for St. Ives : Argent an ivy branch, whole field vert.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE POWER OF SEVEN AND THE MAN WITH SEVEN WIVES

“As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?”

ST. IVES holds a distinguished place in the recollections of the nursery. What calculating master and arithmetical miss has not toiled and laboured over the hopeless task of discovering the aggregate number of “kits, cats, sacks, and wives” journeying towards the ancient borough of St. Ia?

Children are early instructed in the history of this puzzling gentleman who met so many powers of seven on his way to St. Ives, and in the plaintive narrative, according to which the sisters and brothers of Wordsworth’s little maid are positively affirmed and reaffirmed to have been “seven in all.” When they get a little older they are told not to cry, lest they should frighten nurse out of her seven senses. If this awful threat be of no avail, they are solaced with the soothing account of the “Seven Wise Men,” a description of the “Seven Wonders of the World,” or the prodigy in the “Seven-league Boots”; and are warned to avoid having things about them “all sixes and sevens.” But even to grown-up people seven is a number of much solemnity. The innocent gentleman from the country who once upon a time strayed into that charming locality

“Where to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray,”

had probably an opportunity of remembering the number seven through gloomy reminiscences of the loss of his own

"dial," with everything else handy which he might have had upon his person.

Pythagoras, however, who lived before the days of Seven Dials, pronounced the number to belong especially to sacred things; and we find Hippocrates, four and a half centuries before our era, dividing the ages of man into seven, an arrangement afterwards adopted by Shakspeare. But long before this the Egyptian priests enjoined rest on the seventh day, because they said it was an unlucky day, a *dies infaustus*, though there is little doubt that this ancient institution of a sabbath was primarily derived from the Chaldeans. There were seven planets in Egyptian astronomy, and hence the seven days of the week, each ruled by and named after its proper constellation. The ancient Peruvians had a tradition of the Deluge, from which seven persons saved themselves in a cave and repopled the earth; and the old inhabitants of Mexico similarly traced their descent from a like number of persons, each of whom was hidden in a separate cave during the inundation of water.

How this peculiar use of the number spread from the Old to the New World it is impossible to say, hopeless to conjecture. Maybe its marvellously frequent employment is a trait of character common to man. As the dog, no matter how domesticated, grunts and groans in his sleep in memory of the prairie-hunting days of his remote ancestors, so perhaps man has the number seven ingrained in his nature. At any rate, there are seven holes in a man's head—two ears, two eyes, two nostrils, and a mouth—and formerly he was supposed to possess seven pairs of nerves. Such points of likeness are common to the genus. It is noticeable, and certainly singular, that the ancient people of Peru were found to be employing a seven-day week without planetary names for those divisions of time. The ancient Jews considered this number the embodiment of perfection and unity; thus they say the Hebrew letters composing Samuel have the value of seven, this name having been given to him because of the greatness and perfection of his character.

Undoubtedly seven is the sacred number. There are seven days of creation; after seven days' respite the flood came; the years of famine and plenty were in cycles of

seven ; every seventh day was a sabbath ; every seventh year the sabbath of rest ; after every seven times seven years came the jubilee ; the feasts of unleavened bread and of tabernacles were observed seven days ; the golden candlestick had seven branches ; seven priests with seven trumpets surrounded Jericho seven times and seven times on the seventh day ; Jacob obtained his wives by servitude of seven years ; Samson kept his nuptials seven days, and on the seventh day he put a riddle to his wife, and he was bound with seven green withes, and seven locks of his hair were shaved off ; Nebuchadnezzar was seven years a beast ; Shadrach and his two companions in misfortune were cast into a furnace heated seven times more than it was wont. In the New Testament nearly everything occurs by sevens, and at the end of the sacred volume we read of seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven spirits, seven trumpets, seven seals, seven stars, seven thunders, seven vials, seven plagues, seven angels, and a seven-headed monster. Such are merely a few instances of the sacred use of the number whose employment in this connection seems common to all nations and all religions. Not very long ago in England the seventh son of a seventh son was reputed to possess singular powers of healing. In Cornwall the breaking of a looking-glass entails seven years of trouble, but no want.

Delightful stories of slumberers carry on the same idea. The sleepers of Ephesus are seven ; Barbarossa changes his position during his long sleep once every seven years ; Olger Dansk stamps his iron mace on the floor once during the same period ; Olger Redbeard's sleep is so sound in Sweden that his eyelids lift only once in seven years ; Tannhäuser, while riding on his way to the Wartburg, sees Venus before him in all her loveliness, and getting off his horse, follows her to a cave in the mountain, where he spends seven years in enthrallment. Similarly, in Scotland, Thomas of Ercildoune meets a beautiful lady of the elfin race beneath Eildon Tree, who leads him underground, where he remains with her for seven years ; and in like manner Jonas Soideman, in the Faroe Islands, is entertained for the same length of time by spirits in a mountain. In Catalonia a young girl is spirited away into a mountain called Cavagun, where in unhallowed pleasures she passes seven years of

her life. It takes Eirek, the Norseman, seven years to reach home after his visit to the terrestrial paradise, when he relates his adventures, "to the confusion of the heathen, and to the delight and edification of the faithful." Our own St. George is said to have been tortured by the Emperor Dacian during seven years, though, according to other accounts, he suffered seven martyrdoms, reviving after each except the last. There were seven champions of Christendom. When St. Patrick and his retinue were travelling in the southern part of what is now County Kildare, he sent for his seven deer-nets to capture the gigantic wild deer which was devastating the country. And Goethe, in his *False Lover*, tells how a gallant from France, having won the affections of a fair girl, afterwards cruelly forsook her, and how, in the same hour when he deserted her,

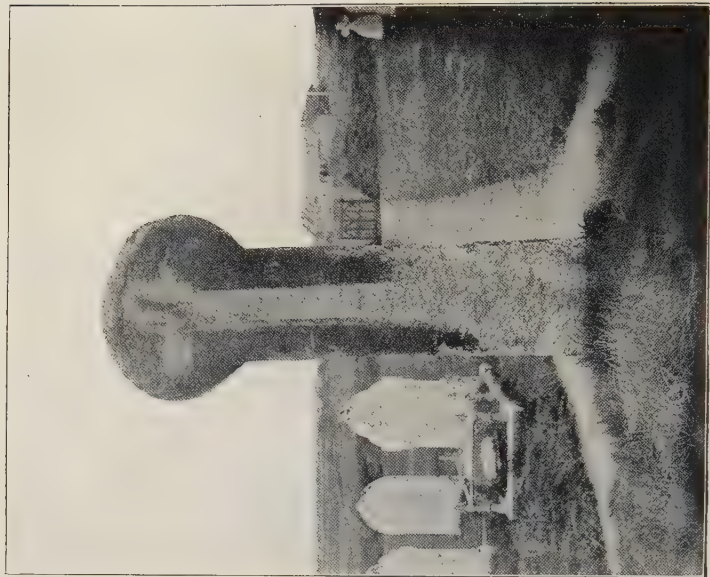
"With bloody spurs and visage pale
He dashed on fast and faster,
Now here, now there, up hill, down dale,
But no peace can he master :
Seven days, seven nights, he rides amain,
Through lightning, thunder, wind, and rain,
And torrents fierce and swelling."

Even history, which should be the antithesis of legend, has condescended to fix its dates into the mould of seven. We have the Seven Days' War, the Seven Weeks' War, and the Seven Years' War, though it is notorious that the second of these events can only by the most liberal historian be squeezed into the necessary period. In short, mankind has fixed upon this number with a sort of dogged determination, and if seven will not square with facts, then facts must square with seven. If the whole world were full of wonders, as we believe is literally the case, mankind would consider until the crack of doom that their number was only seven. From this point of view we should hardly be disposed to consider the end of all things to be a genuine Eighth Wonder of the world.

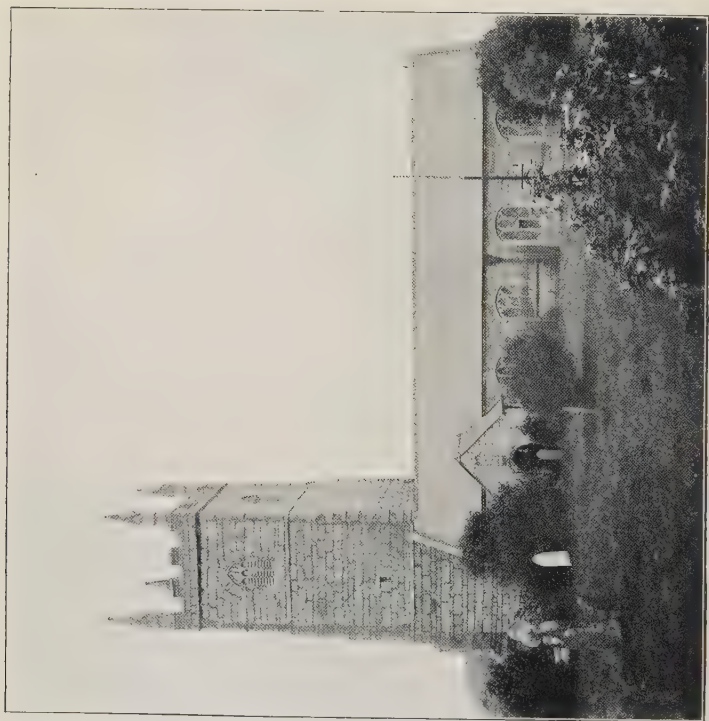
So associated is seven with what is fortunate, interesting, and lasting, that most of us may congratulate ourselves to have lived in the reign of King Edward the Seventh, the Peacemaker, and St. Ives may rejoice that its fame and prestige have been made everlasting by a similar association with the mystic number.

Of course there are those who hold that the time-honoured children's rhyme applies to the other St. Ives; but this is very doubtful, at any rate, and I see no reason why the Cornish seaport should not be associated with it, and share in the lustre and reflected brilliancy of its renown.





GRAVEYARD CROSS, LELANT



LELANT CHURCH

CHAPTER XXXIII

LELANT, BRUNNION, DING DONG MINE, NANCLEDREA,
ROGER'S TOWER, CHYSAUSTER, LANYON QUOIT

LELANT lies two and a half miles south-east of St. Ives, among the sand-banks which line the southern shore of St. Ives Bay.

The village is pretty, the little gardens in front of the cottages being full of flowers, which bloom here with nearly subtropical luxuriance.

The church is approached by a long avenue of trees, and is certainly admirably placed for artistic effect. Just before reaching the edifice, on the left-hand side, is an old mounting-block of four steps at the door of a house which in former times was an inn, where persons coming to divine service from a distance could stable their horses and find refreshment, and then, mounting the steps, get on horseback and so home.

The church contains considerable Norman remains—an entire arch, pier, and half-pier, forming the second bay on the north side of the nave. The springing of a second arch to the east is to be seen on the south side.

In the graveyard around the church is a tall, plain, embossed old cross, 6 feet 4 inches high; and in the new cemetery adjoining the churchyard is another old cross displaying a much weather-worn crucifixion on one side. There is still another in this cemetery with a cross next the church, and on the reverse an even more weather-worn figure representing the crucifixion, 3½ feet high.

On the right side of the churchyard on entering is an old Celtic cross, lying prone on the ground, doubtless having been used as a tombstone. The entrance-gate has a stone seat on either side, but is without the usual stepping-stone stile, and the stones are of granite and black slag.

but she cut her cable and made sail to the westward. At thirty minutes past eight the *Hawk* brought her to action and engaged her for three-quarters of an hour, when the *Lark* came up, and crossing her stern so close as to carry away her outrigger, raked her with an eighteen-pounder loaded with grape and canister, which killed Wellard and the chief mate and wounded twelve of the crew. Then ranging alongside, the *Lark* fired the rest of her broadside and the outlaw submitted.

It is worth recording that these vessels in the contraband trade did also a business in game-cocks. When the *Happy-go-Lucky* was taken possession of, some of these birds were actually fighting on deck, their coops having been destroyed in the action which had just taken place.¹

But the story does not end there. The prize was carried into Falmouth, where the severely wounded were lodged in sick-quarters in the town and the rest of the prisoners confined in Pendennis Castle. An attempt at rescue being apprehended, and the civil power being deemed unequal to escort them to the county gaol, the Commander-in-Chief, by direction of the Treasury, ordered a company of soldiers from Plymouth for that purpose. Before the troops arrived the prisoners broke out of the castle and joined a strong body of their friends outside, who carried off all the wounded from the town except one, who was too ill to be removed. This man was afterwards lodged in the county gaol, but a county prison not being deemed secure in this case, he was removed to Newgate by a writ of habeas corpus, and tried at the Old Bailey. He declared Wellard had held a pistol to his head to compel him to fight, "and now," urged his counsel, "you would hang the poor fellow for his involuntary compliance!" The jury, influenced by the plea and more probably by the consideration that the chief criminals had already expiated their offence with their lives, and that the severe wounds of the prisoner were sufficient punishment, acquitted him. This Wellard was a Dover man, and the same name is still to be found at St. Margaret's Bay, four miles from that Cinque Port.

On a slate tablet in the church of Lelant to members of

¹ *Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth*, by Edward Osler (1835).

the Cundy family, bearing the dates 1799 and 1802, is this verse :—

“ Tho’ Boreas Wind and Neptunes Waves
Have toss’d me to and fro
In spite of both by God’s decrees
I harbour here below
Where now at Anchor I do lie
With many of our fleet
I must one day set sail again
Our Saviour Christ to meet.”

From Lelant I took the road by Cripples Ease and Nancledrea (curious-looking names), and here again I have to remark how practically useless I found was the Ordnance Map of this part of Cornwall.

This drive through the central portion of this part of Cornwall is of the wildest description. The by-roads are as bad as any in the remotest district of Connemara, and the scenery is bare, sterile, and rugged.

At a wretchedly poverty-stricken little collection of cottages and farm (called variously Brunnion, Brunian, Breynion), the most remarkable feature I noticed at the open space where the roads met in this cold, bleak, exposed down was an old, unused, curious pumping mill, falling into most picturesque dilapidation, of which I took a photograph.

But of all the dismal, doleful places I have ever seen, Ding Dong Mine is *facile princeps*.

It is reached by the vilest of rough roads, and stands a pitiable ruin, weirdly depressing in the midst of a desolate picture.

The furze bushes about here, and also all through the Sancreed district, were (August) at places simply covered with masses of the silken thread-like, pinky-red stems of that curious parasitic plant the dodder (*Cuscuta*). The furze, and often the heath, look as if some lady had upset over them her work-basket of silken pink thread, and the clumps form masses of colouring which may be seen a quarter of a mile away.

Nancledrea is merely a hamlet in the parish of Towednack, which is also called Nanscludry, “the valley of the sheltered habitation,” a name it is entitled to, for it lies snugly hid in a little hollow in the bare downs, sheltered on all sides from the wind. “Nancledrea all your own” is a

saying well known in the St. Ives district, doubtless alluding to the solitariness and exclusiveness of the village. For there a man is monarch of all that he surveys, is all alone in his glory, or "in clover." Another singular expression is also associated with this spot, "Nancledrea Rats," a designation which they derived from their mill.

But this journey, rough as it was, was worth taking for the sake of the view from Castle-an-Dinas, or Roger's Tower, and I strongly recommend visitors to the Land's End district to make an effort to reach the spot. The hill is 765 feet above sea-level, and it has in old days evidently been a strongly fortified place.

Castle-an-Dinas (*an-dinas* signifies "the fortress," or "the walled town"), in Ludgvan, three miles north-by-east from Penzance, like that of Chûn, consisted originally of two very thick concentric uncemented stone walls, with an annular space of about 30 feet between them. The outer wall is more than 12 feet thick, and though now only 5 feet high, was probably double that height; of the inner wall nothing now remains but its foundations, which are about 12 feet thick and enclose an area about 180 feet in diameter.

"Near the middle of the area is a well almost choked with its own ruins, and at a little distance a narrow pit, its sides walled round, probably dug for water also, but now filled with rubbish."¹

The two great walls of Castle-an-Dinas (unlike those of Chûn) were surrounded at the distance of 40 or 45 feet by an external vallum of earth and stones, and exterior to all these is another strong wall towards the west, reaching nearly half round the castle. In Borlase's time there were many circular enclosures within the central area, each about 7 yards in diameter, formed by walls only 2 or 3 feet high.

According to tradition, this was a favourite hunting-seat of King Arthur, which is not at all unlikely to be true. The tower—called Roger's Tower—is a modern structure now much dilapidated, but not unpicturesque, and seems to partake of the genus of follies. A writer (in 1862) says it was erected by "the late Mr. Rogers, the grandfather of the present proprietor."

¹ Borlase, *Antiquities*, p. 347.



ANCIENT PUMPING MILL

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ROGER'S TOWER

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[Face p. 326



Certain persons, about 100, 150, or even 200 years ago, had a mania for erecting towers, castles, and so on, on commanding sites. Such is Sham Castle at Bath. This Roger's Tower partakes more of the summer-house type, and so far as I could gather was never used as a residence, or indeed completed. It was certainly a gross act of vandalism and cool effrontery to plant a modern "Gothic" summer-house right down in the centre of one of Cornwall's prehistoric monuments.

It consists of a small castellated ruin, with a single chamber domed inside with small stones, an entrance, and a glassless window on either side.

The view from this point is exceptionally fine. It is one of the views of England. St. Michael's Mount and Penzance are seen away to the south, with Newlyn and St. Clement's Isle. To the north you can see the lighthouse of St. Ives, and the beautiful church of St. Buryan, eight miles away to the south-west, is clearly discernible against the sky. Ludgvan Church is also a landmark lying in a valley just north-east of Penzance. Beyond all these nearer spots the Lizard is seen running out to sea as a singularly straight strip of land.

An old writer remarks that twenty-four parish churches can be seen from this spot, which I very much doubt. He also says the hill is only 735 feet in height.¹

Next I visited Chysauster, Chysoyster, or Chysoister ("the heap-shaped dwellings"), where are the remains of an old Celtic village. They were most difficult to find. We arrived at a farm-house near the spot, and the farmer good-naturedly walked with us through much rough, furze-covered land, about a mile or more, until we came to the spot. Without a guide it would be nearly impossible to find these remains. The huts, which are now roofless, show that they had been of the typical Celtic beehive order, and some of them were arranged round a central court. I came across an old corn-mill, still *in situ*, in the wall of one of the huts. The remains are covered with brambles and ferns.

I next visited that famous relic of a past civilisation called the Lanyon or Giant's Quoit, which may not inaptly be com-

¹ Edmonds, *Land's End District*, p. 38.

pared to a colossal three-legged milking-stool. This lies two miles from Madron, after passing, at one and three-quarters miles, a road going off on the left to New Bridge and St. Just. It is situated about twenty yards from the road on the right hand, and is the most striking example of this class of monument I have seen in the Land's End district. Lanyon means "the enclosure on the down." The top stone was thrown down by a violent storm in 1816 (or 1815?), but was replaced some years after with the same tackle used to reinstate the Logan Stone (see p. 132). The top slab formerly was sufficiently raised above the ground for a horseman to ride under it. After the accident—which some say was actually caused by lightning—the uprights were cut down to their present height of about five feet. The photograph I took shows the arrangement of the supporting stones, which are three in number. The topping stone measures 17 feet 2 inches by 8 feet, and is of irregular outline.

According to Dr. Borlase, Lanyon Quoit was in a long barrow, 70 feet by 20 feet and 2 feet high, in his day, but the form of a barrow nowadays has gone.

About the middle of the eighteenth century a dream induced the owner of the property to dig beneath it, and directly under the quoit a simple grave was discovered, cut in the natural soil, without side-stones or covering.

As this ancient Cornish mound now stands it is an example of unscientific reconstruction, for the modern renovators obviously replaced the stones in different positions from those that they formerly occupied.

In these days we rather desire to place our cemeteries in out-of-the-way spots, apart from the busy haunts of living men and thoroughfares. But among the ancients, far from the sight of tombs discouraging the living, they were placed in the high road to kindle emulation. The young were thus constantly reminded of the illustrious dead, who seemed silently to bid them imitate their glories. The Appian Way at Rome is a great thoroughfare, and one long-drawn-out burial-ground. Here repose the remains of some of the most illustrious Romans. Cicero assures us that there were buried Scipio, Metellus, and Servilius, and no doubt the Way is thickly strewn with the graves of many other famous men and women. The Japanese make



ANCIENT CORN-MILL, CHYSAUTER

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LANYON QUOIT

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much of the tombs of their ancestors, placing them in prominent positions and resorting to them for worship. So in Cornwall these burial-places were placed in commanding positions on mountain-tops and the summit of cliffs close to the sea, or by well-worn paths, plain for all folks to see. Many a cairn

“Immense, with blind walls columnless, a tomb
For earlier kings whose names have passed away.”

Our ancestors, who raised these enduring Cornish monuments in those dim distant ages, may not have been so well educated as we are. They did not know so much. They had no accumulations of book-learning to draw upon. Their horizon was a very limited one. They knew not the sciences, with perhaps the exception of a slight elementary knowledge of astronomy. They had not the advantages we have—if advantages they are. They had no free, and certainly no compulsory, education, and technical schools were not, to teach everything from gardening to photography, and yet they knew something. They knew how to erect some of the most permanent monuments in the world. The stone circles, the tumuli, the cromlechs, the beehive huts, and in later ages the crosses and menhirs, have endured when the memory of the builders has completely vanished. They built rudely, simply, it is true, but with a grandly heroic spirit—a united public spirit too, which has resulted in their monuments—those that in our modern highly civilised times we have not hacked to pieces, dug up, levelled, dilapidated—standing the test of long-drawn-out centuries of time, and still are with us to-day. I venture to say that we have no recent monuments which will endure for a thousand years or more, pitilessly exposed to wind and weather, as some of these Cornish antiquities have.

And we are now destroying more than we are creating—that is the tendency of the age and the sad part of the story. We allow these grand ancient monuments to go to destruction, and put not out a finger to stay the hand of the destroyer. We cannot replace them. We cannot, with all our modern science and art, even suggest substitutes for them. Anything we attempted to build beside them would appear tawdry, effeminate, and be in comparison

ephemeral. Compare even our modern churches and chapels of cheaply cut stone or badly baked bricks, slate roof, and thin, cold walls, with the grand, reposeful, worshipful, solid, and enduring Cornish parish churches of past ages. Is any comparison possible? Christian Britain might well learn a lesson from her heathen ally Japan, and show some reverence for the "spirits of the dead" by carefully preserving their memorials, and a beginning might well be made in the richest antiquarian county—Cornwall.

Antiquity inspires insatiable curiosity. To re-enter the most distant time, in order to conceive how the earth looked in its youth and in what way men supported the life which civilisation has since rendered so complicated, requires curiosity and also a continual effort of the imagination. Antiquarian studies, so far from being dry-as-dust as is still popularly misunderstood, are high up among the most intellectual and imaginative—delightfully resourceful and absorbing pursuits.

When we look at huge cromlechs, at these vast circles, accurately planned—though here and there unfortunately a stone is missing, like a tooth from a giant's jaw—at those colossal monoliths, the presence of every one of them in such desolate spots is little short of a miracle. They suggest unheard-of labour. How did they get there? Without patent rollers, mighty derricks, iron winches, chains and pulleys, without the simplest mechanical contrivances we so take for granted in these modern days—no steam-engine, no electric motive power—how were so huge masses transported to these desolate wind-swept heights and commons in Cornwall? How many yoke of oxen, how many toiling, straining hundreds of men must it have taken to erect the least of them? What long-drawn-out periods of time did their erection take? What submission to authority, what servile or superstitious fear or dread of the unknown must have animated the workers. No driver's whip could have urged on to completion such a gigantic task; no richest guerdon of jewels, gold, or skins offered by affluent monarch or exalted priest of those days could have repaid the toil. Yet there these stone circles, monoliths, menhirs, cromlechs stand, the wonder of succeeding generations of all religious opinions, belief or unbelief—

altars maybe many of them "To the Unknown God." Monarchies, republics, systems have grown up, matured, vanished. Slaughter and battles have raged round them. Cruelties, intolerances, terrible superstitions, emotional outbursts of divers sorts have they seen since first they stood up mute, impassive, sphinx-like, facing high heaven. Through all those ages have they held their tongue. Silent then as now are they. They reveal no secrets, and the purport and lesson of their being is as insoluble as ever. The creeds, beliefs, aspirations which inspired their construction we know nothing about. We may grope, delve, theorise—we cannot explain, and I doubt if we shall ever be able to.

That the people who planned and built these monuments were superstitious is, I think, beyond the shadow of a doubt. Superstition was necessary for their inception. Superstition is probably a matter of degree and extent, not of past, for all men have in all ages possessed in varying degree a sympathy with the invisible; but the people who laboriously planned and erected these stone circles, huge menhirs, and mounds were certainly more superstitious than many of the other ancient peoples who have left little, if any, remains behind them. The early inherent superstition of the Celtic nations naturally crystallised into fervour when directed into Christian channels. In superstition always lies the possibility of religion, and the Celtic nations are certainly among the most deeply and honestly religious the world has ever seen. Whence came this most characteristic feature of Celtic civilisation? That is a question we can no more answer than we can that of the origin of this curiously vital and irrepressibly active branch of the human race.

About three-quarters of a mile due west of *the* Lanyon Quoit are the remains of another, known as Lower Lanyon Quoit. Two stones are all that now remain, the covering stone and one of the supporters—the others having been split up and carried away for building purposes.

The following notice of its discovery is given in the *Archæologia*, Vol. XIX, p. 228 (1803), in a letter from the Rev. Malachi Hitchins to the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart., K.B., P.R.S., and F.A.S. :—

"This cromlêh was found a few years since by the following incident. The gentleman who owns the estate of Lanyon,

happening to be overtaken by a shower of rain in walking through his fields, took shelter behind a bank of earth and stones, and remarking that the earth was rich, he thought it might be useful for a compost. Accordingly he sent his servants soon after to carry it off, when, having removed near a hundred cart-loads, they observed the supporters of a cromlêh, from which the cover-stone was slipped off on the south side, but still leaning against them. These supporters include a rectangular space open only at the north end, their dimensions being of a very extraordinary size, viz. that forming the eastern side being ten feet and a half long, that on the west nine feet, with a small one added to complete the length of the other side, and the stone shutting up the south end about five feet wide. The cover-stone is about thirteen feet and a half by ten feet and a half; but its length and the height of the supporters cannot be exactly ascertained, as they are inserted in the ground, the present height being about five feet. This cromlêh is dissimilar to all others found in this county, which have small supporters, and the area under the cover-stone open on all sides; whereas this, when the cover was on, was shut up almost quite close at the top and on three sides, having only the entrance at the north end open, and therefore appears to resemble Kitts-Cotty-House in Kent, though the dimensions of this are larger. As soon as the gentleman observed it to be a cromlêh, he ordered his men to dig under it, where they soon found a broken urn with many ashes, and going deeper they took up about half of a skull, the thigh-bones and most of the other bones of a human body, lying in a promiscuous state and in such a disordered manner as fully proved that the grave had been opened before; and this is the more certain because the flat stones which formed the grave, or what Dr. Borlase calls the kist-vaen, i.e. stone chest, and a flat stone about six feet long, which probably lay at the bottom, had all been removed out of their places. The skull and some other bones were carried into the gentleman's house, and shown to his friends as curiosities, but were afterwards re-interred in the same spot inclosed in a box."

This account is interesting, because here was a cromlech actually covered by a mound of earth, and also

because the primary interment within the kist consisted of a single body unburnt. These two facts within historic knowledge are worthy of emphasis, since in the case of so few other similar monuments of prehistoric times is anything left but the bare stones, standing out of the level ground.

It seems to me clear that these cromlechs, at any rate, were associated with a peculiar species of sepulchre. The popular appellation of “Druids’ altars” has been applied to them in ignorance of their real nature. A moment’s reflection and the very remarkable similarity pervading all of these cromlechs in England, France, and the Channel Islands show their utter inapplicability to sacrificial purposes. Most, if not all, of them originally were covered deep with earth, and had a wall—or two walls—close around them, so that they were most certainly not adapted for spectacular functions. Graves are found beneath them and all round in their immediate vicinity. True, no doubt, it is that they possess an imposing solemnity. How few but have loved to rest near the venerable, grey-lichened inclined stone and cherished visions of the dimly remote age of their erection. The dreams of barbarous sacrifice and writhing victims, yelling multitudes and strange rites will not stand the searchlight of modern spade-work; the cold-water douche of our latest antiquarian knowledge. No place of religious human sacrifice was here. The observer of to-day stands where mourners once wept, where the last offerings and offices of affection had been bestowed and performed on departed relatives and friends, where the survivors had bewailed the common lot of all humanity in all ages alike, when they saw deposited in peace the mortal remains we now so ruthlessly disturb. Truly the dead are very many and the living few, and sorrow and tears the close, inseparable accompaniments of humanity then as now.

Cromlechs, dolmens, or quoits—as they are variously called—are found, as I have said, in many other countries besides Britain. Even at the present day, for example, some of the hill tribes in India continue to erect menhirs, cromlechs, and gigantic stones, sometimes in rows, sometimes in circles, sometimes singly, in either case very closely resembling those similar structures found in Western

Europe. Structures such as these are common to mankind. A child, no matter of what nationality, with its box of bricks starts straightway to build cromlechs, dolmens, Stonehenge and Boscawen circles. Jacob of old took a stone and set it up for a pillar (Gen. xxxi.), and in Mount Sinai Moses erected twelve pillars (Exod. xxiv. 4); and when the children of Israel had crossed over Jordan, Joshua took twelve stones and pitched them in Gilgal as a record for the time to come: "When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come . . . What mean these stones? Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land" (Joshua iv. 21, 22). So there is nothing strange in the fact of the presence of cromlechs in Cornwall. Probably all over the west end of England cromlechs were once quite common, but the inveterate tendencies of past ages and crass ignorance of the people have destroyed nearly all. Hence the apparent rarity of those we now possess.

CHAPTER XXXIV

PORT ISAAC, ST. MINVER, AND PADSTOW

THE huddled hump of quaint old cottages forming Port Isaac, tumbling over one another in a cleft of precipices on the north coast of Cornwall, is worth seeing.

The London and South Western Railway runs direct to Padstow from Waterloo, and the traveller to Port Isaac can leave the train at Port Isaac Road Station, a few miles from the former seaport. The single third-class fare to Port Isaac Road is 20s. 3½d., the distance from London being 276 miles.

The trip I took was to Port Isaac Road, thence to the little fishing village Portyssik (vulgarly called by the Hebraic-looking title), and then on to Padstow by a trap, returning direct from the latter place to London, and a pleasant trip it was too, which I recommend others to follow.

I had not announced my intention of getting out at Port Isaac Road, and on arrival there was fortunate to find at the station a single vehicle. It was an old, small wagonette, drawn by an equally ancient white steed of uncertain date like the vehicle; the back part had two rough deal boards tied on across for luggage. I sat on the hind board, and so bumped into Port Isaac in due course.

One steep, very steep hill leads down from the cliff into Port Isaac, the quaint old houses and cottages arranged higgledy-piggledy, but most artistically and delightfully inconsequently, on either side. At the bottom is a flat pit, where the houses are more than ever squeezed up together, and where the faint attempts at streets and alleys are simply inimitably effective. Seaward the eye wanders along a little cove up which the surf moans and foams regularly according to its allotted times, until it licks the small array of fishing-boats nestling almost in the

main street itself. Here is the meeting and gossip place of the port, here centres the life of the little haven. I had tea, for lunch, in a small shop, scrupulously clean, in a back lane so narrow that you could shake hands with neighbours across the way from the first-floor window, had you a mind to do so. The room upstairs was not six feet high, ornamented with a bright blue wall-paper, and ventilated by a fire-place let into the wall unsymmetrically and out of the perpendicular, and ridiculously small, just 3 feet by 2. Still, the tea was excellent, the eggs fresh, and the cry of the gulls, "gully, gully," as they wheeled about over the houses, pleasingly and refreshingly distracting. Here the slate from the famous Delabole quarries is shipped, and so naturally all the houses in this district are slate-roofed.

Artists delight in Port Isaac, and those also in search of quietness and quaintness. Several cottages and villas afford abiding-places for the wayfarer at moderate prices.

St. Minver parish possesses two old chapels, which have been restored, sacred to St. Enodock and St. Michael. Some books say these chapels were once overwhelmed by the encroaching sand, and the clergyman, in order to officiate, had to get in from the roof; but the present Vicar of St. Minver, Rev. M. A. Bucknall, informs me that he cannot discover that the chapel of St. Enodock was ever overwhelmed by the sand, that the oldest inhabitants never heard of such an event. It is built on the sand-hills, and on the east the sand rises above the level of the window. St. Michael's, Porthilly, restored and used for worship, was certainly never overwhelmed by sand.

An ancient charity of St. Minver is deserving of notice. A Mr. John Randall many years ago left ten shillings a year for a funeral sermon to be preached each year for a thousand years on St. John's Day, December 27th; and also twenty shillings a year for the same period for the poor of the parish, which benefactions the Vicar tells me are still extant.

St. Minver parish also has another of those old Quaker burial-grounds similar to that at Sennen. It lies between St. Minver churchtown and Rorerrow (a farm in the parish), about three-quarters of a mile from St. Minver. It is, like

the Sennen one, walled, and it contains tombstones, but is not now used. There are not any Quakers now in the parish, but there was once a meeting-house which has now disappeared. The burials in this forgotten and forsaken God's acre were entered in the parish register, the first in 1695. There are twenty-eight recorded between that date and 1742. It would seem, therefore, that the sect of Friends was later in acquiring a hold than nearer Land's End—the first interment in this burial-ground being thirty-six years later than that at Sennen. It was closed also forty-seven years before the Sennen one. In this burial-ground rests the Quaker who wrote *A Narrative of the Life and Sufferings of John Peters, a Quaker*. He was buried here in 1709.

The drive from Port Isaac to St. Minver is not of much interest, but at the Padstow estuary at Rock the view is fine. The ferry from St. Minver to Padstow is a penny halfpenny each person; and Padstow, as one approaches the town, reminds one very much of a small village on a Norwegian fiord. The masts of the trawlers and the big South Western Railway Hotel near the station are the first objects that attract the eye, and then a nearer approach shows the crowded-together houses and the old-time streets. The whole place is tiny and compressed. At "Ye Olde Shippe," with its Cambridge landlord, a man of queer hobbies such as guinea-pigs, gardens, wall-fruit, and strawberries, I found the food simply perfect, and the cleanliness of the accommodation second to no hotel I have ever stayed at. The South Western Hotel near the station is also unusually comfortable and well managed.

The town of Padstow has a high claim to attention by antiquaries, as well as by those in love with beautiful scenery. Lodenek, or Padstow, was well known as the only port of communication between Ireland and Cornwall. About the year 432 St. Patrick is said to have landed here, and to have exercised his ministerial functions when on a visit to St. Germanus the Confessor. The existence of Laffenack as the first religious house in the county has by many been dated from this period; it is certain that it had been founded several years previous to the arrival of St. Petrock at Bodmin from Ireland in 518. The tradition of his

navigating the Channel, on an altar preserved in the monastery, clearly shows the superstitious character of the times.

Petrock was the son of the King of Cambria, but he resigned his right to the succession. He became a monk, and went to Ireland to study and improve himself in general culture, for in those days Ireland was the most, probably the only, erudite country north of Rome. Then he carefully studied the Scriptures. He then settled at the monastery of Laffenack at Lodenek for thirty years previous to his death in 564. Here too the inhabitants, impressed with the holy austerity of his manners, by universal consent consecrated his memory and gave to the town of Lodenek, with its monastery, the name of Petrock-stowe. In consequence of the ravages of Danish pirates—"the red-haired Danes"—the remains of St. Petrock are said to have been conveyed from hence and deposited within the holy recesses of St. Guron at Bodmin.

The monastery of Padstow was erected on the site of that "beautiful house in the neighbourhood like a castle," as Camden says, for the first time in 1607, "which N. Prideaux, a gentleman of an ancient name and family, lately built in these western parts!" The site is now known as the Place, but more formally in the writings concerning it, Place Noun, or the Palace of the Monks.

The port of Padstow must originally have been one of the finest floating harbours in England, but it was irrecoverably injured by the rapid accumulation of sand on the north-west coast of Cornwall about the year 1520. The sand is of a bright yellow colour, mainly the detritus of shells reduced to powder by the pounding of the ocean, and tradition reports that the driving began in a deluge of sand so violent as in the course of two nights to cover many houses; at any rate the remains of houses with furniture in them have been discovered. The Cornish historians thus speak of this calamitous event, yet their remarks equally apply to the lowlands in the parishes of St. Minver and St. Merrin. Leland writes in 1540: "Most parte of the howses in the peninsula," on which St. Ives stands, "be sore oppressid or oucverid with sandes, that the stormie windes and rages casteth up thar; this calamite hath continuid ther little above twenty years." And Carew in 1602 writes:

"The light sand carried up by the wind from the seashore daily continueth his covering, and marring the land adjoynant, so as the distresse of this deluge drave the inhabitants to remove their church as well as their houses." Norden also, of Lelant in 1584, says that "of late the sande hath buried much of the landes and howses, and many devises they use to prevent the obsorption of their churche"; and of Perran: "The parish is almost drowned with the sea sande, in such sorte as the inhabitantes have been once alredy forced to remove their churche."

On the Padstow side, however, the height of the cliff has hitherto protected the land from the sand invasion, but the accumulation in the opposite direction is immense. According to the delightful folk-lore of these parts, it was the curse of a mermaid who had suffered some injury from a sailor who belonged to the port which led to the filling up of Padstow Harbour with sand.

In the Saxon era Padstow had evidently great prosperity. Harrison tells us: "It evidently had in times past sundry charters of privilege from Athelstan." In Norman times, however, it began to gradually decline, and when, in the reign of Edward III, it furnished and manned two ships for the siege of Calais, pursuant to the Naval Parliament in 1344, it was, although still a place of some importance, much diminished in consequence. Even after the inroad of its sandy barrier it carried on a flourishing trade with Ireland, and was said by Leland in 1640 to be engaged in considerable exportations of fish and corn. The town of Padstow is situated in a fertile valley, the eminences around which are clothed with flourishing plantations and productive gardens.

The font of Padstow Church once had the reputation that no one who had been baptised in it would ever perish on the gallows. Unfortunately, however, about 1790 this miraculous virtue was brought to a humiliating test. A man named Elliot, who had robbed the mail, was seized, committed, tried and condemned, and actually executed for this offence, although he had been baptised in this wonderful magic font. During all the stages of his confinement, and even after he was condemned to death, the public voice declared that something would miraculously intervene

to prevent his execution. So strong was the belief in the efficacy of the font that many bets were made that the convict's life would be spared. His execution, however, taking place, the font lost all its reputation, and had to take a back seat among all the other common fonts of the county.

The harvest thanksgiving at Port Isaac Church takes the form of thanksgiving for the harvest of the sea. The walls of the edifice from end to end are draped with fishing-nets, while lobster-pots and pilchard-barrels occupy the window-ledges and flat space, where in most churches on such occasions repose vegetable marrows, bunches of grapes, sheaves of corn, and other signs of the bounty of the earth.

The harbour is thus noticed by the Rev. Mr. Warner in his *Tour through Cornwall* in the autumn of 1838: "The beauty of the harbour, on the western side of which Padstow stands, powerfully arrested our attention. The tide was at flood, and filled the whole of a vast and deep recess, the mouth of which being concealed by the juttings of the land, the expanse assumed the appearance of a noble lake. Had not Nature denied it the general accompaniment of wood, Padstow Harbour would be one of the most majestic objects in Britain. The chief curiosity in the immediate neighbourhood are its rocks, honeycombed with romantic caverns, and resorted to in fine and warm weather for the purposes of pleasure and enjoyment. But woe betide the wretched mariners who are involuntarily driven towards them by the blast of the storm! Escape is hopeless; their black perpendicular heads frown inevitable destruction on any vessel that approaches them, and seldom does one of the unhappy crew survive to tell the horrors of the shipwreck."

The incorporation of Padstow was frequently doubted by the county historian, but a document turned up amongst the deeds of the Prideaux family in 1826 which established the fact beyond dispute. It is the counterpart of a lease for twenty-one years of some waste land in Padstow from Nicholas Prideaux, Esq., to the "Mayor and Burgesses" of the "Towne and Burrowgh of Paddestowe in the Countye of Cornwall." It bears date April 9th, 1590, "in the xxxij yeere of the Raigne of our Souvraigne Ladye Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, Fraunce, and Irelande Queene,

Defendress of the Faithe, etc.” The impression of the Corporation seal represents a large ship with an anchor at the bow.

Cornwall is the home of the most delightful folk-lore, Celtic fairy stories, and children’s rhymes. I came across these two in this neighbourhood which puzzle me :—

“ Pippety pew, my mammy me slew,
My daddy me ate, and my sister Kate
Gathered my bones and laid them beneath
The milk-white stones.
Then I turned into a bird, and away I flew
Singing Pippety pew, Pippety pew.”

And

“ Oh ! have you seen my golden ball ?
Oh ! have you seen my fee ?
Or are you come to see me hung
Upon the gallows tree ? ”

I have made many inquiries, but have met with no one who can satisfactorily elucidate the cryptic meaning of them. But one may be sure that not for nothing did they come into existence, but were composed to commemorate notable events. What were those events?—that is the question.

As one leaves the railway station for Waterloo the great piles of fish-boxes show that the staple trade of the place nowadays consists in despatching to town the fish brought in by the trawlers.

CHAPTER XXXV

PORTH CURNOW, PORTH CHAPEL, ST. LEVAN, PORTHGWARRA,
TOL-PEDN

A DELIGHTFUL day's easy. outing from Land's End or Sennen is to go to Porth Curnow, Porth Chapel, Porthgwarra, and back. The spelling of these places is, as usual, varied. The Ordnance Map says "Porth Curnow," the post office I noticed has "Porth Curno" above its lintels. The same map gives "Porthgwarra," while old writers print "Porthgwarrah," and the church a few hundred yards inland at Porth Chapel is variously known as St. Levan, St. Leven, St. Levine. Spellings, however, do not very much matter so long as you know what is meant, and this day's travel will present more antiquarian interest, anthropological suggestions, and exquisite scenery than any day's expedition I have ever had the pleasure to undertake. The charm of a trip like this lies largely in the great variety of interesting things one sees. In such expeditions Cornwall is rich.

The Land's End district can only be thoroughly seen and appreciated by such definite expeditions from selected centres. This is not a part of England where you can plan beforehand certain circular tours, as can be done in many other parts, to embrace all, or nearly all, of the features of interest around. To see the scenery, the churches, and the antiquarian treasures, the only way is to remain at a central point—Penzance, Sennen, St. Just, Gurnard's Head, St. Ives, Sancreed, Helston, Mullyon, Lizard town, for example—and from thence explore the interesting sights in the neighbourhood by driving and walking. Walking is absolutely necessary if the antiquities are to be seen. The desultory character of this book, which may have puzzled some of my readers, is therefore explained. The centres from which I visited the spots described may not be the same

whence others may prefer to visit them. Almost any central place selected in this part of Cornwall for a short stay will be found equally good for affording interesting walks. Many of the most interesting antiquarian remains can be visited with equal facility from one side as from another; from one resting-place as from another resting-place. Hence no royal road can be laid down to ease the labours of the sightseer. Each person wishing to become acquainted with this part of Cornwall must just take the map and select his own centres at which to stay. He can hardly make a mistake.

Taking the main road from Land's End to St. Buryan, past the smithy at the junction of roads, we branched off to the right at Trethewey and followed a coast road going due south. This is a narrow lane, and leads direct down to the little sandy cove known as Porth Curnow, where the nine cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company come up from their long course under the sea and are connected with the land lines. As one enters the valley, so out of the world, and yet at the same time so very much in the world, if one considers the messages from distant parts arriving every minute of the day and night, one is struck with signs of prosperity most unusual in this distant part of Cornwall. Several well-built and shapely villas arise amidst well-kept gardens, brilliant with flowers and foliage, with hedges of escalonia. At the bottom of the valley, large asphalt tennis-courts invite players in all states of the weather to outdoor exercise. A large building on the right, facing the tennis-courts, is devoted to the offices of the Telegraph Company, and another palatial edifice on the other side of the valley to the telegraphic operations.

The little valley ends on a sweet sandy beach, with the mass of bold rugged rocks containing the famous Logan Stone sheltering it on the east.

Sweetly smiling in simple innocence does the little bay look now, with the waves idly lapping and kissing the shore. But be not deceived by appearances; those waves know a secret or two, and are of all things in nature least to be depended upon. They can wear another aspect, a frightful, terrifying aspect, the mantle and dread attire of death. It was here that the full-rigged ship *Khyber*

parted her cables and went to her doom with twenty-three out of twenty-five lives only some few years ago. It was here that the good ship *Fairport*, of Liverpool, very nearly met a similar fate in January, 1908, when the Sennen lifeboat pluckily conveyed a tow-rope from the ship to a tug and got her off the death-dealing shore.

A steep hill over the western cliff conducts one to the church of St. Levan. At the top is a flat plateau with a magnificent cricket-ground of just perfect turf, kept in tip-top condition, where the telegraphists play. A flag over the pavilion at the north-west corner denotes that they call themselves the "Exiles," but it struck me that many persons in search of health would like much to be exiled too. I should think this is the most magnificently situated cricket-ground in England!

The views around are sublime. The Logan Rock promontory stands out in the sapphire-coloured sea on the left, its dark granite rocks looking majestically grand, in fact, all around are scenes worth looking at, if attention can be taken from the game in progress.

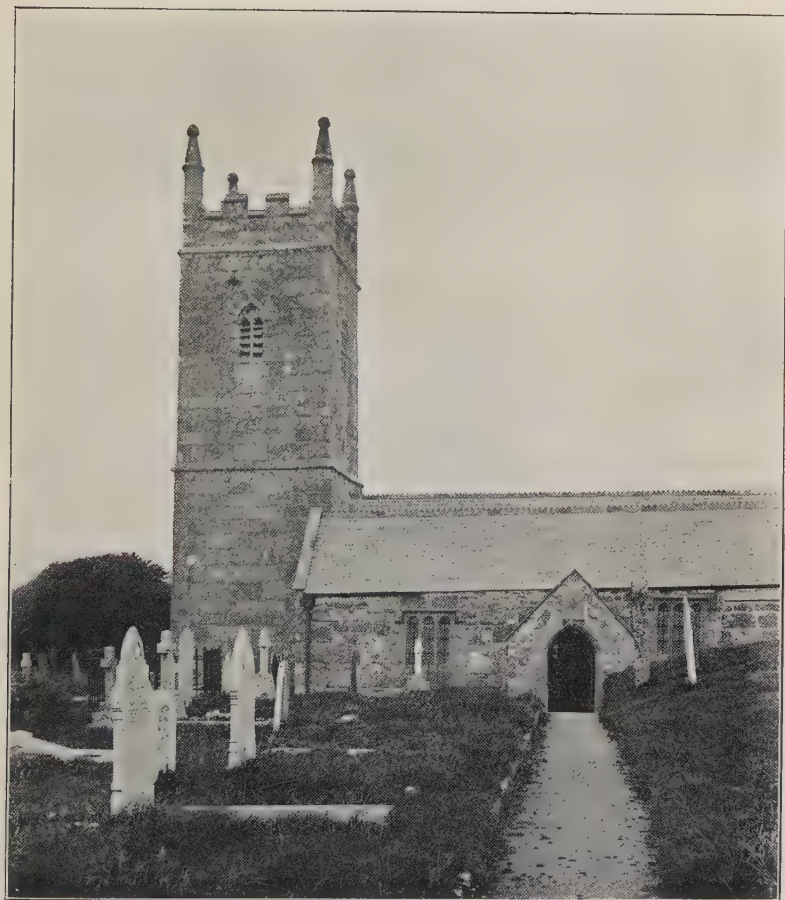
On the next headland, to the west, a Marconi spider attenuation, in three spindly lengths, points skyward, and reminds one how the latest discoveries of science are often associated with Nature in her wildest and simplest scenes.

Passing the cricket-ground and pushing open a swinging gate, we turn sharply to the right, and there down in a hollow, most snugly sheltered, is St. Levan Church.

Almost quite hidden away amidst ensconsing hills lies this ancient edifice. The little valleys which here seem to meet and form a juncture afford a charmingly retired spot, close to the sea, admirably adapted for a church location. The soothing and swishing murmurs of the ocean are ever present, for the waves break at Porth Chapel, only a quarter of a mile away.

The learned and courteous rector, the Rev. Trimer Bennett, conducted me over the church, and pointed out the unusually numerous curiosities it contains, and others in its precincts. The parish covers a large area (2328 acres), comprising some seven hundred souls, and my informant told me he had often as many as seventy communicants.

The parish is remarkably situated in some of the most



ST. LEVAN CHURCH



INTERESTING ST. LEVAN CHURCH 345

romantic and bold scenery of this part of Cornwall, wholly granitic.

The ground near the eastern side of the church is nearly on a level with the commencement of the east window, being separated by a pathway which runs round the building. It appears as if the earth thrown out when the foundations were dug was heaped up there and left. It may be that in those distant days some religious significance was attached to this, for I have noticed elsewhere similar high ground on the east end of churches. Certainly it is not caused by interments at this part of the churchyard.

At the north-east corner of this high ground a curious stile leads to a path which stretches upward and away over the hill, and there, at the south end, is an old Celtic cross, of the Greek type, on both sides of the circular disc.

The stile is approached from the churchyard by a broad flight of granite steps, wide enough for four persons to walk abreast, and at either side is a stone bench with stone back. The old cross here facing the east end of the church is not very usual.

At the north entrance to the churchyard access is obtained up a broad flight of four granite steps, which leads up to a wide stile of the stepping-stone description. The flight of steps is double, and separated at the summit by a low, wide middle wall between the two stiles thus formed. On this wall a coffin can be rested, as the bearers and mourners pass on either side across the stepping-stones. These two church stiles (or "lych-gates" without gates or coverings) form a distinct and unusual feature of the church, and alone well repay the visit to this secluded and delightful spot.

The earliest reference to a lych-gate is probably one dated A.D. 1272, in which mention is made of the corpse of Edward II resting beneath one that then stood near to Gloucester Cathedral. In the Prayer Book for 1549 the priest is directed to meet the corpse at the church "stile," that is, lych-gate. The old Cornish name for this is "trim-tram"—maybe a corruption of "trim train," as it was upon arrival there that the mournful procession, which had often come long distances, was solemnly marshalled or put into due, proper, and trim train, whilst the coffin rested on

the stone block, before proceeding into the sacred edifice for the service. It is therefore much to be desired that these historic monuments so long associated with the last rites to innumerable parishioners be not disturbed. Many have been removed, I regret to say, and now and again one hears of an iconoclastic parson contemplating either sinking the old hallowed block of stone to a level with the pavement, or getting rid of it altogether. I most sincerely trust all such attempts will be frustrated.

Just above the tall cross in the churchyard, arising from among the tombs, is a large boulder of granite—evidently a natural outcrop, with a rent running through it, about a foot wide. At present the miniature chasm is nearly filled up with grass and weeds. But it is said that Merlin prophesied that when this split became wide enough for a donkey and a pair of panniers to pass through, then will be the end of all things. The Rector informed me, with a sly twinkle of his eye, that he allowed none to interfere with that boulder.

The legend has thus been put into verse :—

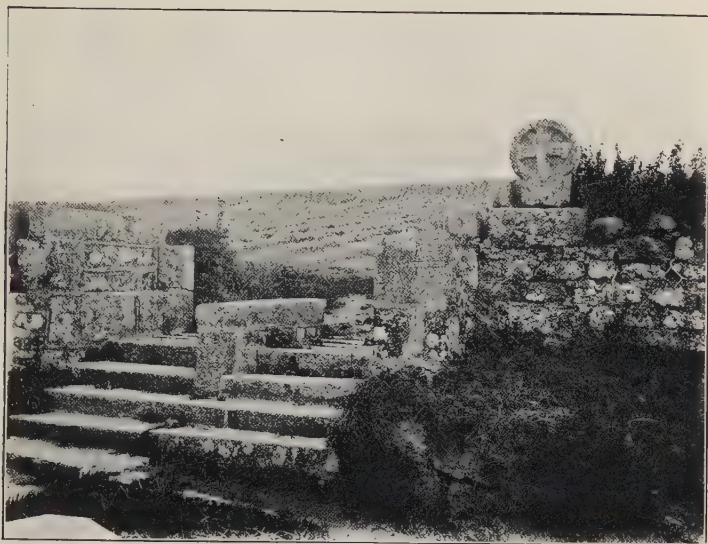
“ When with panniers astride
A pack-horse can ride
Through Saint Levan's Stone
The world will be done.”

When I saw this St. Levan boulder I was at once reminded of an exactly similar feature, but on a far larger scale, which is so noticeable an object on the right side of the road as one goes from Easky to Dromore West in County Sligo. The legend of the Irish monolith is, however, entirely different from that of the St. Levan confrère.¹

In the angle of the south-west corner of the churchyard, close up to the edifice, is an enclosed large square plot with this inscription placed on a small tablet in front :—

“ In Memoriam
of Captain Henry Rothery
and crew of the Liverpool ship ‘ Khyber ’
wrecked at Porthloe Cove during a great
storm on the 15th March, 1905.
Of 26 men all told 23 were lost some of whose
remains were washed ashore and here interred.
Mates W. H. Allan and E. Pye. Carpenter I. Malary.
Sailmaker J. Francis. Apprentices
E. W. R. Owens and R. Lloyd, and
16 seamen.”

¹ A picture of this gigantic Irish monolith and the legend attached to it are given in my *Connemara*, pp 291-2.



NORTH EAST STILE AND CROSS, ST. LEVAN

[p. 345



SOUTH PORCH CROSS AND ST. LEVAN STONE

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These sad and awful reminders of the insatiable revengefulness of the sea meet one, in some form or other, in the churchyards all around the Land's End district of Cornwall.

Near the porch, on the south-east side¹ of the path leading to the church, is a tall, six-foot high, Celtic cross. On the east side of this is embossed a Latin, or long, cross, on the reverse the crucifixion is rudely represented in relief. The Latin cross suggests the idea of its having been originally simply a Greek cross, with square bosses at the extremities of the vertical and transverse arms, and that subsequently the vertical stem was extended to the ground, thus transforming it into a Latin cross.

Above the porch, as at St. Just Church and others, is a sundial of slate, to show the time in those days when watches were rarities and only used by the wealthy. People nowadays never give it a glance unless the church visitor be an antiquary.

The stoup, within the porch, near the door on the east side, is noticeable because it is a small square monolith of granite (a foot each way and seven inches in depth), and has on the side facing the door three slightly pointed arches cut out, which, no doubt, were intended to represent the Trinity.

On the immediate left of the door on entering the church is the font, of granite with a curious green tint, standing upon a more modern pedestal of ordinary granite. The font is twenty-four and a half inches in diameter, and on the square facets there is simple ornamentation. It is lead-lined, and just seventeen inches high, that is the old top monolith containing the carved-out bowl. This font is early English, probably about 1220.

The pulpit is peculiar. It is made of wood, a light-coloured satin sort of wood, and is ornamented with ivory inlaid. The front panel has an "I.H.S.," and the date 1752 inlaid in ivory.

The north transept of the church is early English of the thirteenth century, and on the south side supporting the low roof are six arches, and on the north two. Each pillar is composed of a monolith of granite, plain octagonal

¹ See Appendix III, "North Wall," etc.

in shape, and only four feet eleven inches and a half from beneath the affixed capital to the base upon which it rests.

I noticed in the low roof on the south aisle that three of the old beams—doubtless the oldest in the church—showed signs of colouring in a simple diagonal design of blue and gold alternated. This latter could hardly be “leaf” gold, so it may be thin plate.

There are two bells in the tower, one dated 1641, the other has the founder's mark, a bell with A. R., date 1754, and the names of the two churchwardens.

The wood carvings in St. Levan Church are absolutely unique. They are admirably rendered in technique and are faultless in design. They must have been the result of long, laborious hours of toil, and obviously have been the work of love and not the paid for result of menial hirelings.

Probably the monks did them themselves, and like those of St. Buryan they were of the Augustinian Order. At any rate, a capital “A” carved in a curious manner on the chancel screen (the lower part, which is the original, the upper having been replaced a few years ago, I regret to say, with a hideously out-of-keeping upper portion) supports this opinion. On the same front of carvings appears an “I.H.S.” with a curious additional “I”—a symbol repeated elsewhere in the church, and which is significant though mysterious. The three letters, as is well known, may mean “Jesus Hominum Salvator,” or the three letters from the Greek word “*ihsous*”; but what this addition in the church of St. Levan means I know not.

The bench-end carvings are most elaborate and interesting. Hours may be spent puzzling out the import of the scenes, serious, religious, comic, and even grotesque, which they depict. I find that here, as all over this part of Cornwall, many are missing. Mr. Bennett, the rector, told me they had been taken away and used for washing-boards and other undignified purposes. On one are represented two jesters or clowns, with cap, bells, and ladle. On another a palmer with breviary and a discipline; on another the vesture of our Lord with a triune detail. Animals like winged cats and winged bulls, two-headed eagles, fish, dragons, and so on, find in the church adequate representation. The expressions—scowling disdain, rapture, and so on

—obtained on the faces of these figures are marvellously vivid, and I suppose never did the skill of the wood-carver reach a higher standard of excellence.

From one or two slight peculiarities I noticed, I should say at least one of the executants had been initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry. If I am correct this is a remarkable fact, but its discovery is not unexpected.

It is most probable that the oldest (certainly the finest) churches in Cornwall were built by Freemasons.

The *Magistri Comacini*, a medieval guild of Freemasons (*Liberi Muratori*), kept alive the traditions of classic art, slowly training it through Romanesque forms of buildings up to the Gothic and thence to the Renaissance. All that was architecturally good in Italy, for example, during the Dark Ages (A.D. 500 to 1200) was due to these Comacine Masters, or Freemasons. Through them architecture and sculpture were carried into foreign lands—France, Spain, Germany, and England—and there naturally developed into new and varied styles according to the exigencies of the climate and location, influenced also by the tone and idiosyncrasies of the people. Lake Como seems to have been the head-quarters of this guild, but how and why so powerful a body should have sprung from an island on that lake history is hardly clear in explaining. There is nothing extraordinary, therefore, to find in Cornwall, as in Celtic Ireland (where probably the Comacines or their craftsmen first built), buildings of more or less what we call common Celtic origin.

One or two of these carved bench-ends in this church of St. Levan have, at some remote period, been coloured a dull yellow, and all are attached to modern pews in the west end of the church.

Formerly tall square pews filled the church, and it is within the memory of the oldest inhabitants that some of these contained also richly ornate and carved panels—now, alas! all gone into the limbo of departing memories—or pig-sties perhaps.

One of the bench-ends represents two fishes. This is clearly representative of one of the legends associated with the patron saint of the church. Tradition says that the godly man lived on one fish a day only, which he

caught in the sea, close to his little hermitage at Porth Chapel. Once whilst thus dwelling in seclusion at this beautiful spot he was surprised by an unexpected visit from his sister and her child. Even secluded hermits cannot always entirely cut themselves off from human relationships. In order to entertain them and exercise the Pauline injunction of hospitality, he had to proceed to his fishing rock and throw out his line. A chad took the bait and was hauled up. Now the chad is a coarse fish and not considered a dainty dish, even in these days, unless served with proper sauce, in which a suspicion of onion or garlic enters. Probably the saint was not acquainted with the intricacies of the French cuisine; at any rate, he threw back the chad, and again fishing, hoped for maybe a mackerel or some more delicate denizen of the sea. But lo and behold, he caught once more a chad, and the same chad too. The saint, nothing daunted, essayed his skill once again, when for the third time he perceived the identical same chad at the end of his line. Then, and not till this triple iteration of the lesson had been taught, did it occur to St. Levan that Providence might have had a hand in the matter. He saw it was no use any longer kicking against the pricks, so he took up the chad a humbler and, let us hope, a wiser and more thoughtful man. He cooked the fish, placed it before his sister and her child, and bade them fall to. They did so. The child being hungriest began on the fish at once, but was choked by the first mouthful. Then this holy man was much grieved, as he ought to have been, and repented him of the evil, how that he had given way to the temptation of the flesh and the thoughts of savoury dishes. He considered it a visitation. If he had been content with the fish at first which Providence had sent him the melancholy accident would not have happened. It was a direct punishment for his dissatisfaction in not accepting gratefully the bounties of Providence, even if those bounties took merely the shape of one insignificant chad.

I somehow think the legend is not what it ought to be. I rather had hoped, when I heard it, that the saint himself had been choked, and not the poor innocent child. Anyhow, from that day to this the fishermen of the Land's End district call the chad "chuck-cheeld," or "choke-child."

There used to be a rood-loft in the church, a part of which is evidenced by the side door on the south and the remains of the winding staircase within.

On a stone monument on the wall below the belfry, to Anna the wife of Wm. Hodge, who died in 1780, is this rhyme :—

“My Eyes are clos’d my Grave you see
Therefore prepare to follow me.”

Another mural monument is in memory of a Miss Dennis, the daughter of one of the superior class of farmers, who in this remote district worked hard, and became noted for her mental attainments and poetical good taste. She was a friend of the Wedgwood family, wrote a novel called *Sophia St. Clare*, and died of consumption in 1809. She made herself acquainted with Latin and Greek, read Æschylus and other ancient authors in the original, and wrote and spoke French fluently. She also wrote some excellent poetry, I have heard, but which I have been unable to trace.

The well of St. Levan lies just above the chapel, or hermitage, of the saint on the west side of the little valley just before the sea is reached, and the stones which once enclosed it lie around in dilapidated disorder. This saint, St. Levan or St. Levine, had an eye for the beautiful, for the remains of his abode on a little flat ledge are in an exquisitely charming position. The height above high tide is only twenty feet, and then the waves break at the foot of the little cliff. To the left is the miniature bay of Porth Chapel, its lovely sands bordered on the east by wild granite cliffs. Just beside what was formerly his humble abode is a little stream, falling over a cascade in a fern-hidden crevice in the rocks. I got down into this with some difficulty, being held by the kindly hands of the rector, and found myself in a wee grotto lined with moss, the cracks filled with the lovely and unfortunately now rare sea-fern (*Asplenium marinum*). I could just stand upright, and the little waterfall, or sparkling cascade, splashed down over a steep rock in cooling drops, many of which fell cold and refreshing on my face.

The plateau on which the hermitage stood affords just space for a short walk with this exquisite view in front. The

square contours of what look like the foundations of two rooms, formed of blocks of very rudely shaped granite, are *in situ*, and the many stones of a similar character strewn around show that the iconoclast has here, as at the sacred well above, had full and unmolested sway.

From the church this interesting spot is reached by a short walk over a down of stunted furze, bracken, and heath, and not for nothing is the trouble taken.

The wheeled vehicle has to return by the same way from Porth Chapel, for the road for such traffic ends at the church of St. Levan. As we rose to the high ground by the side of the "Exiles'" cricket-ground we could hear the dismal sound of the bell-buoy, just as if a church was calling us to service across the water. This bell-buoy is situated a mile and a half away to the south-west, and warns mariners of the deadly "Runnel Stone" in its immediate proximity. Bell-buoys are one of the most dismal sounds I know to hear at sea, and they are equally depressing to hear on the land.

Repassing the Eastern Telegraph Company's settlement of Porth Curnow, we climb the hill and once more come to the smith's forge at the juncture of roads. We now take that to Porthgwarra. This place is variously given as Porthgwarra, Porthgwarrah, and Porthwarra; the word really meaning "the higher port." The road runs over a bleak, flat down, and is a narrow track for one vehicle only at a time, and ends near the edge of the cliff, in a very steep, very deep-rutty, break-neck hill.

Not only are the holes in the roadway two feet deep in places, but outcrop rocks stick up in places a similar height above the imaginary road-level. Still a woman in a solitary cottage near the top assured me that coal-carts went down, so we ventured, getting out of the jingle (this is a vehicle on two wheels used all over this part of Cornwall and corresponds exactly to what is known in other counties as a governess-car) and leading the little sure-footed pony.

The little narrow vale lying at the foot of this steep declivity has a rich plateau at the bottom, where the corn was being cut when I visited it, and with the wild surroundings of bold cliffs, of rugged nature, made a most restful and charming picture of true English rural scenery.





THE FUNNEL, TOL-PEDN-PENWITH



PORTHWARRA

By the side of this field are a few simple Cornish cottages, of which one is particularly picturesque, old and thatched, with a shed in front made of the hull of a boat turned over.

An arch has been cut here through the granite cliff to make communication with as wild, rugged, grotesque-looking, and narrow a cove as a Gustave Doré could imagine. Another arch has been cut above the lower for storing away fishing-gear. The tiny cove is redolent of fish, fishing-gear, and boats, and the inhabitants are descendants of Bretons who once settled here. The rocks east of the archway exhibit fine veins of rich red granite, almost looking artificial.

The slope to the beach is paved with large slabs of granite, and on the summit of the steep ascent is a large windlass to draw up the boats.

Tol-Pedn-Penwith, "the holed headland," is the extreme southern point of the Land's End district, and no visitor to this neighbourhood should miss going there. I visited it by turning off the main Land's End-to-Penzance road at the cross-road marked by the old cross just a few hundred yards east of Crows-an-wra. This winding by-road takes one direct to St. Buryan. About half a mile north of St. Buryan, on the right at the lower end of a field, is one of those huge upright stones whose origin is lost in the obscurity of ages. It is 8 feet high, 32 inches wide, and 22 inches in thickness, rather irregular in shape, and with a considerable inclination to the north-west. It is locally called, I learned from a farmer who entered the field while I was there, "The Long Stone," and is on Trevorgan's Farm in Buryan parish. Entering the trap again, we went to the blacksmith's shop at the cross-road to Sennen and took a rough by-road to Rôskestal, a farm near to Tol-Pedn-Penwith. Here we put up the horse and walked to the point, a distance of about a mile, over heather and rough ground. On the high ground are two conical landmarks, like huge candle extinguishers, twelve feet high—one painted red, the other black and white. They mark the exceedingly dangerous rock out at sea in a line with them called the Runnel Stone, which lies a little over a mile from the point. The cow-like bellowing from the buoy which marks the danger is always going on—the rougher the sea

the louder the noise. We pass the barrack-like coast-guard station, and then arriving at the look-out house on the edge of the cliff, walk a few hundred yards to the left, and see in front of us in the close grass a great yawning chasm in the earth quite unprotected by any railing. This is the Funnel. The jaws of this opening in the land are quite forty yards across, irregularly round, and the sides of bare rock slope inwards slightly in mode of a funnel for some seventy or eighty feet, where the bottom is composed of a pebbly beach of large pebbles. An opening on the west side goes through a cave to the sea, which regularly ebbs and flows up into the bottom. The narrowest neck of land separating the chasm from the precipitous edge is twenty-three feet across. To the south-west of the Funnel is a fine pile of fantastically shaped rocks, one of which is poised like a logan stone. The sides of the Funnel are bare of vegetation, except for a few stunted plants eking out an existence at a few spots on the north-west side.

The Funnel is, of course, interesting. It is a freak of nature very rarely indulged in and so is in the nature of a curiosity as well. But the beauty of the spot is only realised when one climbs down the exceedingly rough track between the granite rocks of the point on to some smoother rocks to the north of the cairn above. The view along the rugged, precipitous coast to the north is grand. The precipices are sheer, the rocks columnar and divided horizontally by creeks and fissures, after the style of the Giant's Causeway in County Antrim, but much more irregularly. Between a rocky, upstanding high islet and the shore a slit, as it were, is formed, and thus framed, the Longships Lighthouse appears in the distance. The clear sea at one's feet surging around the rocky point, edged with creamy foam, and the brown boulders and walls make up a scene which imparts a delicious thrill of pleasure at beholding. It is one of the most charming views in the whole peninsula of the Land's End, and has its own very distinct, delightful individuality too. The popular name for this pile of pillar-like columnar rocks is "Chair Ladder."

I then walked on along the cliff-edge, following more or less the track amid boulders and bracken marked out by the stones whitened by the coastguards. Many cairns or

little rocky promontories are met with, and the edge all along is more or less steep and forbidding. Pendower Coves are some of these inaccessible little bays, where no sea-bathing can be had—no sand on the beach, only rocks, rocks, rocks everywhere. There being no roadway leading along the coast, I had to return to Rôsketal to trap and lunchcon-basket. Retracing our steps, we had to go inland, and then once more go down another awfully rough cart-track to see Mill Bay, or Nanjizal. *The great want of this part of England is a good coast road. It is astonishing to me the land-owners have not joined together to make one. Such a highway would open up these beautiful bays and coast scenery, and enormously enhance the value of the land in its vicinity. Visitors would come, bungalow residences would be built, farmers would find a rapidly increasing demand for their productions—the whole county would benefit. If any other country but England possessed such undoubted beauty spots they would long ago have been made accessible. At present they are not.*

Mill Bay, or Nanjizal, is a small, delightfully pretty sandy cove not unlike Kim Bay in Achill, but on a smaller scale. It is deeply cut into by a small stream, and the remains of a mill—whence I suppose the place takes its popular name—on the right bank show that at one time its waters were utilised. Its main feature is a natural arch through the rocks on the south-west close in to the shore. This and a high rocky island rising out of the sand close in to the shore would afford endless delights for children. When I was there in the height of the season in August six persons besides myself were in the bay! The difficulty in getting down to the shore is considerable; there is practically no path. It is just a scramble. No wonder these delightful little bays and rocky gems are unknown. People follow in pursuit of healthful holidays the path of least resistance, and all along this coast of “England’s Riviera,” as it has been called, the most beautiful spots offer the greatest resistance to visitors. Much of the money which annually goes out of this country, by our countrymen and women travelling abroad, would be spent here if only we made the path to our charming beauty spots easy. A solitary, singularly ugly and out-of-place house crowns

the summit of the cove. It is quite new, and looks as if some hideous London suburban "villa residence" had been transplanted here.

At the top of the headland at its extremity on the north of the bay is an exceedingly striking and picturesque pile of rugged rocks—Carn Lês Boel—"Cairn of the bleak place."

CHAPTER XXXVI

FROM HELSTON TO THE LIZARD BY THE COAST: LOE POOL,
GUNWALLOE CHURCH, POLJEW, MULLYON CHURCH, PRO-
FESSOR BLACKIE, MULLYON COVE

THE ordinary traveller who goes direct to the Lizard by means of the straight inland road running along the flat top of the monotonous Lizard peninsula misses the best of the scenery of that delightful part of Cornwall. The roadway, in fact, runs through no scenery at all; it simply exists for utilitarian purposes only, and no one in his senses would take it unless time presses and Lizard Town be the destination. The walk—you cannot cycle it, or ride it, let alone drive it—may be taken, as I took it, from Helston, or it may just as advantageously be taken *vice versâ* from Lizard Town, it being sufficient boredom to go over the piece of main road only once.

Helston itself possesses some features worth remaining there a few hours to see. The main street is steep and unusually wide, with a stream of water bubbling merrily and briskly along down the gutter—now on one side, now on the other, performing its cleansing sanitary purposes. The old Angel Hotel on the left-hand side, famed for its beefsteak pies and puddings and home-cured bacon, is also the centre of the festivities on May 8th, when the Furry, or Flora, Dance is in progress and when all the street doors of Helston are kept open.

The large open space at the bottom of the main street is dominated by an arched structure like a small Marble Arch, “To the Memory of Humphry Millett Crofts,” bearing on the reverse side, “Raised by Subscription MDCCCXXXIV.” This is the entrance to a flat plateau of land on which in former days stood a castle which was demolished as early as the middle of the fifteenth century. The plot is now sunken about three feet and grass-grown

with the finest turf I have ever seen—just like a billiard-table even up to the edges of the walls—and is used for a bowling-green. Surely no bowling-green in England is in such a fine position or better kept! The views around of hills and of the Lower Green below—on which some gipsy caravans were encamped when I was there—are attractively pretty in rural simplicity.

The bowling-green in old days was a regular adjunct of Cornish towns. At St. Ives, Marazion, and Camborne, at any rate, the bowling-green was Corporation property. An entry in the civic records of St. Ives illustrates this. Under the mayoralty of Mr. Edward Hammond in 1657–8 occurs the entry: “I. payd Richard Smith in earnest ffor his tyme in the Bowling greene 1s.”

Being in Helston just before the Furry Dance time (but I treat of this more fully in a later chapter), I asked the waiter in the old-fashioned, comfortable coffee-room if many people were expected for the event; to which he replied, “We belong to”—a Cornish equivalent, I take it, for “We hope there may be.” The farthest he had been from Helston, of which he was a native, I found, was to Newton Abbot. You find many people in Cornwall who have never been far from the place of their birth.

Crossing the wide street from the “Angel,” steep Church Street is entered, and a turn brings the church into sight. Just before arriving at the sacred edifice an old Celtic cross in front of a very modern house caught my eye. It is set with its back to the front garden of the house on the path. How it got there I know not.

The seven wide steps leading up to the churchyard have been of the usual stepping-stone order, now filled in with stones, and on either side is a long seat. In a square recess on the west there is placed a Latin cross embossed on a small slab of granite let flush in with the wall, 2 feet 8 inches by 1 foot 3 inches. Each corner of Helston churchyard is entered by a similar stepping-stone stile.

The church itself is not the old edifice that once occupied the site. During a severe thunder-storm in 1727 it was struck by lightning, and Lord Godolphin in 1763 erected the present edifice at a cost of £6000. The interior is spacious and plain, with moulded plaster ceiling and galleries all



BOWLING GREEN ENTRANCE, HELSTON

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ROADSIDE CROSS, HELSTON

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round except at the east. The font and pulpit, of marble pillars and white stone, are handsome, but not otherwise noticeable. Below the east window is some fine modern mosaic work.

On either side of the entrance-door, however, are evidently two remnants of the ancient edifice in the shape of small brasses, twenty-two inches high. These have been rather ruthlessly affixed to the side-posts by iron screws cruelly stabbing the brasses. They were rescued from the old church when it was burned. One is of a female figure in Elizabethan ruff and stomacher with high hips. The other (half an inch taller than the companion) represents a man of the same period in ruff and long robe. Both are beautifully engraved and still sharp in outline. Over the door are three more in the same style—two upright, one oblong. On one of the upright brasses are two figures; the oblong bears merely a long inscription.

In the churchyard near the belfry is a Celtic cross,¹ 3 feet high and 1 foot 7 inches across the head, on a pedestal 13 inches high.

The head of another cross (20 inches by 19½ inches) has the sacred emblem on either side, and now stands on the top of the edging-stone of a grave with "PENBERTHY" cut in large letters beneath. A Mr. Penberthy who died in 1783 left the interest of £500 for the use of the poor of Helston not in the workhouse, so I presume this is that family's place of sepulture. The cross was found on the property of the family and placed here.

The view from the churchyard is fine, combining pretty

¹ At the consecration of a cemetery a cross was usually erected in the centre of the ground, and one at each of the four corners corresponding with the four cardinal points. The Bishop began by making the circuit of the ground with the clergy, chanting the litany at the same time. He then read a portion of the service at the eastern cross, did the same at the southern, western, and northern crosses, and concluded it at the cross in the centre (*Martene ex Pont. Egberti*, l. II, c. xx, p. 294).

Probably most of these consecration crosses were temporary structures, but sometimes they were permanent, and remained after the consecration ceremony.

A cross was often erected at every spot where a corpse rested on the way to the place of burial. Thus, St. Aldhelm died at a distance of fifty miles from Glastonbury, and at every seven miles of the road a cross pointed out the resting-place to later ages. All seven were still standing in the time of Malmesbury, and were called bishopstones (*Ang. Sac.*, II, p. 25.)

peeps of the sea in a far-off dip in the hills to the southwest.

Amongst some unusual names on the tombs around I came across tombs with "Penaluna" and "Caddy" on them.

The first charter of Helston dates from 1201. It was taxed in the *Domesday* record as Henliston, and is a stannary town, incorporated first, it is supposed, by King John. The coinage hall is now a private house.

Walking down the steep street and through the enclosure of the bowling-green, a set of steps conducts us to the Lower Green, and through the woods of Penrose Walks to the extraordinary natural phenomenon Loe Pool and its bar, or bank, of pebbles. The walk to the bar is through a fine wood of rare and beautiful foreign trees and shrubs in addition to our home oaks and other trees. I was reminded at many points during this walk through Penrose bordering on the lake of similar scenes in the Canadian forest north of Quebec. The oak, holly, birch, pine trees go right down the steep shore of the lake to the water itself. There is a lodge-gate which displays a notice to this effect: "Gates closed 8 p.m. in Summer, 6 p.m. in Winter. Excursion and Picnic Parties not admitted. Photographing not permitted. No dogs admitted." You have therefore to be careful in Penrose. The notice about dogs and photographing seems unnecessarily restrictive. A led dog can hurt no game—if that be the *raison d'être* for that portion of the notice, and no lens ever spoilt a view except on the photographer's plate.

At last on emerging from the shady wood one stands at a considerable elevation above the lake below, and just beneath is the famous bar. The lake is formed by several small streams which descend from the hills around in various directions, the largest being the Cober, flowing by the town of Helston. The lake is two miles long and irregular in outline, just like a Canadian lake, and is formed by the natural damming up of the fresh water in a rather winding fiord in the hills by means of a bar of small pebbles, which is about three or four hundred yards across, and which, of course, completely bridges the mouth of the gap of the hills within which Loe Pool lies. From the plateau overlooking the bar we can see the water near at hand just below us,

then the wide band of yellow sand (which when we came to walk over we found in reality to be tiny pebbles), and then beyond equally blue water—sea. From this point a good view is obtained looking back up the lake to Helston, and to the west the eye sees Land's End and to the south the headlands on the way to the Lizard.

The formation of Loo Poole, Loo Pool, Loe Pool, Loo Pond, as I find it variously described, is obvious, and probably other similar formations are going on elsewhere on the coast of the county. The sea for some tidal reasons has thrown up a bar of sand and shingle right across the gap in the hills, and consequently the fresh water flowing down from the surrounding hills is dammed up, and naturally spreads out and forms a lake. At Padstow, on the north, that gap in the land into which flows the Camel River is rapidly becoming sand-blocked, and some day when wind and tide are working together with a will an enormous bar will be raised, and Padstow will become what Helston really now is—a town on a lake.

In winter, when there is an unusual amount of fresh water flowing into the lake from the hills around, the water naturally rises and floods the roads, and even some of the houses of Helston. When this is the state of things a curious ancient custom is observed. The parties interested proceed to Penrose, the manor to which Loe Pool is attached, and through the Mayor of Helston present two leather purses, each containing three halfpence, to the lord of the manor for leave to cut the bar and release the pent-up water.

A very small aperture, just sufficient to allow a stream from the lake to act upon the sand, is sufficient to give the fresh water the power to sweep a passage through with a tremendous agitation of the sea outside. Sometimes the task is more laborious, for when a channel, four or five feet wide has been dug from lake to sea often the channel fills up again. But when the head of retained water does burst forth it makes a regular wide river, engaging in violent conflict with the waves of the ocean and making a terrific uproar, while the sea for twenty or even thirty miles is tinged with an ochreous colour. Even at the Scilly Isles they can tell when the bar at Loe has been cut by the altered colour of the water.

In the winter months it is not unusual, during a storm from the south-west, for the sea to make a breach over the bar, so that often seaweed and the broken corks of nets and pots are found on the shores of the lake a long way up. While the channel remains open herrings, flat-fish, and shrimps find their way into the lake and are shut in. The Pool abounds in a fine variety of the pink-fleshed trout and in eels.

The bar, like each spot on this rough coast, has had its tragedies. It was here that the *Anson* frigate was lost in 1807 with Captain Lydiard and a great many of the crew.

The walk across the top of the wide bar is rough, the feet sinking in at each tread. The cliffs are low and tame all the way to Gunwalloe Cove, and the rough nature of the going requires stout boots.

Gunwalloe, or Winwaloe, a Breton saint to whom Landewednack Church and also two or three Welsh churches are dedicated, was a pupil of St. Budoc's, and died A.D. 529.

The church, said by tradition to be the votive offering of some shipwrecked mariner, literally nestles close under a cliff, and the outer wall of its simple God's acre is washed by the waves. The unpretending, rather squat-looking belfry is detached from the church by about twenty feet. Separate bell-towers are also to be found at Feock, Mylor, Gwennap, Lamorran, and Talland.

The east and west walls are of the fourteenth century and the remainder of the fifteenth. The four pillars on the north side distinctly lean towards the north out of the perpendicular, and impart a singular feeling of insecurity.

There is no screen now, but a staircase on the south-east side in the aisle shows that there was formerly a rood-loft; eight winding stairs remain to this day.

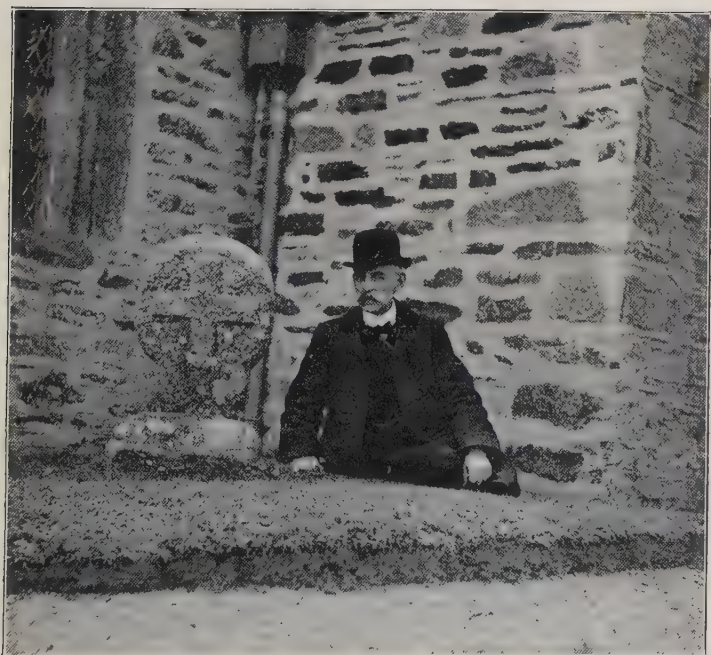
The roof of the south aisle is of open beams elaborately carved. An old Norman font-bowl has been placed beneath the west window, bearing the ancient mark of the Trinity. This bowl is 21 inches in diameter. It is to be regretted that this very ancient relic of old days has not had a pedestal added to it and been reinstated as the church's workable font.

The porch is on the south side and is old. The entrance is through a very flat arch, and the beams within are carved.



GUNWALLOE CHURCH AND SEPARATE TOWER

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SOUTH EAST CROSS GUNWALLOE CHURCH

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On either side is a long, narrow, granite seat ($8\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide). The door into the church is quite modern.

A small Celtic cross is on the south-east angle of the chancel wall close to the building. It stands 2 feet 2 inches high, and the boss, or top, is $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches across, the back towards the church being plain.

About eight feet from this cross is the tomb of one Joseph Dale, whose memorial slab fronts on the path. Let it speak for itself.

“Sacred to the Memory of
Joseph Dale,
who was drown'd in the act of saving
another person's life, 8 April, 1808,
In the 22^d year of his age.

When softest pity mov'd his breast
A brother's life to save,
Himself, alas! a victim fell
To the relentless wave.
But tho' his mortal part be dead,
His spirit lives above,
Where he may bathe from danger free
In seas of heav'nly love.”

The grey lichens and the sea blasts are fast rendering the inscription illegible, and soon the record of a noble deed will live only in books. I noticed several tombstones around bearing the name of Dale, some of them adorned with verses.

Near at hand is the tomb of one Edward Freeman, who died in 1876 at seventy years of age—just the allotted three-score years and ten, and yet he was not contented :—

“And must this body die,
This well-wrought frame decay,
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?”

This is another odd inscription on a tombstone, which surely must have been to a bell-ringer, as it looks like ringing the changes on a few words :—

“We shall die all,
Shall die all we :
Die all we shall,
All we shall die.”

A golf club has been established in the valley near the church, the sandy nature of the soil making it an admirable course.

About one hundred and thirty years ago a celebrated wreck took place in Gunwalloe Church Cove of a ship laden with Spanish dollars. Only a few specimens of her valuable cargo have ever been recovered, notwithstanding many attempts, one of which came before the public some thirty years ago under the name of "The Dollar Recovering Company."

The Austrian barque *Diana*, of Piccolo Lossini, 535 tons register, Captain Bonifacio Cattarinich, came to grief here early on Tuesday morning, December 8th, 1874. The story is told by Mr. Harvey in his *Mullyon*.

"Encountering the full force of a south-westerly gale about eight miles S.W. off the Wolf Rock Lighthouse, she had some of her canvas blown away, which rendered it necessary for her to return to Falmouth to refit. The attempt to clear the Lizard, however, failed, and at 3.30 she was on the sands and in the surf in Gunwalloe Church Cove. At about three o'clock she was seen in the haze of Mullyon Cliffs, a very heavy and awkward sea running into Mount's Bay at the time. The rocket apparatus was got out, and the lifeboat's crew were soon ready, when the vessel, which had been lost sight of for a few minutes, owing to the thickness of the mist, was again seen off Mullyon Island, where from some cause she was compelled to wear ship. This made her fate more speedy of accomplishment, and it was now only a question on what particular spot she would come on shore; that it might not be against the cliffs was the hope of all. It was a sad, yet awfully splendid sight to witness the fine ship proudly rushing along in her wild career through and over the whitened waves, under and almost close to the lofty cliffs, nearer and nearer at every moment, to swift and inevitable destruction. And the poor souls on board! How many? Will they escape? Be drowned? Or killed against the rocks? Heaven help them! A signal gun is fired. Ah! no need for that now! It seems like mockery to us, who know from an only too long and sad experience the nature of the impending catastrophe. About four minutes and she nears Poljew, but clearing this, she strikes on the sand at Church Cove, where she lies stern on the breakers, which soon deluge her in foam.

"The rocket apparatus is planted and a line fired, but it

misses her. A second is fired. 'Well done, Philip Angel!' It falls right between her main and mizen masts, but becoming entangled in the rigging, does not reach the deck, and before they can secure it a third line is fired which falls across the poop. This is easily caught, and by it the hawser hauled out, and immediately is the cradle sent out on its errand of mercy. It brings in first the captain's wife, and then the captain, who was so exhausted as to require support on his way to the nearest farm-house; after that the crew in couples to the number of twelve were taken off, until the mate alone was left, and then he too is hauled to shore in safety amid the grateful cheers of the assembled spectators. The crew, who had left their all on board, were clothed temporarily by the fishermen and villagers of the neighbourhood; and then taken for the night some to Gunwalloe fishing village and some to Mullyon Churchtown, where they were made as comfortable as circumstances would allow.

"The Coastguard men and their assistants, under command of Mr. Harris, officer of Coastguard, Mullyon, deserve all praise for their prompt and energetic behaviour with the rocket apparatus. The rapidity with which it was brought to bear on the unfortunate ship's company, and the complete success which attended their efforts, were matters of sincere congratulations to all. The *Diana* lay perfectly upright across the cove for some weeks afterwards, and while her cargo was being taken out, which was done without difficulty as she was often left dry on the receding tide, hopes were entertained of her being once more floated off, and she was purchased as she lay for £300; but heavy weather coming on about the middle of January, her starboard bilge gave in first of all, and in about a week her remains were to be seen arranged in piles along the beach awaiting the arrival of the auctioneer."

In 1817 the *Primrose* sloop-of-war was lost near Gunwalloe Cove, and all on board perished except a poor Irish boy.

Leaving Gunwalloe Cove, we climb the high cliffs of Halzaphron. About one hundred years ago a transport was wrecked under these cliffs, and many lost their lives. The bodies of thirty seamen and military were buried near the spot where they were washed ashore, which was the last

instance of burying the corpses of shipwrecked persons in unconsecrated ground. It was owing to the strong feeling which was excited over these poor fellows being buried like dogs that Mr. Davies Gilbert introduced into Parliament an Act sanctioning the burial of bodies thrown up by the sea in the parish churchyard, and to see to such burials is one of the few duties left to churchwardens.

After hearing all these sad stories of wrecks, as one does all along this wild Cornish coast, Southey's lines naturally occur to our mind as we sit peacefully at home :—

“'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe,
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight us.”

As you walk away from Gunwalloe, Lizardward up the hill by the sea, and look back and down, you see how solitary is the little low-roofed church with its odd separate square tower standing banked up by a high wall at the west side of the little bay. No houses near it, only one farm-house and one cottage about a quarter of a mile away. Players on the golf-links around and no other signs of human life for miles.

The walk to Poldhu Bay (or Poljew Bay) is not long. At the end of it, just before ascending the farther side, is the small shed with a steam pump for forcing up water from the little stream which here enters the bay, to feed the engines above which drive the powerful dynamos of the Marconi apparatus. The engineer in this lonely spot had been a traveller. He had also worked at the same business at the Marconi station at Clifden, Connemara, and so we exchanged reminiscences of that village of public-houses. The towers of the Marconi system here are four in number, 235 feet high, each with a balcony or stage at the top. The Princess of Wales,¹ he told us, went half-way up one of them, for a staircase renders that possible, but not easy. Good bass-fishing can be got in this bay off the west point—the bait most in favour being bits of old pilchards. On the summit, facing towards Land's End, is the excellent Poldhu Hotel, a new large building of granite and wood.

Care is necessary when bathing in the bay. Two men in

¹ Now Queen Mary.



MARCONI TOWERS AND FOLDHU HOTEL

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POLURRIAN HOTEL

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1906 were drowned here, for there is a nasty under-current, particularly on the west side. A tablet on the cliff below with their names records the disaster. Messages from and to this Marconi station have been sent to and received from a distance of 2000 miles.

Then comes into sight the first-class hostelry the Polurrian Hotel, and the view is grand; the black rocks and white waves at the edges, the deep greens and blues of the ocean making up a striking picture. The hotel has a little bathing-box in Polurrian Cove, where, on the fine, sandy beach, the sea may be safely negotiated.

Next we come to the cliff just above the famous beauty-spot—Mullion Cove. Here stands the Mullion Cove Hotel, bearing date 1898, of grey granite and neat slated roof. The cove, from its windows, is seen as an assortment of wild rocks, some standing stiffly and solitarily out of the sea, over which the wild waves break in masses of foam and smother. Close below, as one descends the steep hill, is the little cove with its cemented landing-stage and shelving beach, one large island (Mullion Island) just at its entrance acting as a natural breakwater.

We here went up the valley a mile and a half till we arrived at Mullyon Churchtown. And here let me state at once the two features of Mullyon which interested me most were the church and Miss Mary Mundy. As ladies should come first, let me at once proceed to Miss Mary Mundy. All the old guide-books speak of Miss Mary Mundy. Tregellas, in 1882, writes: "But our description of Mullyon would be unpardonably incomplete without a special reference to the 'Old Inn,' kept by Mary Mundy. Without any approach to pretentiousness, it is one of the most comfortable that can be met with, and well merits the encomiums bestowed upon it by many of its visitors." On calling at the bar of the "Old Inn" I found that Miss Mary Mundy had long ago left it and that the ancient hostelry now belonged to a brewery company. The landlord told me, however, that she still lived in a cottage near at hand with her brother, and he directed my steps to her abode. In a very humble cottage Miss Mundy received us. She is now an old woman, small in stature, with sharp-cut features, still showing signs of a sharp eye and great alertness. She

told us she was past eighty—neighbours said she was eighty-six—and had been all her life at the “Old Inn,” and so had her father before her and his father before him. She said to me, “I was then very active and lively, but now I am breaking up, my constitution’s going down”; and again she alluded to the same topic in a quaint, homely way, “I am drooping down now, getting to the mother dust.” She remarked that when in business at the “Old Inn” she was always careful “to get up a good dinner and quick about it—and we had good gentry—very good.” She went upstairs and fetched a very battered and torn old visitors’ book which fully bore out the repeated visits of “good gentry,” Lord This and Lady That in abundance. The old, worn visitors’ book and her recollections of the illustrious guests she has “done for” in the course of a very active life are pleasant memories in her old age.

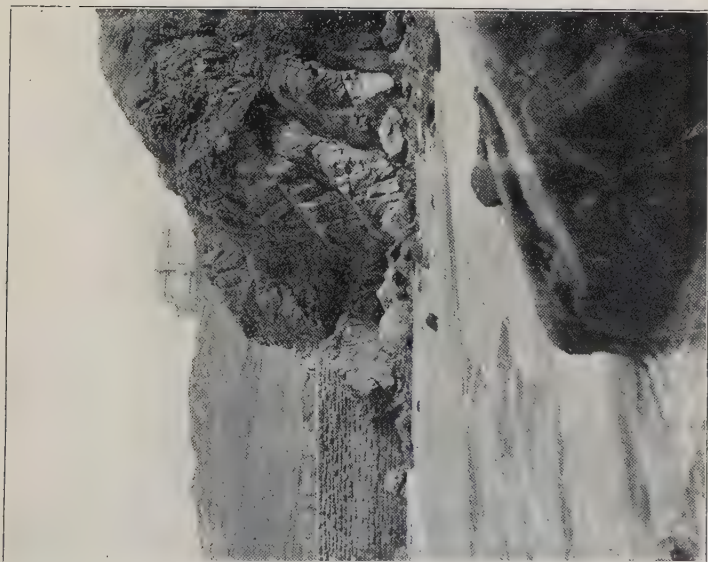
Spreading over several of the small quarto pages, now very much dog-eared, I came upon a poem on Miss Mary Mundy, by Professor John Stuart Blackie, which is worth recording, as I have not come across it in his published works. The Professor was thirty-seven when he wrote it. Just below the last verse appears this further appreciation of the “Old Inn”: “John Stuart Blackie, a Scotchman, cobbled up these verses, admiring the entirely spotless, elegant excellence of Miss Mary Mundy’s and of this Tavern on the twenty-third day of the month of June in the year of grace (Incarnation) 1872.”

Here are the verses with their heading as they appear in Miss Mary Mundy’s book :—

“LAUDES HOSPITII VETERIS ET DOMINÆ MARIÆ
MUNDÆ.

“Full many bright things on this earth there be,
Which a pious man may enjoy with glee
On Saturday or Sunday;
But the brightest thing that chanced to me,
In Cornish land, was when I did see
The ‘Old Inn’ by Mary Mundy.

“’Twas on Saturday afternoon
That I was trudging, a weary loon,
To spend at the Lizard my Sunday,
When thro’ the corner of my right eye,
The happy sign I did espy,
‘OLD INN, BY MARY MUNDY.’



MULLION COVE AND HOTEL

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OLD INN, MULLION

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“ So I went in, and out came she,
With a face from which blue devils would flee
On Saturday or on Sunday ;
And I said as soon as I saw her face,
‘ I could not be housed in a better place,
So I’ll just stay here till Monday.’

“ Quoth I, ‘ Could you give me a dinner well spread,
An old arm-chair, and a well-air’d bed,
And a good short sermon on Sunday ?’
Quoth she, ‘ Indeed, sir, that we can,
For I guess no doubt you’re a gentleman,
As sure as my name is Mundy.’

“ I went upstairs with a bound and a hop,
And I looked around the tight little shop,
And I said, ‘ Miss Mary Mundy,
There’s not in London a grand hotel
Where, with such comfort, I could dwell,
As with you, my dear Miss Mundy !’

“ ‘ You’ve got the tongue of a gentleman,’
Quoth she, ‘ I do the best I can
On Saturday or on Sunday.’
‘ That’s just the thing we all should do ;
But they who do it are few, and you
Are one of the few, Miss Mundy !’

“ But now to tell the feast she spread,
And with what delicate zest we fed
On that day before the Sunday,
Would stagger the muse of a Tennyson,
And bring from the devil a benison
On the head of Mary Mundy,

“ A London alderman, sleek and fat,
Would sigh for the sight of a duck like that
Was served to us by Mundy—
A roasted duck, with fresh green peas,
A gooseberry pie, and a Cheddar cheese—
A feast for a god on Sunday.

“ But the top of her skill I well may deem
Was the dear delight of the Cornish cream,
Both Saturday and Sunday,
That down my throat did gently glide,
Like sweet Bellini’s tuneful tide,
By the liberal grace of Mundy.

“ And then, to crown the banquet rare,
A brandy bottle she did bear—
(God bless thee, Mary Mundy !)
And said, ‘ Full sure a gentleman
Abhors the lean teetotal plan
On Saturday or Sunday.’

“ And when my weary frame did glow
 From genial warmth from top to toe,
 (Good night, my dear Miss Mundy !)
 I slept on bed as clean and sweet
 As lass that goes so trim and neat
 With her lover to church on Sunday.

“ But why should I go on to sin,
 Spinning bad rhymes to the good OLD INN
 While the bell is tolling on Sunday ?
 I'll go and hear short sermon there,
 Tho' the best of all sermons, I declare,
 Is the face of Miss Mary Mundy.

“ And I advise you all to hold
 By the well-tried things that are good and old,
 Like this snug house of Mundy—
 The good OLD CHURCH and the good OLD INN,
 And the old way to depart from sin,
 By going to church on Sunday.

“ And if there be on Cornish cliffs,
 To swell his lungs with breezy whiffs
 Who can spare but only one day,
 Let him spend it here, and understand
 That the brightest thing in the Cornish land
 Is the face of Miss Mary Mundy.

23/6/72. '

Miss Mundy informed us, with a laugh at evidently some funny recollections, that the Professor was very fond of duck and green peas. He must also have been fond of Miss Mundy, for his signed photograph adorns her wall, and he visited the “ Old Inn ” many times.

Many odd stories are told of him. One of the best known is that a notice about meeting “ his classes ” had been altered by removing the “ c,” whereupon Blackie further improved it by deleting the “ l.” But though this is a true story of the Professor, it is after all a chestnut, for the same incident is related of William Edmonstoune Aytoun.

Like most Cornish names, that of this place has several distracting variations. In the *Valor Ecclesiasticus*, temp. Henry VIII, it is entered as *Melyan*, and in legal documents, temp. Elizabeth, as *Mullyan*. In the parish register it variously appears as St. Mullyon, Mullyon, St. Mullian, Mullian, Mullyan, St. Mullion, and Mullion.

S. Mellonus is called S. Malo by Usher ; and Dr. Oliver says that Mellonus, Malo, and Meen are identical. In the

parish there are in the Clahar garden estate, near the remains of an ancient chapel, two fields that are called "S. Malo Moor" to this day, so that probably the Breton saint gave the name to the parish. Another and certainly fanciful explanation of the name is that it comes from a Persian word meaning "smooth"—there is, however, nothing smooth about Mullyon by land or sea.

The parish registers of Mullyon go back to 1598 and they show that for centuries families remained very much in the same place. Such names as Carter, Curtys, Harrey, Kempthorne, Tonken, Triggs, occur again and again. Classical and scriptural Christian names seem always to have been in much favour with Mullyon folk. These include Abraham, Aserath, Demetrius, Dionysius, Erasmus, Hannibal, Hercules—modified into Herklous, Isa, Jeremiah, Joel, Renatus, Selina, Theophilus, Thyrza.

The Rev. E. G. Harvey when vicar of the parish says of the character of the inhabitants of Mullyon: "I cannot, however, refrain from saying that during a residence of ten years among a people, who, from whatever cause, simply hate the Church, and who look upon the Parson as a sort of Ecclesiastical Policeman, I have personally met with respectful civility and attention, particularly from the labourers and fishermen."

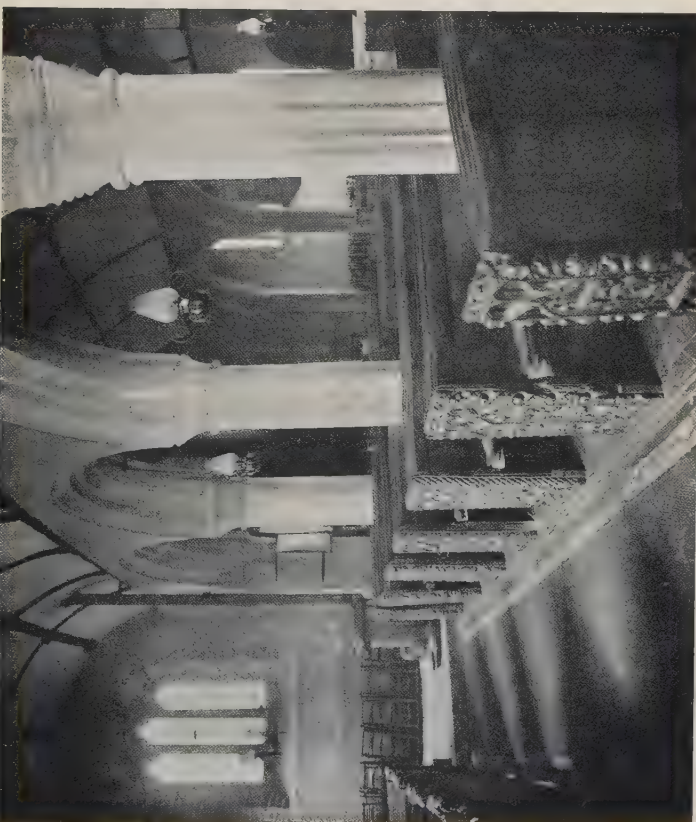
From the churchwardens' books I gather that foxes were once so plentiful as to have become a nuisance, and a reward was paid for their slaughter. From 1786 to 1850 no less than £26 9s. 6d. was paid for the destruction of 243.

CHAPTER XXXVII

MULLYON CHURCH AND COVE

THE main interest in Mullyon Church centres round its beautifully carved bench-ends, so let us mention them first. They were set up in their proper places and relieved of their encumbrances of rotten deal in 1870. Tradition says they were wrought from timber grown on, what are now bare, Goonhilly and Kynance Downs. These seat-ends show signs of having been designed and carved by four different hands. The treatment of some is bold, and many of them are in a good state of preservation, even after the lapse of four hundred years. The features of some of the faces are as sharp and clean-cut as on the day which saw them executed. Amongst the subjects are bold initial letters, the emblems of the crucifixion, the heads of Herod, Judas Iscariot, Pontius Pilate and his wife Juditha, the mockers at the crucifixion, the soldiers asleep at the tomb, and others. Caricatures occur, as they do at St. Levan and at all these Cornish churches possessing carved bench-ends, of some of the regular clergy of the period and also of those of minor orders. A keen sense of humour was ever present in the Church in Cornwall.

As the Vicar of Mullyon Church told me he "objected very much indeed" to my photographing the bench-ends, I am unable to properly portray them here. It was the first rebuff I have ever had in my life from priest or layman in any country in which I have travelled when engaged in the harmless pursuit of feebly attempting to make known to the public the beauties and interesting relics of the past. From every other vicar and rector in the county of Cornwall I have received much kindness, great encouragement in my work, and often valuable assistance. I wish I could personally thank each of these worthy custodians of these beautiful Cornish churches, but as I cannot, will they please accept this acknowledgment—not packed away in a preface



INTERIOR, MULLYON CHURCH

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VIEW FROM CAVE, MULLYON COVE

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which few read, but as prominently as I can make it here, in the text? The clergy of Cornwall I found as keenly enthusiastic as I am over the antiquities in and surrounding their churches, and I never met in any country a set of men more ready to help in making known abroad the delightful and priceless monuments of the past committed to their care as life tenants. Would they had always been thus!

In the porch of Mullyon Church are the remains of a plain granite benatura, or holy-water stoup, the well-worn front edge of the basin telling the tale of a time when many more people than now frequented the sacred precincts, of a time before dissent, when people all worshipped at the church of their fathers. A round-headed niche over the door, now vacant, once probably held the effigy of a saint. The roof of the porch is of carved wood, ceiled with only the beam edges now showing. A granite seat runs along on either side.

The door into the church is old. The lock upon it, for it is obviously, even intrusively, affixed to the structure—a huge one made of a casing of oak 1 foot 1 inch long by 10 inches broad—is noticeable. At the bottom of the door is another little, even tiny hinged door, just 10 inches square. What this little cat-like entrance through a church door into a church was for I know not.

The bookshelf slabs in the pews are of oak, 3 inches thick.

The churchyard is entered by a lych-gate over a filled-in stepping-stone stile, and the sunken path to the porch has on either side a long, continuous, narrow granite seat. In olden days these seats in the porch and churchyard were, no doubt, greatly used by parishioners before and after church. They did not hurry into and away from church, but gathered around and discussed local affairs. These seating arrangements were the forerunners of parish meetings and parish councils.

Immediately opposite to the four-centred internal archway of the porch is the Devil's Door in the north wall. Many of the Cornish churches possess this feature, so called from the ancient custom of opening this door on the far side of the font at the time of baptism, to allow of the retreat of the Spirit of Evil to his northern abode of darkness when the infant by his sureties renounced him for ever. (See App. III.)

The entrance-door to the rood-loft and the exit above were brought to light when the church was repaired in 1870. In this doorway was discovered a marble memorial slab, turned face inwards. This records the death of "Thomæ Flavel Clerice," "Hic Deponuntur Exuvie Anno ætatis suæ LXXVII Et Doi Nostri Jes. Chi. 1682.

Earth take thine Earth, my Sin let Satan havet.
The World my goods, my Soul my God who gavet.
For from these four : Earth, Satan, World and God,
My Flesh, my Sin, my Goods, my Soul I had."

This Vicar of Mullion, from 1634-82 (*Mullianensis Vicarii*), was a famous man in his day. He may have possessed other good qualities as well, but he had, at any rate, great skill in the art of laying ghosts, and was in much demand for that useful purpose throughout the country-side. It is related that not long ago a spot on the downs was pointed out named "Hervan Gutter," where Thomas Flavel's own ghost was laid by a brother clergyman, of whom he had said before his death, "When he comes I must go."

On a prone incised slate is this inscription :—

"Here lyeth the Body of
Robert Priske,
Who died ye 26th day of March
In the year of our Lord God 1699,
Ætæs suæ 62 yeares.

My sun is set My glas is run
My Life is spent My days are don
Neither witt nor virtue can preuail
Death takes no quarter gives no Bail
Yet I doe hope to see ye day
When death's strong power shall away
Tho' now I lye here in ye dust
Yet surely rise again I must
To Meet my Sauour in ye Skey
Goe reader goe prepare to dye."

The head and arms of the old cross now placed just on the east side of the porch were discovered in 1870 turned upside down in the line of kerbstone which marks the path outside the western lych-gate. It bears the following inscription, getting, I regret to say, almost undecipherable :—

"To Him
Who raised this Cross
And to all Faithful People
PARDON AND PEACE
Grant O LORD. AMEN."

At one time the windows were doubtless full of priceless stained glass. The few remnants have been carefully collected and now go to form a still beautiful east window—the presentation of their costly gifts by the Magi. The missing portions were, of course, supplied.

Retracing our steps from the village, where Mrs. Matthews had well and adequately attended to our inner man, we soon got over the mile and a half of downhill road and arrived at Mullyon Cove. To describe this spot with its stern cliffs, rugged rocks, the glass-green, pellucid waters, the island peacefully reclining on its watery bed, and the ever-varying lights and shades hovering and playing over all, is more suited to the Newlyn school of artists than to the pen or camera. Turning sharply to the left, on entering the cove, we went through a long, lofty, natural archway leading to an open part of the shore, which near the base of the cliff—here quite precipitous—is covered with huge blocks of stone as if shaken out of a gigantic pepper-caster on the shore—so higgledy-piggledy are they arranged or rather disarranged. Walking over these was no light matter. Then rounding a projecting cliff of serpentine, we came on the black, sombre-looking entrance to a large cave. We had taken a guide with us, who, for a shilling, showed us the way and carried a broom-handle with a mass of tow tied at the business-end, soaked in paraffin oil. This he lit and conducted us over the exceedingly rough rocks forming the flooring to the end of the cave, about one hundred yards. Mullyon Cave is at places quite fifty feet high—everywhere there is ample erect-walking room. The rocks look jet black, and at the mouth we saw some timbers firmly wedged in crevasses from the wreck of the *Port of Panama*.

The cliffs at the mouth are high and very precipitous. This cave was used for smuggling, and one of the last living smugglers is John Mundy, whom we made the acquaintance of when calling upon his sister—the Miss Mary Mundy of Professor Blackie's and "Old Inn" fame. At the earth end of the cave there used to be an opening, or shaft, made from the land above (now filled in), which facilitated the removal of contraband articles.

The cave should be visited, as we did, as soon after high water as access can be gained to it.

The view from the mouth looking seaward is impressive. The entrance faces, and frames in black, Mullyon Island, which lies a mile from the shore. In the middle distance is a rocky islet, and the foreground is of smooth sand with pools of still water. Standing at the mouth on the sandy shore, one can see Mullyon Hotel on top of the cliff to the right and in a gap in the land-line one of the towers of the Marconi station. These Marconi towers lend no additional charm to the scenery of the Lizard, and they have the unfortunate habit of intruding their spidery presence far too frequently.

The ordinary way to proceed towards Kynance is to return to the cove from Mullyon Cave and take the path immediately to the right up the steep headland close to its precipitous brow. But as we stood near the mouth of the cave and looked up, we saw that if we climbed the cliff somewhere about that spot and so reached the path above we should save walking over a very considerable piece of road. Instead of going round a long, though narrow, loop we should simply cut across it. We asked the guide if we could get up to the top by any path. He said there was not any. We, with some persistency, pointed out what looked from the shore where we were standing like an indentation, or tiny gully, in the face of the cliff, by means of which it seemed to us easy access to the top might be gained. He shook his head, saying, "Well, I can't do it. If you are good Alpine climbers perhaps you can." Not being good Alpine climbers, or indeed knowing anything of Alpine climbing, we were mum on that subject, but said we would try the ascent. The guide therefore probably thought we were expert climbers. So he left us to return to the cove and pick up more temporary troglodytes. When he was safely round the corner and could not see our manœuvres we started, but first carefully studied the height above our heads. We saw a piece of timber about twenty feet long lodged on a ledge which we were certain we could reach. Above that rose a small steep piece of rather sheer-looking rock with dark marks in it here and there indicating possible toe holding-places. This piece of the ascent seemed about six feet high. Then leading from the grassy top of that was a rather expanded recess full of loose stones,

which seemed to us continued up nearly to the brim of the cliff. How it then ended, and whether the highest part of this stone slide terminated in a passable way to the path above, we never knew.

Knowing nothing whatever of Alpine climbing, as I have said, we naturally started off inflated with great confidence in our ability for getting to the path above in ten minutes at most, and so saving perhaps quite twenty minutes which the walk back to the cove and along the path above would have meant.

Without difficulty we reached the ledge on which the balk of wreckage rested. Then helping one another, and passing up the hand-camera, we stood, or to be more correct leaned, there upon the top of the ridge of rocks. This little bit of climbing, we said to one another, was certainly not so easy as it had looked from the shore.

I then, camera in hand, started to try the next piece of the ascent over the loose stones which had seemed quite a practicable path from below. On the right was a sheer precipice to the cave's opening on the shore. A little stunted grass on a small ridge gave a slight assistance to the hands, and placing the camera in advance of each foot, I went up for several feet, not daring to look round, it was too steep. I then found I had either to fall over the precipice on the right and leave my broken body at the cave's mouth, or continue up the gully of loose stones. No grass at all grew amongst them, which was suspicious, if I had only known it. I could not place the camera anywhere, as the inclination was too steep to allow it a resting-place and some of the stones began moving. Then one foot loosened its hold, and I could not turn round to see where to replace it, pressed tight as I was against the side of the cliff. I clung on to some tufts of not too strongly planted grass, and at last found myself entirely supported by the muscular energies of my fingers on the edge of a stone. To have loosened their hold meant destruction. I sang out to my friend, just below to the right, and he with difficulty crept up the ridge perilously near the sheer precipice and held the wrist of the hand nearest him. That slight assistance saved the situation and enabled me to wriggle my body round, and then he guided my foot into a sounder bit among the stones,

and there I rested until breath came back into my body. We then had both to rest and take breath, for we were well-nigh exhausted. Reaching then for the camera, and recovering it with difficulty, we commenced to descend.

As we turned round we saw two gentlemen and a lady in the cove below evidently about to follow our example. One of the gentlemen had an Alpine stock in his hand and he soon reached the ledge over the cave's mouth where we reclined. We told him of our adventures and that we could not make the top. He said it was quite easy, thereby rising high in our estimation as a mighty Alpine climber. We therefore meekly pursued our downward path, humbler in spirit than when we had started the ascent. As we turned the corner to go out of the cove, to our astonishment we saw him descend; he too had evidently not found the way up so easy as it looked. Some of our humbleness, I am afraid, then evaporated.

The feeling of slipping over a precipice and the terrible helplessness that suddenly overwhelms one is not a pleasant sensation. Never again will I essay to surmount one of these innocent-looking Cornish cliffs. This attempt to save time had cost us an hour and a half of severe bodily labour, from which we suffered in limb-stiffness for days after.

As we slowly and with a chastened spirit trudged up the steep path over the cliff, we remarked to one another how true it is that often the longest way round is the shortest way home—at any rate, in Cornwall.

A late Vicar of Mullyon kept a record of wrecks occurring at that spot on the Cornish coast. Between 1803 and 1874 no less than 132 persons were known to have been drowned, and 67 corpses were interred in Mullyon churchyard. Some 29 vessels were *known* to have been wrecked there during that period, and only one vessel that ever touched the shore got off again, and that was the *John McIntyre*, and she was of set purpose thrust in and floated again under very exceptionally favourable circumstances. On several occasions bodies in twos, threes, and even greater numbers, were washed ashore, evidently from recent wrecks of which no vestiges remained or were ever seen.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE LIZARD—LANDEWEDNACK

HELSTON is the key of the Lizard, that town being to the Lizard what Penzance is to Land's End. The 10.30 a.m. train out of Paddington reaches Helston at 5.15 p.m. And an excellent lunch can be had on board. The motor omnibuses of the Great Western Railway convey travellers from the station at Helston in about an hour, so that the journey from Paddington to the Lizard is nowadays easy and comfortable.

The peninsula of the Lizard up to now can hardly be said to have attracted the attention which its obvious merits deserve. It seems to me to have been curiously neglected, and therefore I think it has a prosperous future before it.

A glance at the map of this part of Cornwall shows that the roughly triangular wedge of land called the Lizard runs out due south into the Atlantic, and consequently gets all the benefit of every sea-breeze that blows from south, west, and east. The breadth of the peninsula is not great—four miles across at the lower portion, just before Lizard Town is reached, and only some twelve miles at its broadest, northern, part, so that the mild, warm, health-giving sea-air is to all intents and purposes in active evidence all over its whole area. Its geographical position is therefore an asset which has not yet been taken into account and made known. It is a gold-mine which has not yet been worked.

The Great Western Railway did a wise thing when they took to running motor 'buses from the terminus, Helston, to Lizard Town, right through the peninsula from base to tip. Before then, to the mass of people, the Lizard was a *terra incognita*—a land whose exploration was a matter of difficulty and effort. Even now there are many districts of

England easier to see. The railway needs extending to Lizard Town.

I have no doubt that as this little bit of almost isolated Cornish land becomes more known its popularity will increase, and as a favourite health resort its rapid development in prosperity will be very marked during the next few years.

The select few who regard the Lizard as their own special property will not like my saying this. They have for so long regarded the fine scenery of the Lizard coast as their own peculiar that they resent others finding out the charms of the place. They desire to keep the discovery to themselves, to make the Lizard snug and select. "Dear friends," I would say to them, "in these days of swift intercommunication and the marvellously swift spread of all kinds of knowledge you can't do it. It is no use trying." This attempt at secretiveness is true, for I have never heard visitors knowing the Lizard well telling others of its seductiveness. Praise is always, singularly enough, tempered off with disadvantages: the scenery always has its drawbacks; the antiquities of other parts of Cornwall are much more interesting. I would say to these estimable, even if selfish, egotists, Would you not, as patriots, rather have your own land known and appreciated, and money spent there, than see that money expended abroad and the fame of Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Egypt extolled and advertised, to the detriment of your own most lovely home country? Think it over; give up the very natural, I own, selfish and conservative feeling which, after all, has no legitimate right to exist, as you do not own the Lizard—or any scenery, for the matter of that—and welcome the increased appreciation of the land you so love.

But the popularity of the Lizard will never be that of Land's End. At Land's End people go to see one thing; they see it—the end of England—and return. There is no similarly concentrated show-place on the Lizard. The interest is nearly equally diffused throughout. There is no one thing you can come back to your friends and say you have seen on the Lizard, and thereby acquire increased *éclat* in their eyes and add to your small reputation as a traveller. There is nothing on the Lizard of world-wide

reputation to hold their attention when you dilate upon your visit to this most southerly part of England as there is at Land's End. And there is another factor which will always prevent the beauty spots of the Lizard being overrun with tourists. Nearly all the interesting bits of coast scenery can only be reached by the pedestrian, and even the horseman must leave his horse behind him at the inn and explore on foot if he wants to make his visit to the Lizard as interesting and educational as it might be.

Cornish names are unlike the ordinary run of English appellations. The letter "z" plays a prominent part in many of them, as, for example, in Zennor, Marazion, Permizen, Perranzabuloe, Penzance, and in Lizard. This last, it may be well to state at once, has nothing whatever to do with the saurian division of the *Reptilia*, even though its exact significance and derivation be doubtful. In all probability the name is derived from an old Cornish word, *lezou*, which means simply a jutting-out headland, or else a gate.

The main characteristics of the Lizard may be succinctly summarised: the peninsula is flat and treeless, raised some three hundred feet above sea-level, and is mainly remarkable for its lovely and much-varied fringe of rocky scenery, coves, cliffs, and caves, and also for its large area of serpentine rock—an igneous marble, like felspar porphyry, of extremely beautiful appearance when polished. In antiquities it is less rich than Land's End peninsula, but still it contains many objects of surpassing interest, as we shall see.

About half-way—the distance to the Lizard from Helston is eleven miles—on the right, at the bottom of a declivity, the road passes a charmingly situated house, with delightful gardens and a lake. Here vegetation seems to run riot. Subtropical plants are seen, and the dracæna, that weird-looking, uncouth tree of the Canaries and Madeira, flourishes. This is Bochym, which means "the vale of weeping," but why so called I know not.

One mile from Curry Cross Lanes, on the main road towards the Lizard, are the Bonython Plantations and an old family seat. It was through Richard Bonython, an early American settler, that the poet Longfellow traced his ancestry through the third daughter of that Cornish gentle-

man. Richard Bonython (1580 to about 1650) was the second son of John Bonython of Bonython, and he in 1630 received a grant of a large tract of land on the east side of the Saco River in Maine, then known as New Somersetshire. In fact, the leading people of Maine can show their descent from Captain Bonython. Few people are aware of Longfellow's Cornish descent, which lends an additional interest to this part of the Lizard peninsula.

Bleak, bare Goonhilly Downs are passed on the left-hand side, and then the road runs due south, and nearly straight, in the centre of the peninsula, until Lizard Town is reached.

As in the case of the Land's End peninsula, the centre of the flat-topped Lizard peninsula is bare and featureless, almost devoid of interest. In fact this tableland is far less interesting than its western confrère, because there are hardly any Celtic remains on it and no churches. The ancient inhabitants must have been very much more numerous on the Land's End peninsula than the Lizard. The interest of the Lizard centres—if one may use such an expression—round the coast-line. Certainly the seascapes are fine, and these culminate in the great grandeur and singular attractiveness of Kynance (Kinance or Kynans) Cove.

Beauty begins where the road ends, all round this Lizard promontory. And round the coast too are the churches.

Lizard Town itself is a perfectly flat plateau or village green, with a fringe of houses chiefly surrounding the not uninteresting common. The motor 'bus from Helston draws up at the far end of this, by the Lizard Hotel, and as one enters this grass-covered plain, on the left are seen some of the shops (like Indian booths in appearance) with open fronts, where the serpentine-marble ornaments are actually made, *in situ*, and sold. On the left-hand side of the common is a chapel.

Lizard Town contains some six hundred inhabitants, and has three hotels and about fifty-one lodging-houses. The hotels are the only high structures, the rest are a mixture of cottages and farm-buildings roofed with slate, thatch, and also galvanised iron, forming an incongruous, yet not inartistic cluster of dwellings, rather suggestive of many a settlement I have seen in country districts of the United States of about fifty years' standing.

The walls of some of the old farm-buildings I noticed are made of mud in which chopped straw is an ingredient ; these, of course, are the most primitive and ancient.

The Lizard Lighthouse, which is naturally, from its position on the most southerly piece of land in England, one of the most important of this country, is placed on the mainland, not on an island like the Longships at Land's End, just at the tip of the point and a considerable height above the sea.

The actual light is an electric lamp giving forth over the sea twenty million candle-power, and the lens, about six feet in diameter, floats in a bath of mercury or quicksilver. The flash-light starts out every three seconds.¹ The lens has four sides, that is, it is square and revolves in its liquid metal bed by clockwork. The electric-light terminals, or burners, used here are six-sided, star-shaped carbons—made in either Germany or France, for it seems we are unable in this country to make them successfully for this purpose.

In the painfully clean, stone, vault-like hall whence the staircase springs to ascend to the light above is an iron tablet affixed to the wall, with bright-polished letters bearing this inscription :

“ This Lighthouse, which was erected in 1752, was in 1903 altered by the Corporation of Trinity House for showing a White Flashing Electric Light, and the Western Lighthouse is abolished.”

From which may be gathered, if this delightfully humorous inscription means anything, that because the lighthouse showed a white flashing electric light it was altered and the Western Lighthouse abolished. The *intention* of the Trinity House author was, I fancy, not to convey this to the public, but to state that this lighthouse was altered in 1903 and then made to show a white flashing electric light and at the same time the Western Lighthouse was abolished. I pointed this out to the keeper, who said the ambiguity had not been noticed before.

The genii who serve this lighthouse are five in number.

¹ The character of the siren fog-signal has now been altered from two blasts (high, low) every two minutes to two blasts (long, short) every minute, the duration of the long blast being seven seconds, and that of the short blast two seconds.

It possesses a large engine-house for driving the dynamos for the electric light, and two sirens which are used in foggy weather. In all, four engines are employed, three being very antiquated hot-air affairs and one an oil engine. Our Trinity House seems to me a rather antiquated and conservative—even if efficient—corporation.

The sirens give forth a high and a low note every two minutes in foggy weather.

The dangerous nature of this coast is well known, and as we stood in the gallery round the light, just at our feet, as it were, we could see the bow of the *Suevic* still standing up out of water—a sad memorial of what might have been a great disaster. This fine passenger steamer was wrecked here on March 17th, 1907, and some two hundred or three hundred feet of her taken away to Southampton, refitted with new bows, and made into a new ship. The lighthouse-keeper told us that when the wreck occurred some of the passengers stayed on board, while the rest were taken off in boats.

In addition to a general cargo the vessel was carrying 382 passengers, one stowaway, and a crew of 142 hands. A claim was made against the White Star Line by the owners, masters, and crews of the Falmouth steam-tugs *Triton*, *Victor*, *Marion*, and *Briton* for services rendered in connection with the rescue of the passengers. The result of the trial was that the *Triton* and *Victor* were awarded £250 each and the *Briton* and the *Marion* £150 each. The master of the *Suevic* stated that at the time the vessel struck there was a drizzling rain; it was clear on the water but very thick on the land, and that after she struck she lay perfectly quiet and remained on the rocks about a fortnight, when she was severed by means of dynamite at No. 3 hatch. He said the passengers were in no danger at all, and this opinion was endorsed by the Rev. Henry Vivian, the Honorary Secretary of the Cadgwith lifeboat, who went out to the scene of the wreck.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, in the course of his judgment, on December 1st, 1907, remarked that cases of life salvage only were few and far between. The fundamental principle to be applied was to consider whether there was danger or apprehension of danger to the lives of those rescued. He

had also to take into account the risk to the tugs, which were of a total value of £16,700. The wind was a strong breeze, but it was foggy, and the coast was most dangerous. The captain had very properly engaged the tugs to help the life-boats, for if any lives had been lost through delay he and his company would have incurred just censure, and he therefore very properly took every step to land all on board as quickly as possible. The tugs could not have come where they did without risk, though the danger may not have been very great on account of their skilful navigation. The life-boat-men and Mr. Vivian had made light of the danger, but they were extremely courageous men, accustomed to risk their lives; and though they did a very valuable work and could very probably have saved all the lives without the tugs, it would only have been with much greater fatigue and additional risk. It was noteworthy that one of the *Suevic's* boats was stove in, and another, after landing a number of women and children at Polpear Point, thought it safer not to return to the wreck. The work was well done and expeditiously. It was said the value of the *Suevic* was £55,000 and her cargo £210,000, but he took little account of that in life salvage or of the saving of the specie; the number of people taken from the wreck was the chief factor, and he then made the award already given.

The precipices around the Lizard Lighthouse are of black rocks, and several tiny sandy bays nestle in their wild embrace, quite shut off from the land side in consequence, and only approachable from the sea. One pretty cove, however, has a path made down to it, and this is Housel Bay, which is the bathing-place of the Lizard. At its head stands a large solitary house, Housel Bay Hotel, which dominates the cliff at the top, and is austere-looking in its clothing of grey stones, slate roof, and red-brick chimneys. On the east of this bay is the Lloyd's signal-station and to the west the lighthouse. A rocky point just below the hotel has a large natural arch right through it, and makes a fine picture at all states of the tide and weather.

The coast is dangerous for children, as the cliffs are entirely unprotected and the precipices around quite sheer in places. Housel Bay is about a quarter of a mile across, and the sand looks dirty, but it is not, the dark colour being due to the

detritus of the black rocks which run out on either side into the deep water.

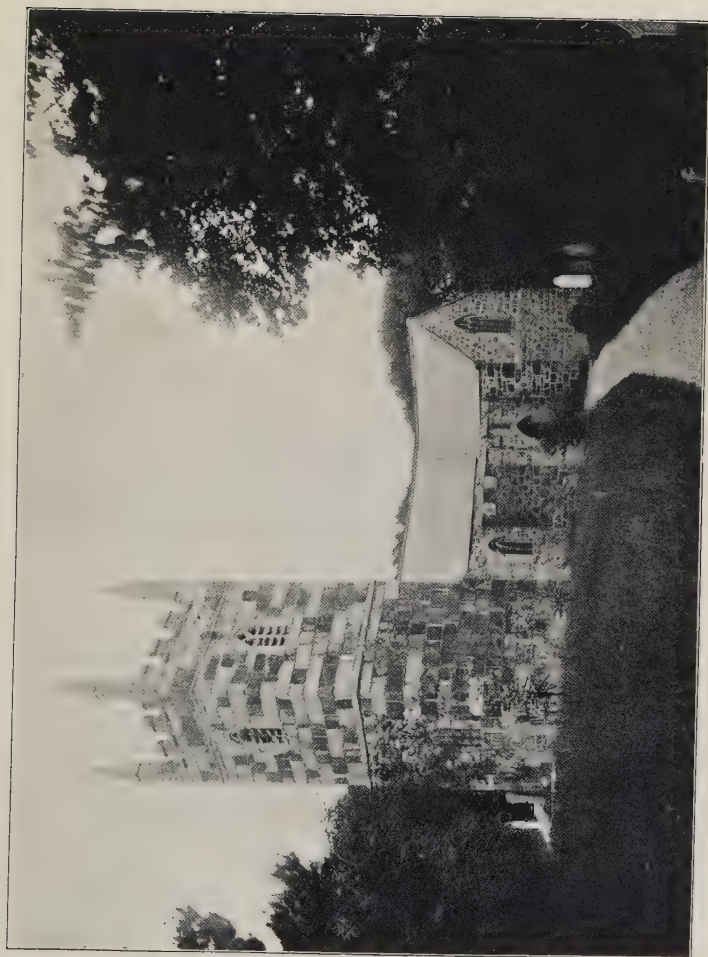
In one of these rocky coves at the Lizard Point I saw the wreck of a ketch, the *Fanny*, which had recently taken place. She had discharged her coal at Cadgwith, and with three men on board had taken to the rocks here, when, being light, she drifted close inshore. Curiously enough, she refused the help of the rocket apparatus which was brought to her assistance, but the men got off safely, and she drifted on to her last resting-place immediately below Lloyd's signal-station—a signally inappropriate place, one would imagine, for a wreck.

In the natural amphitheatre below Lloyd's, fronting on a rocky, precipitous little bay, a Morris-tube rifle practice-ground has been laid out, which gives an unusual appearance to the wildness of the spot.

The church of the Lizard is Landewednack, which means the white-roofed church, or church of St. Wednoc. It lies in a sheltered position three-quarters of a mile to the west of Lizard Town, surrounded by trees, and is the most southerly church in England. About midway between Lizard Town and the church, at a point where the side road to Landewednack branches off from the main road, is a cross of the usual Celtic design—rudely round head on a thick shaft, the whole formed out of one block of granite. There are far fewer crosses about this part of Cornwall than the Land's End district, and therefore this one is worthy of notice.

The church is situated in a little heterogeneous collection of umbrageous cottages which is dignified with the name of Lizard Churchtown. After passing the church, on the left-hand side, a lovely avenue of trees leads directly upon some of the prettiest cottages artist can imagine, and then the road, making a sharp turn to the right, ends abruptly after some fifty yards at the sea at charming Lizard Church Cove. The whole of this spot—church, cottages, avenue of trees, tiny bay—forms a delightful picture, one that stands out in the memory from many other beauty spots in Cornwall.

Opposite the church, in the lane, are some remarkably large, tall tamarisk trees which are particularly graceful,



LANDEWEDNACK CHURCH, LIZARD



especially in the flowering season. The originator of this plantation at Lizard Churchtown is said to have been brought hither by a carter from St. Michael's Mount, who, having lost his whip, gathered a rod at that place, and when he arrived here at the end of his journey stuck it in the hedge and forgot all about it. This plant, with its greyish-green delicate foliage, always grows well by the sea, and if the leaves are tasted they will be found to have a distinct salt flavour.

As the churchyard is entered, on the left is a bare patch of land on which grow five fine elm trees, in a straight row.

These were planted on the spot where, in 1645, the bodies of those who died of the plague in Landewednack were buried.

In that year the clergyman of the place, Mr. Robert Sampson, also died of the plague. About a hundred years afterwards the ground was opened to receive the bodies of a number of shipwrecked mariners, upon which the plague reappeared, but in a milder form. In consequence of this, trees were planted upon the plot of land to mark it out for ever, so that it shall never be reopened.

I remember hearing of a similar case at Beer, near Seaton. A number of plague victims were buried in the churchyard, and when, long after, the plot was reopened for fresh interments, the plague broke out afresh.

The porch of Landewednack Church is a fine specimen of Norman architecture in a fair state of preservation—thanks to the preservative properties of numerous layers of whitewash with which the tracery was covered up. I know that it is usual to bitterly condemn whitewash, but I have found in several churches in Cornwall that we may bless it, for had it not been for its preservative effect we should not have had handed down to us many interesting frescoes and delicate traceries. Much that is of value in Sherborne Church, in Dorset, is, for example, due to whitewash having been freely used in past times.

Above the door in the porch is a niche, or bracket, now empty, which was no doubt intended for a figure of the Virgin Mary. It may once have supported such an effigy, but I could see no evidence thereof. The roof of the porch is

groined with three ribs on either side, and in the centre where the six meet is a carved angel holding what looks like a flaming torch. When I was there a swallow flew out from behind the angelic wings, where evidently she was nesting.

The doorway in the porch into the church is smaller—in the Perpendicular style of architecture.

Landewednack Church is small, and strikes one as being remarkably low inside. Four granite pillars run down the centre, and the arches between are nearly flat, only very slightly pointed. The font is of granite in the late Norman period, and is most interesting. At a later date, probably quite recently, the bowl has been supported by four pillars of the local serpentine marble.

In this church there is a hagioscope, and opposite it on the west wall of the side aisle is the famous letter from Carolus Rex painted on a board—"Given at our camp of Sudeley Castle, this tenth day of September, 1645," etc. And then, in the bottom left-hand corner of the frame, appears: "H. T. Coulson, Rec^d Domum Dedit 1829." Many of these old letters of acknowledgment of loyalty, as in Landewednack Church, wore out in the course of time, and were replaced by newly painted ones, which were often presented to the churches.

At the present time the church is seated with movable plain deal stained benches, and lit with oil-lamps suspended from the centres of the arches. The tower possesses three bells.

In the churchyard I came across one name which struck me as not common, "Curgenven," and in the north-west end this acrostic on a headstone to Jane, the wife of Peter Roberts, who died 10th July, 1842, aged twenty-four years:—

"I nter'd beneath, just in the bloom of life
A loving Mother and a faithful Wife :
N o physick's aid, no weeping friends could save,
E v'n fruitless all to keep her from the grave :
R emoved from earth, from sickness, care, and pain,
O ur painful loss is her eternal gain.
B lest are the faithful dead God has declared,
E ternal joy in heaven is their reward :
R est here in hope till the last trumpet sound,
T o rise again with joy and glory crowned,
S afe then at Christ's right hand may she be found."



ROADSIDE CROSS, LIZARD TOWN

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CORNISH HEDGE, NEAR THE LIZARD

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The ground falls away from the church on the Lizard Cove side, and the walls of the churchyard are entered there by two rather picturesque stiles under the trees.

Passing the old thatched cottages, with geraniums in full bloom growing all over them—not in pots or small straggling plants, but in great masses, right up to the eaves, and when in flower a perfect blaze of brilliant colour—we pass, to the right, to the cove. A trickling stream accompanies us on the right, quite hidden though with bracken, bramble, and fern.

Lizard Cove is a charming picture bit. Certainly a few ugly sheds on the left as one descends the steep bit of road to the sea, with their slated roofs, detract somewhat from the charm, but once passed we have nothing to grumble at.

The tiny, even miniature, cove is just a landing-place with a little beach, so hidden by precipitous cliffs that you might pass the entrance many times and never find the opening. The shore end of the indentation possesses the usual windlass in a roundhouse for winding up a few boats which here find a local inhabitation, if not a home. Two large boats with heaped-up nets on their sterns, covered with tarpaulins, showed that pilchards frequent the shores of Landewednack. On one side is a lifeboat-house, and from the inscription over the doors we gather it was presented by two cousins in memory of their parents, "Thomas Chavasse, Esq., F.R.C.S., and Miriam Sarah, his wife, and the Rev. Horace Chavasse, M.A., and Margaret Colquhoun, his wife, 1887."

Apparently the Lizard district of Cornwall is associated with longevity. A former minister, the Rev. Thomas Cole, who died and was buried there in 1683, according to the register attained the unusual age of 120, and the sexton of the parish, Michael George, died in the same year, according to the same authority, at 100. Dr. Borlase, the historian of the county, speaks also of an old man of the name of Collins he saw when on a tour in this part, who was then 100 and who died in 1754, aged 104.

CHAPTER XXXIX

KYNANCE COVE—HELSTON

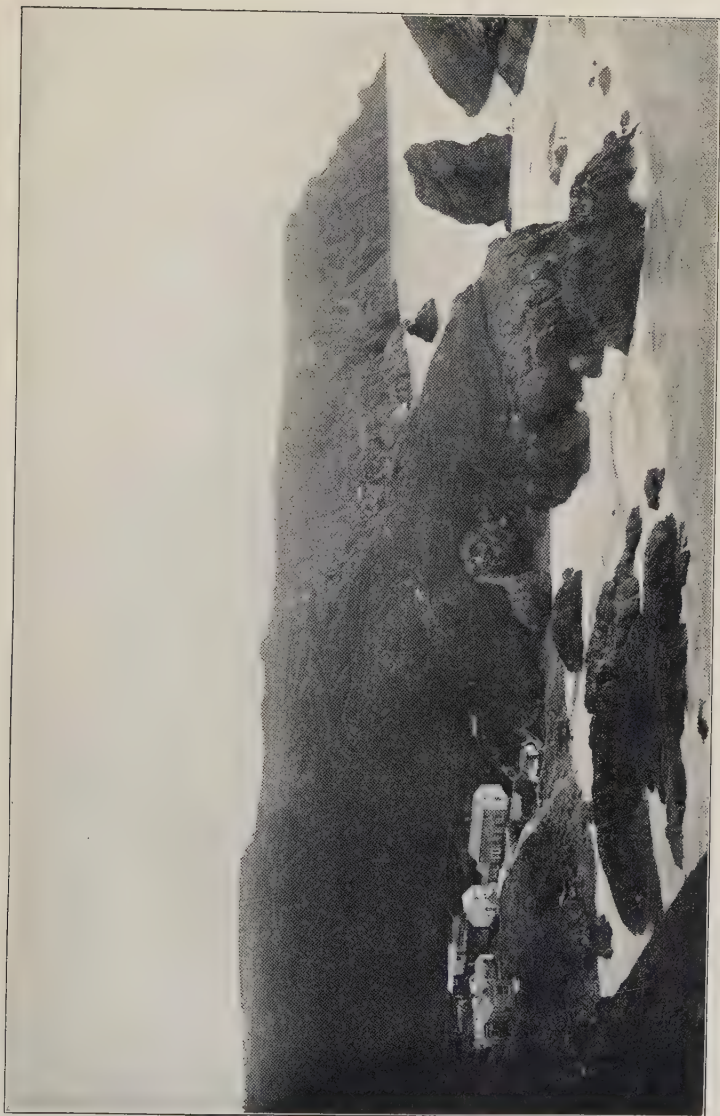
ONE of the wildest and weirdest spots frolicsome Nature ever produced in an elfish mood. The outcome of a delirious sense of irresponsibility. The conception of the unexpected; the realisation of the completely satisfactory. An artistic delight to eye and sense—harmonious, lasting. Such is Kynance Cove.

This enchanting spot—for it is not an epithet unadvisedly used—lies nearly due south from Lizard Town, and has to be reached by walking along a winding path which follows the edge of the cliffs, and involves some exertion and rough walking. To see all the features of interest on the way to the cove, and the several extraordinary natural phenomena when there, necessitates employing a guide.

As a rule I object much to guides, but here it is quite impossible to find out the many extraordinary phenomena of nature for oneself. I was fortunate to obtain the services of one Jose, and I found him a singularly well-informed man, not unduly loquacious or even gushing.

His name led me to suppose that he was a descendant of the Spaniards who once, at some remote period, colonised this most southerly point of England. He told me that there was the tradition in his family that such was the case, and he said that from time immemorial it had been customary for the first girl born in each Jose family to be baptised Sidonia. Jose is a worker in serpentine-marble ornaments and trinkets, and at that business he and his father and ancestors have been employed. I found myself involuntarily calling him “Hōsay,” as if he were a Spaniard.

The extent of his travels, I soon discovered (also of his father and mother), had been a trip to Truro, so that all he knew of the great world beyond the Lizard was what he picked up from talking to visitors to the Lizard and from reading.



KYNANCE COVE



As we pursue the rough path along the cliff's edge we see below us the most southerly rock in England, called the Batha, and a reef of rocks, terribly dangerous to vessels if they are not warned off by the friendly Lizard brilliant light, known by the generic name of the Stags. It was on this reef that a Quebec vessel, bound for Hull, went to pieces in the night, and the crew taking to their boats, were immediately driven to another insulated rock, the Island or Crenval, to the summit of which they clambered, where they remained in safety beyond the reach of the waves. In the morning they gained the mainland, some bringing a portion of their clothes, one man a nine-gallon cask of rum, and another a live pig, which he had brought from Canada as a present to his brother in England. On arriving at the Lizard they were, to their great astonishment, greeted by their own cat, who, when the vessel went to pieces, swam ashore with the loss of her tail, which was supposed to have been pinched off between two pieces of timber. The pig was sold to a farmer in the neighbourhood, and the cat quartered herself at the public-house, where her Manx-like condition gave rise to much comment and the constant repetition of the story of this remarkable wreck.

As we neared the cove, at one particular turn in the path Jose made us look back to the Lizard Point and observe the remarkable human-like profile of the dark promontory as it stands clearly silhouetted against the sky. The resemblance to the features of Lord Brougham was obvious. His was a peculiar physiognomy. It was said that by a muscular contortion he could almost remove his nose from his face for a time. He certainly could get more expression out of that organ than most persons. With a twitch, scarcely perceptible, the great Lord Chancellor could cause his olfactory organ apparently to revolve. Then he could switch it over to his left ear, or again thrust its short tip into his right eye. Many of his parliamentary colleagues declared they could remember seeing him hang his hat upon his remarkable proboscis. It is therefore not to be wondered at that even a slight resemblance between the human face on the Lizard and that of this notable personage should be observed and commented upon.

As we walked along Jose gave us some information about himself. His father, he said, had four shares in the Pilchard Company of the Lizard, which cost £2 a share. For four years no profit accrued; but, on the other hand, he had in addition to pay seven shillings a share for repairs to the nets; since then he has made as much as £27 a share a year, so that on the whole the pilchard business is not unprofitable.

The serpentine marble, I learned from the same authority, is found in falls which take place along the cliffs and also in quarries in fields, but out of tons of the rock which may be searched through very little is suitable for turning. Jose said they did all the trade retail and made all the articles themselves. Studs, sleeve-links, egg-cups, flat, round, or oval stands for hot-water jugs are some of the articles mostly in demand, and just now there is a run on buttons for gentlemen's fancy waistcoats. The "Serpentine Works" (such is the designation above the little shed-like workshops) are very busy, and it is with difficulty the demand is met for the various little articles turned out. In the winter only are the workers able to lay up a stock, which sells out rapidly in the season when tourists arrive.

The increased attention given to this district by the Great Western Railway, and the regular service of excellent motor 'buses and breaks run by the company from Helston, has made the serpentine-marble business a good paying trade. Each article has the price plainly marked upon it, and no reduction is made. From the prices I saw marked on the goods they seemed to me very reasonable.

The marble articles are all turned out on lathes and well polished.

The best view of Kynance Cove is obtained just before the descent is made to the sea from the cliff above, and the scene from that point of vantage is remarkable and unlike any other I have seen.

Kynance Cove is a spot which will remain in the memory of even the most blasé traveller. I suppose everyone has vivid recollections of certain places, and the more one moves about their number tends to decrease, certainly not to increase.

Each person, whether he knows it or not at the time, locks away in the cells of his brain the memory of a few

landscapes or seascapes which at any moment he can readily recall. In my case, as I look back upon my travels I can recall, for example, the island of Lanzarote, St. Émilion, Lake Champlain in Canada, Niagara Falls, the Stalheim Cleft in Norway, Venice, Bologna, Nuremberg, and I do not think I shall ever lose sight of Kynance Cove. This spot combines within a very small area of earth's surface more objects of interest than I have come across anywhere. In the first place, the general effect upon the mind is that it is a very beautiful spot, with combinations of weirdly strange rocks arising straight out of a beach of pure white sand, surrounded by grand precipices, gorgeous in colouring of blues, purples, sapphire, and with the sea nearly all around. Vistas of charming delightfulness meet the eye no matter where it looks. Pictures framed as if simply for artistic effect are on all hands, and yet all quite natural, no artificiality anywhere.

Kynance Cove is a perfect palace of rocks. Like a scene from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* the spot seems enchanted. Some rocks rise up perpendicularly and separate from each other in the shapes of church steeples, pyramids, and even almost human forms. Some are pierced with dark caverns, while some lie, gigantic monoliths, prone on the sand, here and there studded with pools of crystal-clear water, in which anemones and beauteous seaweed are seen looking like flowers in a fairy garden. Some form natural archways resembling the fabled entrances to the enchanted abodes of giants and strange monsters. And amid this wonderful scene of extraordinary prodigality no two rocks are the same in size, position, or shape.

And then a more minute inspection reveals natural features of unusual, even phenomenal, interest, for Kynance Cove must be taken homœopathically.

Others have been struck with the beauties of Kynance Cove besides myself.

Charles Littleton, Bishop of Carlisle, made a tour through Cornwall with Dr. Borlase, and he thus speaks of Kynance Cove :—

“ When we arrived at the extremity of it, a natural Arched Entrance through a vast red rock led us into the finest piece of Scenery that sportive Nature ever produced :

on the right hand you see the boldest Rocky shore glistning with spars and mundicks, and enamelled with a thousand different hues. Under these Rocks the Sea has formed Cavities large enough to admit of twenty People commodiously in each Cove; from one you see a little arm of the Sea, which at low Water comes within less than twenty Yards of you, dashing its waves against a vast Rock that stands entirely detach'd from any other. From another Cove you have sight of the Ocean but agreeably interrupted on the right hand by an immense high broken Rock detached, like the former, from the Rocks which join the mainland; and this Rock, as well as all the others, is alike enamell'd with the most beautiful Colours, and decorated with Samphire and other Sea Plants which hang down from several parts of it. It is impossible, without you are a Poetical Genius, to do justice to this singular scene, for there are a Thousand Beautys still to be described, which a dull narration will give you no Idea of. The excessive shining Whiteness of the Sand, and several small Basons full of Limpid Sea Water, which the Tide leaves behind when the Sea is out, the various Windings and Turnings which the different Groups of Rocks oblige you to make in traversing this splendid Court of Neptune, ought all to be taken into the Description, but the Task is too great for me."

The central island of the cove is called Asparagus Island, from the plant which grows upon it. This steep islet can be reached over the sand when the tide is low, and it has upon it a sort of blow-hole leading down to a cave within, through which the waves dash and blow out of the aperture. The holes, for they are two in number, close together, are called the Bellows and the Post Office. If a sheet of paper be held near the narrow slit—about 6 inches by 3 inches—it is violently torn from the hand and carried inwards, which, of course, means that an outgoing wave within has required air to be drawn in through the slit to prevent, what Nature abhors, a vacuum. The Devil's Bellows is another of these queer openings into an interior cave through which the enclosed air is expelled, at certain states of tide and weather, with violence. Jose told me at low water and at spring tides the noise from this orifice has been heard four and a half miles away, which I quite believe.

Then, farther out to sea on Asparagus Island, is the Devil's Throat, through which the sea is belched forth in masses of some twenty tons at a time in certain states of the tides. Surely if ever the awfully ghastly imagery of Dante's dream were realised on earth it is here at Kynance Cove. Some of Doré's pictures might well have originated in this abode of the unreal and at the same time yet terribly real.

A more quietly pleasing spectacle it is to drop small cut-up bits of a limpet into the natural fish-ponds on the lower part of Asparagus Island, and watch the "bull-heads," or wrasse, rush out from the surrounding lining seaweed and snatch them. It is a sight and amusement of absorbing interest to the grown-ups as well as to the little ones. The pools are clear as crystal and a foot or two deep, and all the manœuvring of the little fish can be seen.

Some deep, wide caves with lofty roofs face Asparagus Island. That immediately fronting it is called the Parlour; that a little to the west the Drawing-room. These are all floored with a carpet of invitingly smooth and white sand in the summer, but in the winter the sand is scoured away and the beach is then composed of huge highly polished stones. Then the archways are consequently many feet higher and the caves infinitely grander, though not so easy of access. A fine view it is to stand in the Parlour and look out seaward to the Rill Point and Smugglers' Cave, which cross the opening on the sea-line.

In 1846, Prince Albert and the royal children landed at Kynance from a yacht, Queen Victoria remaining on board. Jose's father took the royal party round the cove just as the son did our humble selves, and he told us his father did not know till the royal party had nearly completed their tour of inspection who the visitors were.

Unfortunately little accommodation is to be had at Kynance Cove. There are apparently no cottages to let, and the one place of refreshment has a monopoly and charges very high prices for meals. This is unfortunate, as many would like to stay a considerable time at this beauty spot.

Returning from this interesting excursion Jose brought us back by a more direct route across country to Lizard Town, over the moor and then for a quarter of a mile at

least along the top of a stone wall quite four feet wide—a “double hedge,” as it is called, by the side of the golf-links.

No doubt these hedges originated in the making of enclosures to shield the flocks and shelter them from the inclement weather. This accounts, and this only, for the immense amount of labour expended in their construction. If these hedges had been needed merely to mark off property, a very much less elaborate boundary would have sufficed. The tops of many of these Cornish “hedges” are planted with vigorous additional hedges of beech, ash, and oak, which most annoyingly often limit the wayfarer’s view. As a protection in old days against the ravages of wild animals these high and strong walls—for such they really are—must have been of great value.

One of the family of the Joses, not the guide I have been speaking of, told me a well-authenticated and curious story concerning Kynance Cove. An old lady dreamt that she saw some guineas buried beneath the sand at one particular spot in the cove. She was then living at Mullyon, and in the morning related her dream, which was simply treated as a dream and as of no account by the other members of the family at the breakfast-table. The next morning on coming down she said that last night she had again dreamed the same dream and was pooh-poohed by the younger members of the circle. On the third morning she most positively asserted that she had again seen a number of guineas buried at one particular spot at Kynance Cove, which she for the third time described with detail. This most positive third reiteration of the dream upset the scoffers and with the old lady they set off for the cove. Before she approached the spot she described it, and when the party got near they saw a man digging in the sand, and sure enough he was there and then unearthing a mass of guineas, no doubt the buried wealth of some old wrecker. Facts are stubborn things, and this undoubtedly true story may be merely one of those very extraordinary coincidences which nearly every living being comes across sooner or later in his or her experience.

We returned to Helston by the same route by the Great Western Railway motor, the fare being 1s. 3d., with 4d. for

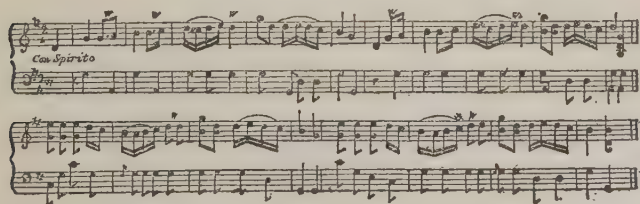
each piece of baggage carried on top. Connecting 'buses meet the motor for other coves of beauty spots on the way, such as Mullyon.

Helston lies in a hollow. It is a small town with good shops, and rows of houses many of which have porches of glass before their front doors in which flowers grow in brilliant profusion, and in which I noticed that coloured glass is much used—vivid blue, red, and orange.

Helston holds high festival on May 8th. The day is called "Furry Day," and is doubtless a remnant of the ancient festival in honour of the goddess Flora. The word "furry" is derived from the old Celtic word *feur*, a fair holiday. All work stops. Subscriptions are collected, flowers and green boughs too are obtained by forages into the country, and on the return of the party music and dancing in the streets commence.

It is customary to have all street doors open, so that the couples can dance in and out of the houses as they will. In 1907 the Lord Mayor of London, Sir W. P. Treloar, born of a Helston stock and a freeman of Helston, led off the dance down the street with the daughter of a townsman, and ended up with a waltz in the Assembly Rooms.

The Furry Dance is performed to a sprightly tune, used also in common by the Celtic races of Wales and Brittany. This is interesting, as affording another link in the common Celtic origin of the three peoples.



In the days of close or pocket boroughs Helston was a very close or pocket borough indeed. The corporation had a charter granted by Queen Elizabeth and confirmed by Charles I, and at the General Election in 1790 one Richard Penhall, who united in his own solitary person the whole corporation under this old charter, all the other

members of that body being dead, claimed the sole power of electing two members to represent his individual person in the House of Commons ! The Mayor at that time, the Rev. John Pasmore, contested this right under another charter granted by George III, and the committee of the House of Commons to which the contest was referred decided in favour of the new charter ; but at the former General Election in 1774 a committee of the House of Commons had held that it was under the *old* charter that the right of electing members of Parliament lay. It was therefore a mere turn of the judicial scale that prevented *one* man returning *two* members of Parliament !

The notorious Attorney-General Noy, to whose advice Charles I was mainly indebted for the loss of his head, sat for this borough (see page 120).

CHAPTER XL

THE SCILLY ISLES : ST. MARY'S, FRENCH CRABBERS, GARDENS,
TRESKO, PIPER'S HOLE

IT is well not to visit the Isles of Scilly with any preconceived ideas either of their beauty or of their grandeur. To do so is to invite disappointment. There are many places more beautiful. There are many islands elsewhere grander, for the highest land of the Scillies is only 160 or 200 feet above sea-level. Superlatives of any kind are out of place when talking of these islands. They are not the "most" or the "-est" in any respect. But if the tourist desires to visit a set of islands framed in a sapphire sea which will quietly, almost imperceptibly, grow in his affections and take a lasting hold on his imagination—such a traveller may safely be recommended to take the four hours' sea trip from Penzance, and I venture to say he will not be disappointed.

I left Penzance at 11.15 a.m. and arrived at Hugh Town, St. Mary's (the largest island), at 3.15. The steamer, called the *Lyonnesse*, is certainly not the best passenger-boat I have travelled in, for her rolling powers are immense, and sea-sickness on her more prevalent than I have ever observed before even on steamers half her size. If the Scilly Isles desire an influx of visitors they will require another steamer to ply to and from Penzance—but perhaps they do not. At any rate, from what one hears there, the Governor of the islands does not seem to encourage trippers. He is a man that will stand no nonsense, which is exemplified by the notice one reads on the steamer that the birds are strictly protected, and that visitors are only allowed to remain a certain time (an hour I think it is) on the uninhabited islands. This notice, no doubt necessary, has a certain damping effect on anticipatory imagination.

After leaving Penzance the steamer hugs the shore

close enough to enable good views of Newlyn, Mousehole, St. Clement's Island, Lamorna, the Logan Rock promontory, and Land's End to be seen. The bell-buoy (marking the dangerous reef called the Runnel Stone) will be heard if there be the slightest sea running, and at Land's End the steamer heads straight away for the islands, twenty-five miles distant.

Five of the islands are inhabited, namely, St. Mary's, Treseo, St. Martin, St. Agnes, and Bryher, and there are about thirty small ones and rocks, inhabited by swarms of sea-birds. The population is about 2000, of whom 1300 are on St. Mary's, the balance being spread over the other four. It follows that the boat in the Scilly Isles takes the place of cab and omnibus, and those who are not disposed to trust themselves in that form of conveyance had best avoid the archipelago. Everyone can sail a boat here, it is the usual—nay, sole—mode of communication between the islands. Men, women, maidens, and even children are, in the Scilly Isles, boatmen and boatwomen.

On the day I crossed the steamer took the southern route round St. Mary's, and running in close to land, we had fine views of the Giants' Castle, the strange Pulpit Rock, the Monk's Cowl, Peninnas Head, and the elaborate fortifications all round the five-sided peninsula which is affixed to the remainder of the island by a flat isthmus on which is Hugh Town. These most expensive fortifications, which I went over later, are now dismantled, and left to become dilapidated in the course of time. Why they were ever built if they were not wanted is one of those mysteries concerning the waste of public money, by the hundreds of thousands of pounds, which are incomprehensible. When I made their acquaintance I saw concrete walls miles in length, platforms for guns, expensive iron railings, massive houses, some sunk at vast cost below the level of the ground, barbed-wire entanglements, and a heap of military preparations—all abandoned. Actually, some of the most costly structures had been nearly completed, not quite, and then left to decay! A visit to the Scillies impresses one deeply and painfully with the inefficiency and want of business forethought shown by those at the head of our military spending departments.

To the mere outsider like myself it seems ridiculous to suppose for one moment that an enemy would allow her ships to pass under fortifications of this kind, when they could just as readily come round the other side of the island. But why should any enemy want to take Hugh Town or St. Mary's? I cannot conceive that the possession of the island would help an enemy of ours to conquer England. I should imagine that a hostile power would naturally land troops where we had no elaborate fortifications and big guns. The unprotected parts of our shores are surely more vulnerable than the protected. Spending money in fixed, local, costly fortifications in these scientific days of 25-knot steamers and aëroplanes is about as absurd a method of defence as were the martello towers.

The burglar never attempts to enter the house by the front door, which is religiously bolted top and bottom each night, key turned in lock, and chain put up. He avoids that well-defended and obvious entrance, and instead enters easily at the unobtrusive kitchen window by the simple aid of a putty-knife.

Upon turning the corner after passing these scenes of desolation, the steamer at once enters what looks like an enormous landlocked harbour, with low hills all round. In reality this roadstead is bounded on the north by Tresco and Bryher, on the west by Samson, and on the east, to which the ship turns, by St. Mary's.

And here let me at once say that the visitor in search of absolute reposeful quietness gets it in the Scillies. He will see no omnibuses or cabs. He will hear no railway whistles or grind of trams. No factories will mar any sense of beauty he may possess; no gasworks offend his olfactory nerves.

Close to Hugh Town I saw some fifty or sixty French crabbers, which had put in to get provisions and collect lobsters and crayfish. The latter crustacean is much sought after and relished in France, where it fetches more money than the lobster. According to what one hears on the spot, these French boats are not at all particular about crabbing within the three-mile limit. They not only run in and empty the pots of the local fishermen, but often take away the pots as well as the contents. On the Sunday before I arrived a French crabber had lifted eighteen pots belonging to one

man, and on the Monday when the owner visited them he found them rebaited with bait he had not put in. Just before I visited the island one of these French pirates was fined £5, a sum which my informant said was absolutely absurd if the punishment be intended to stop the practice. If an English boat is caught in French waters playing similar tricks, she is usually fined about £100, and has her boat and gear also confiscated. This French crabbing business is a sore point with Scilly islanders.

The French crabber-men come ashore, and I saw many of them walking about. They are most orderly and well conducted in every way, and no one has a word to say against them on shore. In the main street I observed that "Avis" was actually printed above the "Notice" concerning the obtaining of fresh water by fishermen. This ascendancy of French over English shows that, apart from the illicit crabbing business, no feeling of acrimony exists between the two nations at Scilly.

French schooners also pay frequent visits to the islands to buy from the local crabbers lobsters and crayfish, which are kept alive in a large tank in the centre of the vessel having free access to the sea, and so taken to France. These vessels are most welcome, as a better price for crayfish is obtained than from the English buyers.

To the majority of visitors to the Scilly Isles the gardens there to be seen in perfection are the chief attraction. They are the magnet which draws the majority of the visitors from the mainland. And those who love gardens are in the best of good company. The noblest, sanest, and best of men, all the great poets and gentlewomen in every age have loved the seclusion and delightful privacy of a garden, where the boundless treasures of Nature have been gathered together for their pleasure, delight, and maybe solace.

Bacon so loved a garden that he called it "the greatest of humane pleasures"; Cowley was of opinion that nobody possesses "more private happiness" than in a garden; Addison looked "upon the pleasure which we take in a Garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human Life"; Cowper just loved to "sit with all the windows and the door wide open" to be "regaled with the scent of every flower in a garden as full of flowers as I have known

how to make it ” ; Prince de Ligne would “ like to inflame the whole world with ” his “ taste for gardens,” which he says it is impossible for an evil doer to share, and then he tells fathers to “ instil into your children the garden-mania. They will grow up the better for it, let other arts be only studied to heighten the beauty of the one I advocate ” ; and to the same purport might be quoted Gibbon, Schiller, Beckford, Rogers, Richter, Charles Lamb, Shelley, and a whole host of more modern writers and thinkers.

It may be that among wealthy men, yachts, motors, balloons, and aëroplanes make horticultural tastes and the study of trees and plants sink into insignificance, and even among the less wealthy there is more use for bouquets and garlands than for parks and gardens ; but among the rest or the great bulk of mankind the love of gardens is a deeply planted instinct, probably hereditary, and the most powerful of all inclinations. Gardens were, we should remember, before gardeners, and but some hours after the earth.

“ Who loves a garden still his Eden keeps ;
Perennial pleasures plants and wholesome harvest reaps.”

Children delight in gardens, and though we are estranged from the cultivation of plants by the active duties of life, yet after the turmoil and heat of the day we naturally recur to a garden as to an old and cheerful friend we have for years neglected, but never forgotten. For are not our earliest recollections in childhood associated with the garden ?

“ The Lord God planted a garden
In the first white days of the world,
And set there an angel-warden
In a garment of light enfurled.

“ So near to the peace of heaven,
The hawk might rest with the wren,
And there in the cool of the evening
God walked with the first of men.

“ And I dream that these garden-closes,
With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
Were laid by the hand of God.

“ The kiss of the sun for pardon—
The song of the birds for mirth ;
One is nearer God’s heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth ! ”

Napoleon at St. Helena took up gardening, and it was probably the only true solace he had in his misery. William Forsyth wrote: "It is pleasing to find the vexed spirit of Napoleon soothed itself in the delightful occupation of gardening . . . with his spade in his hand digging amidst the Chinese servants, or amusing himself with Bertrand's children amongst the flower-beds. . . . He is picking holes in one part of the garden and raising mounds in other parts. . . . God send he may always continue in this humour during my residence at Longwood!"¹

The gardens of the Scilly Islands are as perfect as gardens can be made without the intrusion of offensive artificiality. The mild climate enables them to grow plants, shrubs, and trees not only of temperate, but of subtropical and even tropical habitat. The protections, or screens, to ward off the wind and prevent the sea-blasts from damaging the flowers effectually prevent the blaze of colour from the bulb-culture gardens being seen in any very large areas, which is a distinct artistic advantage. So if you visit Scilly expecting to see fields upon fields of brilliant colouring and gorgeous hues you will be woefully disappointed. But for little secluded, well-sheltered gardens, which one comes across all over the islands, well stocked with plants and flowers, the Scillies have scarcely a rival.

In a small centre-board boat, the *Meanawore*, I sailed across the three-mile stretch to the low-lying isle of Treseco. Here is a little pier, on which we landed, and then walked round the coast to see the famous gardens of the "Lord Proprietor," Colonel Dorrien-Smith, the lessee of the Duchy of Cornwall. Mr. Augustus Smith, his uncle and predecessor (whose tomb we saw at St. Buryan's on the mainland), will long be remembered as a "benevolent despot," who enforced many wise and beneficial reforms amongst the islanders.

On the way we pass the sweet, flower-embossed cottage post office of Treseco, and a wreck in the bay. This latter I learnt was a derelict which was bought by Mr. Smith, and being entirely copper-nailed and bolted, must have proved a profitable investment. Copper in these electrical days is worth money.

¹ Captain Nicholls's Journal, *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena*.

The wind-screens to protect the flowers on this island, I noticed, were made of various materials. Some were of Chinese matting and others of the dried leaves of flags interwoven on hurdles.

But I was on the way to the gardens of Tresco. Before getting there let me make a confession.

There is a certain kind of garden in which I can take no pleasure. It is usually attached to a capacious, substantially built house in apple-pie order, splendid with large, staring plate-glass windows, and adorned, by way of trimming, with magnificent stabling and outhouses. It belongs to what may be termed the pecuniary baronial order, an order which has greatly increased on the outskirts of all our wealthy commercial towns. Just as the ancient homes of Great Britain and Ireland—humble as well as princely—reflect the epochs when they arose and seem to symbolise the placid lives of their possessors, so do these modern dwelling-places and gardens in their generation. They need not castellated turrets, immense halls, and vast garret-like apartments above, for we do not now need to feast and lodge our retainers on the premises. We merely pay the bill in one lump sum by cheque to the local caterer at so much a head, and he does the whole business in marquees and tents, even providing the tables, chairs, cutlery, and service. The ancient moss-grown sundial is quite unnecessary in the sunk garden or on the terrace, for the gold-faced turret-clock in the stable-yard fails not each quarter of an hour to audibly announce the time and at the hours to ring a carillon in weak imitation of that of Bruges. These modern houses are, no doubt, more comfortable, more spacious in reality, much more sanitary than the habitations of past times, but are they so mellow and delightful to eye and sense? Seldom.

Everything about them is too spick-and-span to please. The turf in the park is kept too closely shaved. The lawns, terraces, gardens, trees wear a sleek, self-satisfied look suggestive of a yellow smirk as of gold. The rhododendrons in the wide shrubbery bordering the avenue leading to the great house seem to say, "Gaze on us, we are looked after by a head-gardener with a large salary and a host of under-gardeners." The trim, soldierly marshalled geraniums and

calceolarias in stiff geometrical patterns tell you plainly, "Don't dare to pluck even one of our blooms, for you will certainly be detected and run in." To approach the enclosed strawberry beds and vegetable gardens is to invite arrest. The contents of the hot-houses shriek out at you as you approach, "We are priceless." In such a garden as this there is little of natural beauty, peacefulness, or restfulness, but much of money, and money alone can never make a perfect garden. I am glad to say the gardens of the Scilly Isles are not of this character. They are natural, picturesque, charming.

And the garden of Tresco is everything that a garden should be. As a matter of fact, it is not one garden, but a series—one opening into another interspersed with pond and lawn, with delightful irregularity and vistas of charming beauty. They are not artificial-looking, yet are orderly and rich; they are, where they should be, well penned in from the outside world. They by no means slavishly imitate the wilfulness or the wildness of nature, but are just delightful and suitable adjuncts to the house.

The head-gardener (naturally a man of culture) showed us round these remarkable gardens, of almost world-wide reputation, which display a truly finely selected collection of plants and trees of subtropical and even tropical luxuriance. Enormously high and thick hedges of yews, cypress, and oaks protect the various plants from the ravages of the wind, which is the great and only enemy the islanders have to contend against. Here I saw yuccas in bloom, bamboos, the Tasmanian blue gum tree, the *Draccena draco* of Tenerife, the camphor tree, many varieties of the prickly pear or cactus, the gorgeous purple bougainvillæa of Madeira, hot-houses full of luscious peaches, and ponds where grow rare water-lilies and other aquatic plants.

The house in the midst of these exquisite gardens is of no particular merit—it is just a substantial, well-built gentleman's abode. A slate upon the wall (erected some seventy years ago), near the entrance to the gardens, gives this rather quaint invitation, after the usual request not to pick flowers or fruit, etc.: "Enter, then, if it so please you, and welcome."

Mr. Smith or his predecessor has made a collection of

old ships' figureheads, and these arranged in rows under a shed make a curious sight. Birds also seem to flourish here, and amongst others I saw the rhea, Canadian goose, and silver and golden pheasants. In the midst of the gardens are the ruins of the abbey of St. Nicholas, an early English building. This saint, the patron of mariners, was very popular in the Scillies.

The clear blue sky, the translucency of the atmosphere causing distant objects to appear marvellously near, the brilliancy of the colours of the flowers, the gorgeous masses of blooms hanging in wild splendour over the walls, like carelessly displayed rugs of Oriental startlingness, all reminded me so forcibly of the Canary Islands that I could not help imagining I was in the Isles of the Blest. The evenness of the climate too—night being not perceptibly colder than the day—is also another similarity between the two archipelagos. Certainly the Scilly Isles are the English counterpart of the Fortunate Isles, the Garden of the Hesperides, or Isles of the Blest, as it pleases you to name them.

Before leaving Tresco I went to see an unusually interesting cave called Piper's Hole. This is on the extreme north of the island, and to be shown over it entails an expenditure of five shillings. The only inn on the island, which combines a shop with the sale of drinks, is allowed the privilege of showing visitors this subterranean cavern for that sum per party, the price being the same for one up to five persons. I asked the landlord, and he told me Mr. Smith had so arranged the price and it could not be departed from, and that in his rent and rate paying this monopoly was taken into account, and Mr. Smith's orders are like those of the Medes and Persians in the Scillies.

The entrance to this cavern, which certainly could not be found without a guide, is over some rocks, and then down an iron ladder till nearly the sea-level is reached. The cave is 375 feet long and 30 feet high at its highest part. The entrance for some yards is over rocky boulders, which require care in negotiating, or a sprained ankle may very readily ensue. Then a fresh-water lake is reached, and here the guide lights up candles to illuminate the Cimmerian darkness. A punt is kept on this lake, into which we scramble,

and as we paddle along the guide attaches bits of lighted candles to the rocky walls of the cave by merely pressing them into the soft mud on the surface. Near the end of the lake on the left-hand side is an entrance into another cave, which our guide was of opinion was larger than this from the reverberation of sound in it. I asked him why he did not enlarge the opening, get in and see. He replied that he dare not touch a stone without the consent of Mr. Smith, who had to be kept fully informed of every incident that occurred. In the Scilly Islands you can never get rid of the idea that you are once more a schoolboy, and have to mind your p's and q's or you will have the head master down on you. A small beach on the far side of this cave ends the voyage, and looking back over the water whence we have come, a strange weird effect is presented by the candles dimly lighting up the dark vault and reflected on the inky surface of the water. The guide lighted some magnesium ribbon here and we had a good view of the whole, which then assumed large proportions.

The view from the entrance of Piper's Hole looking seaward is of wild, rocky coast scenery, comprising Round Island and the lighthouse thereon. I noticed a rock just to the north of the cave which from the cliff above the entrance seems exactly like a man's face looking up to the sky. He lies on his back, and every feature is clearly and unmistakably visible, naturally shaded and plainly silhouetted against the horizon. I am not aware that this curious natural feature has before been observed.

King Charles Castle, 143 feet above the sea-level, lies on the north-west of Tresco quite close to Piper's Hole, but very little of it now remains. The outer wall is some six feet thick, and the stronghold was doubtless held for the King in the Parliamentary wars; but the stones were taken down below to provide building material for Cromwell's Castle, which is situated just beneath, a few feet above the sea-level, whence a far better command of the New Grimsby Harbour is obtained. This latter castle is, for a ruin of that date, in good preservation. A wooden ladder takes you up to the first floor from the dungeon keep, and the twenty-two stone steps land you on the turreted top, stone floor, with walls six and a half feet thick and looped for guns. The view from King Charles Castle above is certainly fine and the

ascent is well worth making. From Cromwell's Castle, when the tide is low, Hangman's Island can be reached by walking and then the island of Bryher.

The church of Tresco is on the east side of the island—a modern structure with low square tower. The churchyard contains subtropical trees, such as yuccas, aloes, and dracænas, and is pleasingly bright with an abundance of flowers. It is, in short, one of the delightful gardens of the Scillies. Many of the tombstones record here, as in all the Scilly cemeteries and churchyards, the burials of drowned persons. Prevalent names on the tombstones were “Ellis,” “Pender,” “Jenkins,” interspersed with one or two “Pri-deaux.” On Sunday afternoon I saw children from Bryher crossing in boats to go to church here, a rather quaint sight which irresistibly recalls what I have seen in the island districts in Sweden.

I saw no houses “to let” in Tresco, and no placarded posters or displayed advertisements on the walls or elsewhere of any description. To many people this will be a great recommendation to visit the island. The few roads are scrupulously well kept, for there is next to no traffic, friends on the islands being visited by boat; in short, the spot reminds one more of a private gentleman's park, and forcibly recalls, in general effect, Monte Carlo.

The return voyage by the sailing-boat to St. Mary's from Tresco took just forty-five minutes, and on landing I met the entire police force on the pier—one man.

One of the most amusing bits of writing I have come across is the letter written by the inhabitants of the Scilly Islands to be published in England when the disputes between the King and Parliament of England ran very high in 1642: “Having understood by fisher-boat that came from England of certaine discords arising between the King and parliament upon what ground and small reasons we cannot apprehend, so that the whole land is like to be divided into fractions for quicking quarrels in the church windows, we smelling your danger afarre off, and out of a deare affection to ourselves, esteeming our lives to be precious in our estimation, doe therefore earnestly and hartily desire that we may dissemble ourselves together in a posture of warre, and that we may have bills, bowes, arrows, and speares,

and all kind of murdering engines sent us, whereby we may according to our necessity arme our corporall bodyes, and if our enemies should appeare in field (which we hartily wish they may never doe) we may kill them seven miles before they come neere us, and moreover we desire that we may have some redd terrible ill looking vizards sent to us, together with a ship full of the strongest garlike, so that having put on those fearful vizards we may affright our enemies with our very lookes, and blow them away with our strong-sented breaths." The same letter says: "Our intention towards the King and parliament are as clear as glasse, and more transparent then the obscure malignity of those countrey animals, and quarrelling cavaliers, men of great stomachs, better feeders than fighters"; and then they go on modestly to allude to themselves, "we therefore knowing that foolish modesty can never make us thrive in worldly favour, have joined all the strength of our wits together, and little enough to draw forth and describe the face and picture of our sorrows and grievances." And then, "being poor innocent creatures of the island of Silley, that have golden fleeces on our backes, whereby to tempt any injuries, nor have any lawyers among us to pole our estates, nor any swaggering friends and acquaintances that will be ready to borrow money of us, and never pay us again, nor any detractors or backbiters to blast our reputation are therefore like a people much troubled in minde that wee should live unworthy of wrongs and injuries, which are so common and frequent in England." They say that they desire to know more of the "doctrines, opinions, and tenets of the Roundheads," "being so like to us the inhabitants of Silley, for all their doctrines, opinions, and tenets which they maintain doe all smell strong of the isle of Silley." The meaning of this remarkable epistle seems to be that they would like to know how the wind blows, that they prefer to be left alone, and that they of the two sides incline to the Roundheads, as they call them. They desire "that howsoever discontents may arise," "we name no body . . . we desire that the noyse of warres may be silenced, and peace generally throughout the land embraced, and no noyse heard in our Jerusalem." I fancy many in England at that troublous time desired much the same.





PENINNIS HEAD, ST. MARY'S

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CHURCH, BRYHER

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CHAPTER XLI

THE SCILLY ISLES : BRYHER, PENINNIS DOWN, ST. MARY'S,
ELIZABETH CASTLE, PULPIT ROCK, WRECKS, BULBS, ROCKY
HILL GARDENS

THE island of Bryher possesses a remarkable shell-beach, upon which I landed. The shore is simply composed of a mass of shells in incalculable numbers, some, I believe, being rare. This island is three miles from St. Mary's and to the west of Tresco, from which it is separated by a narrow channel, from the midst of which rises Hangman's Rock, looking exactly like a miniature St. Michael's Mount. The circumference of Bryher is about three miles, and it contains some three hundred acres, and sufficient objects of interest, and fine sea views, to make it worth visiting.

Not far from the shelly beach is the plain, solidly constructed church built in 1742 by the S.P.C.K. and enlarged by the late Mr. Augustus Smith. I noticed that the roof slates were cemented on, to withstand the onslaughts of the wind, eloquently telling of the roughness of the blasts which at times sweep these islands. The tombstones in the little, plain churchyard around the simple edifice were almost entirely confined to families of the names of Stedeford, Jenkins, Trevellick, Pender. One epitaph, to a gentleman who died aged ninety-six, says :—

“ This is to let you see
I've had the fifth generation on my knee.”

Not far from the church is a Methodist chapel, where the service is conducted by the people themselves, who, I ascertained, go to church as well when service is held there by the Tresco clergyman, who comes across for that purpose.

As I passed this Methodist chapel—it was on Sunday—

I heard, long before I reached it, the most fearful sounds apparently of lamentations and suffering, and high-voiced ejaculations. An extempore prayer was being said, and the number of "Ohs!" and "Good Lords!" nearly obscured what the vehement speaker was driving at. Members of the audience, too, every now and then made very audible remarks, such as, "Very fine," "Quite so," "Amen," and "Oh, oh!" as if in pain.

The post office of Bryher is a little cottage called "Vine Cottage," with a wee greenhouse in front where flourish vines, geraniums, and gladioli.

I had made the acquaintance on board the *Lyonnesse*, as I crossed from Penzance, of the solitary coastguard who keeps watch and ward over the customs of Bryher, and had promised to look him up when I visited his island. On leaving the post office I saw him on a height above at the signal-station—or Watch House, as it is called—133 feet above the sea, and he at once saw me and considerably semaphored with his arms the nearest way to get up. I recommend everyone who travels in out-of-the-way spots to learn the Morse alphabet as spelt with the arms. It often comes in useful. On the way thither I saw a hen tethered by the leg, apparently to gently remind her that she had, on that spot, to look after her chicks, and not to take them for walks around—a method of insisting upon her attending to nursing duties which was to me a novelty, and reminded me of the way cows are tethered in Jersey. From the Watch House the stalwart coastguard, by means of his telescope, introduced me to the fine views around, showed me the seven lighthouses visible from this vantage-ground—the Bishop, St. Agnes, Round Island, Seven Stones, Pendear, Lizard, Wolf—and generally and intelligently told me many useful facts about the islands.

Directed by my friend, I wandered on to the north of the island and found the sea view looking at Shipman Head very fine. This, the most northern part of the island, is a magnificent mass of rocks separated from the main part of the island by an awful chasm only about twelve feet wide, and is a grand place to photograph waves breaking against the black rocks.

I then walked to view Hangman's Rock, the tide being



HANGMAN'S ROCK



BRYHER POST OFFICE



low. This conical-shaped mass of rock was so named because it was used as a place of execution by the Cromwellites during the Civil War, and a grim, ghastly pile it looks. On the way back to St. Mary's from Bryher, as the sun sets behind them, throwing them into relief, the rocks, singularly like haycocks in a field, stand up silhouetted against the sky. They are in a row, and are named after what they so obviously represent.

But to return to the island of St. Mary's. The most remarkable object in Hugh Town is the gigantic barometer which the late Mr. Augustus Smith had erected to benefit small coasting vessels which could not afford in those days to carry barometers. A large, square, black disc is raised or lowered to show the height of the barometer. A tongue of wood placed just above the disc shows the glass is rising; if placed below, the opposite. This huge barometer, sixty feet in height, is, of course, merely a mechanical or graphic representation of the state of the real thing. It is set twice a day and corrected to sea-level. Large figures on the cross-bars give barometrical readings in tenths. I heard that the local washerwomen consult it as to whether they should hang their clothes out to dry. If you ask anyone in St. Mary's what the weather is going to do, he at once instinctively looks up at the colossal weather-glass.

The late "Lord Proprietor" of the Scilly Isles was a man of great ideas, grand conceptions, for in these days the slightest originality is exceptional, and no one to my knowledge had ever before made a gigantic barometer. By that, if by nothing else, his memory will long live in the Scillies. A monument to this remarkable man has been placed on a height on Tresco Island, where it is a distinct landmark.

Beyond this barometer on the left, is a strong building, formerly the powder-magazine, now the prison—seldom if ever tenanted. The entrance of what used to be the garrison is through an arched gateway, on which hangs a large bell which, when the garrison was occupied by soldiers, rang the hours from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m.

The garrison was dismantled in 1863, the guns which used to man the walls having chiefly come from the wreck of the *Colossus*, which occurred near the western rocks in 1777; they were recovered after being submerged nearly

fifty-four years. We cannot think they would have ever been any good in action.

A few minutes' walk from this archway brings you to the Star, or Elizabeth, Castle. This may almost be described as a freak-castle, for it is just like a huge starfish, with eight rays sharply pointed to correspond with the eight principal points of the compass. It was erected in the reign of the great Queen of that name, in whose memory it bears over the principal entrance "E.R. 1593." The other great Queen this country has had—Victoria—visited the fortress of her illustrious predecessor in September, 1846.

Near this curiosity is the meteorological station or hut, where I found the old gentleman in charge taking observations. On that day (August 11th, 1907) I saw the sun record—twelve and a half hours of sunshine and continuous too! I asked the venerable meteorologist if this was literally a record, but he with swift decision and intimate knowledge said it was not, but that he could show me a blue slip proving fourteen and a half hours of unbroken sunshine—and he did. It struck me that this down by the side of the weather-hut would be a good place to camp out in, that is, of course, if one were in search of sunshine.

Close to this is the Lloyd's observation and signalling station, 128 feet above the sea.

I then walked on and viewed the deserted fortifications. There are several forts connected by a wide wall built of solid granite blocks running round this coast of the island, which must have cost quite half a million of money. Iron railings of a particularly substantial character, even elaborate in design, barbed-wire entanglements—all remain slowly rusting away. The circular barbette, steel-clad, looks out over the sea, and would make a delightful summer-house, for of course no quick-firing gun now inhabits it, if such ever did. Within twenty yards of this two solitary muzzle-loading guns on a solid platform look out forlornly on the sea, doubtless wondering why they are left there to gradually oxidise away in the salt sea air. A fine deep well has been cut through the rocks, with a high brick cemented coaming on the top—just left as it was abandoned! Similarly a galvanised-iron shed lined inside with varnished matchboarding and still possessing good stoves is also going to



ELIZABETH'S CASTLE, ST. MARY'S



ENTRANCE ELIZABETH'S CASTLE



pieces! A well-constructed and metalled road runs along this part of the Woolpack on the inside of the magnificently strong wall to the entrance, where there is a gateway with a bell over it. The town is seen here below on the low-lying isthmus.

The main street of St. Mary's, Hugh Street, is practically without wheeled traffic. I did see a baker's cart delivering bread, and a donkey-cart carrying an old woman into the centre of the island, but they so woke up the echoes of the place that they were noticeable, even annoying. At night the streets are in darkness, there being no lamps. A commodious town-hall, in conjunction with the meat-market, has a large room where dances are held. While I was in St. Mary's a dance was given, the room lighted with oil lamps suspended from the lofty beams, and a brass band of ten local musicians provided the music. The entrance fee was one shilling, and the dance got up by the townspeople themselves. The local dances were accompanied by a concertina, notably the Elbow Dance—a romp somewhat like Sir Roger, where two long lines are formed, the ladies facing the gentlemen, the men hooking the ladies alternately by the elbows. The refreshments were of the light description, no intoxicants provided, and everything paid for, at most moderate prices, as taken. These dances are got up at short notice, quite impromptu, and there is no programme, the master of the ceremonies simply giving out the name of each dance.

Peninnis Down has on its fringe facing the sea a collection of natural outcrop rocks which is the most remarkable I have seen in Cornwall. Here can be seen incipient logan stones of far larger size than those on the mainland. The rocks around the tip of the tongue of land jutting out into the sea are simply colossal units piled one on top of another; several of the masses, square in shape, must weigh two hundred tons apiece. Some take on representations of animal life. A pair of gaping masses look just like the jaws of an alligator many times larger than any ever seen in life. Delicately poised blocks of granite (for all are of that fine stone) seem inviting the touch of a Hercules to push them over into the foaming sea beneath. Short fiords with ragged, rocky sides run up into the short-turfed down, lined by

deeply seamed granite walls, up which the sea roars and fumes, sending up sheets of white foam which float in flocculent wreaths over the grass as if they were quite innocent of the awful, everlasting grind of sea on shore which produced them.

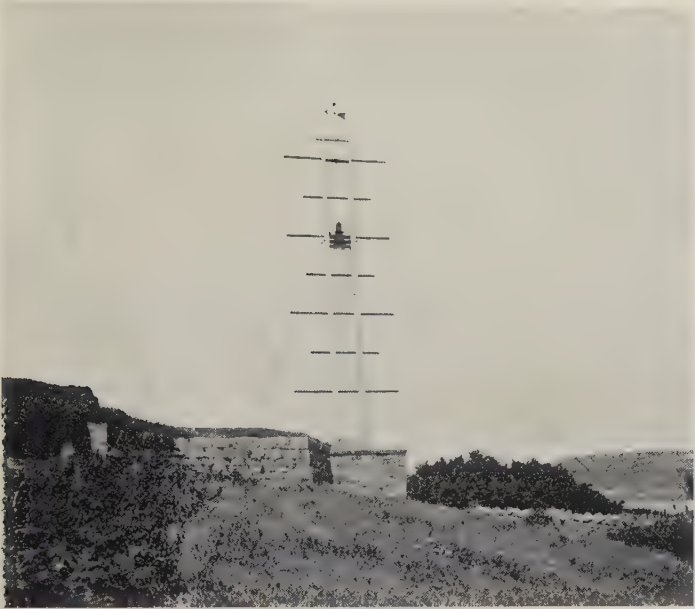
These rocky pinnacles, towers, buttresses, castles, are weirdly inhuman, and yet at the same time strangely suggestive of some satanic agency which purposely placed them in their queer positions and wild surroundings.

No wonder a primitive race thought them due to the handiwork of a past people of giants to whom a ton's weight was as an ounce is to us, and who could throw these blocks about as a child does pebbles into the sea. They have received names more or less truly descriptive of their appearance. Thus Tooth Rock and Monk's Cowl are seen close together rising about one hundred feet above the sea. The Pulpit Rock is another suggestive title of a pile showing clearly the horizontal decomposition going on, which also resembles a hundred-ton gun pointed out to sea. From the upper rock—or top of the sounding-board, to keep up the pulpit fiction—easy to climb up upon, a fine view is obtained of Old Town Bay and a part of St. Mary's.

A short walk across the isthmus brings the visitor to Old Town, where some of the ancient cottages are to be seen, and on the left of the bay is a curiosity placed on one side of the roadway. This is a large trough hewn out of one stone which in former days was used in common by all the fishermen of this part to salt their fish in. I found it measured in length 7 feet 3 inches, in width 2 feet 2½ inches, in depth 2 feet 4 inches, the thickness of the sides being 5 inches.

Walking on a little farther, Porth Hellick Bay is reached, the Giant's Castle—a natural group of wild rocks—forming its western boundary.

The path runs all round this low-lying bay close to the shore, and the spot is of interest as having been the scene of the wreck of the *Association* in 1707, when Sir Cloudesley Shovell's body was washed ashore, and picked up on the beach and buried in the sand. The wreck occurred on October 22nd, the *Association*, the *Eagle*, the *Royal Ann*, the *Romney*, the *Firebrand*, the *St. George*, and the *Phœnix* being on their return voyage from Toulon after the capture



GIANT BAROMETER, ST. MARY'S

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PULPIT ROCK, ST. MARY'S

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[Face p. 416]



of Gibraltar. The *Eagle* and *Romney* were also lost with all hands, and the *Firebrand* was wrecked, but the captain and most of the crew were saved.

There is now, I believe, no doubt that when cast ashore Sir Cloudesley was still living, but a woman, coveting an emerald ring on one of his fingers, extinguished the life. Nearly thirty years after on her death-bed she confessed the crime and delivered up to the clergyman the ring, which thus came into the possession of the Earl of Berkeley (an old friend of Shovell's), to one of whose descendants it now belongs. She had been afraid to part with this remarkable piece of jewellery, though she had got rid of all the rest she stole. The story is another example of the saying that "murder will out."

There has been some discussion as to the spelling of the Christian name of this naval hero, many saying it should be Clowdisley.

On the spot on the beach where the body of the admiral was first buried, at the east of the bay just above high-water mark, two large blocks of quartz, cemented together, have been placed by Mr. W. Jenkins and Mr. W. Trevellick, of Rocky Hill. No grass, it is said, will grow over the narrow plot of ground which temporarily covered the remains, for they were afterwards removed and placed in Westminster Abbey. The monument erected to him there caused Horace Walpole to say that it "made men of taste dread such honours," and Addison in the *Spectator* to write: "Instead of the brave, rough English Admiral which was the distinguished feature of that plain, gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig and reposing upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The description is answerable to the monument, for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible to reap any honour."

But a more remarkable wreck, quite melodramatic in incident, occurred in this same bay in November, 1840. The brig *Nerina* drifted in here, keel uppermost, and some ten men who were gathering seaweed for manure found her on the shore and heard sounds proceeding from the interior

of the hull. An adze was at once procured and a plank cut away, and three men and a boy were drawn out of the ship. They had been three days and three nights without anything to eat, and were nearly suffocated. One of them had a pocket-knife with which they attempted to cut a hole through the planks as the vessel floated, upside down, on the ocean. Most luckily for them, this frail instrument was inadequate for the task and soon broke. Had they succeeded in their desire it would have meant certain death. Even the slightest hole made through the planking would have allowed the air in the hull to escape, when the sea would have risen in the interior and filled the space, in accordance with the law which is popularly expressed in the saying that Nature abhors a vacuum, and they would have been all miserably drowned like rats in a hole, and probably in a slow and therefore awful manner. It is sometimes good for us not to have fulfilment of our wishes. This vessel, for some cause or other, had turned turtle at sea, and it appeared had actually been found and taken in tow by two pilot cutters, who had, of course, no idea that human beings could be living in her; but owing to heavy seas, the derelict had to be abandoned, but the tugs had meanwhile brought the wreck near to these islands, which fortunately led to her stranding on the shore at Porth Hellick and the rescuing of the coffined crew.

Another notable wreck was brought to my recollection when I visited the old church, nestling on the shore on the east side of tiny Old Town Bay. The churchyard is one of the most sweetly pretty to be seen in the kingdom, combining subtropical with the usual English vegetation, with the wash of the waves nearly up to its walls. The dracænas aloes, and other strange-looking plants make one have a feeling of the Riviera. Here in this peaceful God's acre, by the lulling sound of the sea, sleep many who were drowned in the wreck of the s.s. *Schiller* on May 7th, 1875. The late Mr. Augustus Smith added three terraces to the little churchyard, on the highest of which is one of these sad memorials—a beautiful obelisk on a pedestal of granite :—

“In memory of Louise Holzmaister, born at New York, May 15th, 1851, who lost her life in the wreck of s.s. *Schiller*, off the Scilly Isles, May 7th, 1875. Her body rests in the

deep. This monument has been erected to her memory as a mark of affection by her sorrowing husband." On this monument is also inscribed: "In the wreck of the s.s. *Schiller* more than three hundred persons perished, about a hundred of whom were buried in this churchyard."

The *Schiller* was a fine German mail-steamer, classed A1 for ten years the preceding year only, and in a dense fog she went on to the deadly Retarrier Ledges at about ten o'clock at night, within a quarter of a mile of the Bishop Lighthouse, which guards the south-west of the Scillies. She was due at Plymouth on May 8th, and carried 59 saloon passengers, 75 second-class, and 120 steerage; with her crew she had on board 355 souls. Of this large number only 45 were saved, and amongst them only one woman, a Mrs. Jones.

The Times of Monday, May 10th, 1875, commenced its leader on the subject: "We have to record this morning a catastrophe at sea which in the magnitude of its proportions and the peculiar horror of its circumstances has not often been surpassed." It is remarkable how many terrible events in the world's history have been first told in the Monday *Times*!

The late Sir Walter Besant truly says concerning wrecks on the Scillies: "There is a shipwreck story told of every rock in Scilly, and to many there are several shipwrecks; as there are about as many rocks of Scilly as there are days in the year, the story would take long in the telling."

In the churchyard is also a tombstone to Dinah, the wife of George Hooper, who died the 7th day of April, *anno dom.* 1722, in the 82nd year of her age.

"In Cornwall was she born, Cornwall her breeding gave,
Scilly a husband, six children, and a grave."

The staple industry of the Scilly Islands is the growth of early spring flowers of the lily order. Tulips, daffodils, and narcissi of many varieties, under a number of names, are grown and exported to the English markets. Some of the bulbs which are now largely cultivated are indigenous to the islands—the Scilly White, the Grand Monarque, the Sol d'Or, and one or two others probably, but the best bulb districts of Holland and Belgium and the Channel Islands have been visited for suitable strains for propagation

here. The result has been that this flower business has grown to enormous proportions, as many as from thirty to forty tons of flowers having been carried to Penzance for shipping to Covent Garden and other markets by the *Lyonnesse* at one sailing.

If the Scillonians had not taken to flower-farming there is no knowing to what a depth of destitution they might not have fallen. Up till then the Scillonians had grown potatoes for export with indifferent success. Then potatoes of an earlier date were sent from the Canaries and other places, and the Scilly Isles could not get the prices they used to. In a report dated 1818, dedicated to "The Right Hon. Robert Peel"—"A Report on the Extreme Miseries of the Off Islands of Scilly"—many of the island families are described as without food, clothing, or bedding. They lived on limpets mostly, sold their clothing for bread, for there was no employment or industry on the islands, and the misery was awful.

The Lord Proprietor sets the example, and when in Tresco I came across enormous sheds full of bulbs stored up ready for planting out. Even down to the boatman who rowed me about, it seemed to me everyone cultivates flowers and sends off boxes by post and steamer to the flower markets of Great Britain. The trade that seems to pay best is the direct business with private customers. One man, an hotel proprietor, told me he had given up sending boxes to Covent Garden, as once when he dispatched twenty boxes he received back just one penny stamp! The carriage, auctioneers' fees, etc., had swallowed up all and left one penny profit to the grower, who had also to give his time to growing the flowers and packing them.

The big men probably manage to make the trade pay, or they would not continue it. Certainly bulbs are everywhere. I saw them lying out in the little enclosed plots of land in vast quantities. These plots are mostly not larger than big rooms, the walls being six, eight, ten, or even twenty feet high, and composed, almost all of them, of euonymus, or veronica, or escallonia hedges to prevent the devastating effects of the wind—the scourge of the islands. The soil is exceedingly light, sandy, and is kept well manured with rotten seaweed. This latter used formerly

to be burned for kelp, a terribly "smelly" job which must have rendered the coasts exceedingly disagreeable, so that no visitor will regret the nasty odour being replaced by that of sweet flowers.

But perhaps, after all is said and done, many may think that this bulb industry does not in reality add to the beauty of the islands. Plot after plot of nothing but bulbs becomes monotonous; herbaceous borders or even orchards would be more interesting. Worthy old Thomas Fuller (1608-61) fairly diagnosed the true position of the most famous bulb, the tulip, and this is what he says: "There is lately a *Flower* (shal I call it so? in courtesie I will tearme it so, though it deserve not the appellation), a *Toolip*, which hath engrafted the love and affections of most people unto it; and what is this *Toolip*? a well complexion'd stink, an ill favour wrapt up in pleasant colours; as for the use thereof in *Physick* no Physitian hath honoured it yet with the mention, nor with a *Greek*, or Latin name, so inconsiderable hath it hitherto been accounted; and yet this is that which filleth all Gardens, hundred of pounds being given for the root thereof, whilst I the *Rose* am neglected and contemned, and conceived beneath the honour of noble hands and fit only to grow in the gardens of Yeomen." This gorgeous flower, "a well complexion'd stink," or, as it has also been dubbed, "the flower without a soul," has unquestionably added to the commercial prosperity of the Scillies, but it seems a pity its cultivation was not left to the Dutchmen, and the garden-power of these islands devoted to the raising rather of roses and other blooms.

One of the pioneers, if not the pioneer, of this new industry in the Scillies was Mr. W. Trevellick, the gentleman I have already mentioned in connection with Porth Hellick, and the monument there over the place where temporarily rested the remains of Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovell. He is a remarkably erudite and entertaining man, and I was glad to make his acquaintance, and be by him taken round and shown his fine gardens and many interesting antiquities. Rocky Hill, just a short walk inland from Hugh Town on St. Mary's, is a very sheltered and lovely spot right in the centre of the island. Mr. Trevellick, who informed me he was eighty-two years of age, was as keen as a boy to show

me all the glorious vegetation and rare plants around his abode. His garden is of large size, and consists of a great many enclosures where without a guide you would get completely lost. The bulbs are grown in many small areas, which are completely sheltered from the wind by hedges of euonymus, the pink-flowering *Escallonia macrantha* and the Chinese creeper, fifteen and even up to twenty feet in height. From room to room, as it were—but, of course, all open to the sky—one passes, till bewilderment at the excessive luxuriance of plant and flower becomes the predominant feeling. I quite fancied over and over again I was at Orotava, in Tenerife. Now a grove of bamboos meets the eye. Now a scattered mass of the queer-looking dracæna. Then a garden of apple trees and plums. The loganberry and the wineberry afforded interesting material for a lengthy talk about those strange fruits, which verged off into the possibilities of the orange being grown here in the open commercially. I happened to have with me a gentleman from Texas who understood orange culture, and metaphorically taking a back seat, I listened with interest to the conversation between these two experts as to the practical growing of oranges. That conversation may lead to important developments for the islands, Mr. Trevellick being remarkably shrewd and scientifically enterprising; in fact, did he not possess those qualities the bulb culture of the Scillies would not have attained its present dimensions. I saw here what I had never seen before in this country—a monkey-puzzle tree in flower, the first, I understood Mr. Trevellick to say, which had ever bloomed in Great Britain. As an antiquary, too, Mr. Trevellick ranks high, and he showed me his collection of old Celtic querns or rude stone grinding-mills and other remains. He has also a collection of figureheads which have come ashore on wrecks around the coasts. At one part of his garden we went for fifteen yards through an absolutely dark tunnel—though the sun was brilliantly shining—made in the centre of a dense hedge of the Chinese creeper, which showed how impervious that shrub is to light as well as wind. The main portions of the gardens are flat, but on the lower portions runs a paved way which is known as the old Roman road and which is said to have been the main way to Hugh Town.

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Another charming inland spot of St. Mary's is Holy Vale, not far distant from Mr. Trevellick's place. This also is sheltered, and there grow fine bulbs and many subtropical plants.

On thinking over my visit to these isles of the west one or two facts come uppermost in my mind. I cannot recall seeing anyone in rags or beggars of any description. The animals all looked remarkably well fed and tended. The absence of placards and staring advertisements—or, indeed, advertisements of any kind or description—was a distinct relief to the eye. From the fact that shooting wild birds is prohibited by the Lord Proprietor, gulls are to be seen all about the town, as sparrows are in England. They sit out on the ridges of the houses like lines of white sentinels at regular and close intervals. The main drawback to these otherwise happy isles is the steamer. Besides the rolling, it has other propensities. I had intended returning to Penzance on August 12th, but a wire came informing the islands that the *Lyonnesse* was not crossing on that day. It had certainly rained during the night, but the sea was quite smooth, so why the islands were so suddenly cut off from communication with the mainland I know not. Consequently I was compelled against my will to remain another night at St. Mary's, which might have been seriously inconvenient. I heard one gentleman visitor say that it was most important that he should return that day, and that the inconvenience to him would be great. If these islands are to advance better communication with the mainland is essential. But then, I have hinted before the powers that be may not desire advancement. It looks like it.

CHAPTER XLII

THE CELTIC NATURE OF THE CORNISH PEOPLE

THE name *Celt* was originally given to the large group of peoples called the Aryan group by the Greeks, whereas the same group was probably known to the Romans as Galli, or Gauls. These two words stand for very much the same thing, the warriors, kilt wearers, or clothed people. The Celtic peoples were gradually driven back from their more easterly possessions by the Romans and the kindred races in the south, and in the north by the Teutonic peoples. When authentic history first began, we find the Celts—in this wide or generic meaning—in possession of the Iberian Peninsula, Gaul, and the British Isles. But though of the same stock they by no means formed a single nationality, or even spoke the same language. The Celtic dialects in the British Isles were, the Welsh or Cymric (*Kymraeg*), the Cornish, the *Mánx*, the Irish, and the Scottish Gaelic. To these must be added the only other living Celtic tongue, the Breton or Brittany, otherwise called *Armoric*.

At the time of the Roman invasion the inhabitants of the British Isles consisted of two great nationalities, the Bretons in the lower part of Britain, and the Gaels in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland.

The names Britain, Breton, were bestowed from without by the Greeks and Romans, while Wales and Cornwall have also been bestowed from without by the Teutonic invaders of Britain.

To anyone who has mixed with the Irish people, who at all knows them intimately, the genuine peasants of the south and west of Ireland and the natives of Achill, the Celtic nature of the Cornish folk is abundantly apparent. Continually do traits, manners, and modes of expressing

thought occur, and crop up in intercourse and dealings with natives of Cornwall, which irresistibly recall Ireland.

Even in small matters one sees this is apparent. A remarkable similarity exists between the spade used in Cornwall and that universal in Ireland. It is the long, straight-handled, heart-shaped implement. A lawsuit once occurred over the subject. An ironmonger of Redruth ordered a consignment of spades from a Sheffield maker. They arrived, but were of the ordinary square, holed-handled English kind. The Redruth ironmonger sent them all back, for he could not sell one in Cornwall. The result of the action was in favour of the Cornishman.

Just as in Ireland they use these long-shafted spades for lifting sea-sand into carts, for digging potatoes, for mending roads—here also in Cornwall they employ them for turning over pilchards with the Spanish salt, for tumbling them into the vats, and for every other purpose to which an ordinary English spade is put. Even the sexton uses one (*see frontispiece*).

But though so similar in many respects to the Irish Celtic nature, the Cornish Celtic nature manifests itself in several directions by very different outward and visible signs.

The pictures on the walls, which in Irish cabins display sensational studies of rather sickening devoutness, of saints in flames, of saintesses in distressingly awful raptures—all highly coloured—and mostly of Italian origin, are here replaced by the representative species of quite another ilk. Texts of Scripture in silver letters on black ground; of red, green, and violent blues, hideously inartistic and uninterestingly preaching a doctrine of placid reliance, and breathing little if any self-help teaching, are to be seen in every Cornish cottage. In the little sitting-room of the “Last Inn,” or “First Inn,” as you chance to approach it, I saw no less than two copies displayed of the text “Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he”—one on either side of the window looking into the road. The one was an exact replica of the other, each text being arranged round a spray of three pinky-coloured roses, and enclosed in a frame of cheap gilt, in a forlornly sad and black oxidised state clearly proclaiming German origin. The double insistence of this dictum in a small inn-parlour in

far-off Land's End struck me as somewhat incongruous and unnecessary.

The pious intention and religious sentiment which thus find utterance all over Cornwall in Biblical quotations—even absurd as many of them are, apart from their contexts—are exactly similar to the Celtic good intentions and piousness which in Ireland express themselves in gaudy saints and anatomical actualities of metaphorical aspirations.

The Roman Catholic chapel which is seen all over Ireland, even in the most remote recesses of Connemara, is here replaced by the crossless, cold, dreary, austere-looking worship places of Wesleyans, Bible Christians, Primitive Methodists, and so on. Till I went to Cornwall I had ignorantly thought that all Christians must be Bible Christians; I cannot, for example, conceive of Koran Christians; but this singular qualifying epithet over so many chapels in Cornwall shows how little one knows.

The Cornish and the “mere” Irish are by ingrained nature, sentiment, and the trend of many past generations deeply religious.

They are also hero worshippers, and always have been. If the hero Trelawney is to die, thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why. In the far-away Dark Ages these Celtic races worshipped false gods. In the Christian, Christ.

We therefore find naturally, in accordance with their Celtic character, they stood up steadfastly for the unfortunate King Charles and valiantly fought for his cause. So impressed was the monarch with the services rendered by the Cornish, that he wrote a letter of thanks, and commanded “copies thereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every church and chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a record of the same; that as long as the history of these times and of this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that county hath merited from Us and our Crown, may be derived with it to posterity.”

The King's letter of thanks is worth recording *in extenso*. It runs as follows :—

“ Carolus Rex.

“ To ye inhabitants of ye county of Cornwall.

“ We are so highly sensible of ye extraordinary merits of our county of Cornwall, of their zeal for our Crown, and for ye defence of our person, in a time when We could contribute so little to our own defence, or to their assistance : in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty : of their great and eminent courage, and patience in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work, against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich, and populous cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provisions of all kinds : and of ye wonderful success with which it pleased Almighty God (though with ye loss of some eminent persons, who shall never be forgotten by Us), to reward their loyalty and patience, by many strange victories over their and our enemies, in despite of all human probability and all imaginable disadvantages : that as We cannot be forgetful of so great desert, so We cannot but desire to publish it to all ye world, and to perpetuate to all time ye memory of their merits, and of our acceptance of ye same ; and to that end We do hereby render our Royal thanks to that county, in ye most public and lasting manner We can devise, commanding copies thereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every church and chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a record of ye same ; that as long as ye history of these times and of this nation shall continue, ye memory of how much that county hath merited from Us and our Crown, may be derived with it to posterity.

“ Given at our camp of Sudeley Castle, ye 10th day of September, 1643.”

It is perhaps unfortunate that this signal mark of royal recognition has not been so practically cherished as it should have been, inasmuch as except in a few places the board upon which it is painted is a rarity, and is only to be seen in the belfries of a few of the Cornish churches, and these are not in all cases well preserved.

Nevertheless the Celts of Cornwall are a loyal people

as also are the Celts of Ireland. Had our royal family, particularly Queen Victoria, paid more personal visits to Ireland, taken the trouble to mix more with the Irish people and to try to understand them, we should have heard little or nothing of Irish troubles, seditions, and conspiracies. What I said in my book on Connemara (page 124) I would repeat here in the words of that wise lawyer Lord Morris: "When will Englishmen learn that the Celt is to be won, not by institutions, laws, and abstractions, but by the magic power of personal rule and kindliness?" Happily his late Majesty King Edward VII—the Peacemaker—by his visits and his personal, kindly, and practical interest in Ireland, did much to remove this grievance, and it is hoped that his son King George will continue the same wise policy. But why is it that the Prince of Wales, who is Duke of Cornwall, so seldom visits his titular county? That is a question which the Cornish folks often ask and not unreasonably, for, after all, His Royal Highness is a Cornish landlord. There are several mansions in the Duchy any one of which is admirably adapted to be made into a royal residence, and if the present young Duke should occasionally elect to take up his abode in the county he would much please the Cornish people.

The Celtic religious spirit in Cornwall is associated with strict cleanliness, and is accompanied by a spirit of resignation bordering on sadness. Religion in Cornwall is a sombre thing. The people take it generally in the doleful spirit of a Good Friday penance, and most of them rigidly wear black clothes and look intensely depressed when going to and returning from their places of worship. The truth is that the doctrine of eternal damnation took a great hold on the minds of their ancestors during the Wesley revivals, and the doctrine of eternal hope is still less vigorously preached in the Cornish pulpit than that with which Wesley and his first followers—especially the uneducated "local preacher"—stirred the emotions of the people in the west, and, indeed, frightened them. In other words, religion in Cornwall is a less cheerful thing than it might be.

Still, the cleanliness is a delightful trait of the Cornish people, who seem to have more than any other people I have met with carried into practice the admonition of George Herbert:—

“Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower,
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind’s sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes and habitation.”

“I can’t fancy a man being religious and not be clean,” said a Cornishman to a clergyman I know.

Redding in his *Itinerary of the County of Cornwall* (1842), in speaking of the men who work underground, relates that a gentleman in the North of England contrasted the few Cornishmen he had in his employ to the disadvantage of the Northerners. Every day the Cornishmen shifted their clothes after labour and washed themselves; but not so their fellow-workmen, with whom ablution was rare, and they had seldom clothes to change.

Yes, the contrast between the Irish Celt and the Cornish Celt in regard to general tidy habits and cleanliness is unfortunately great. The Cornish cottage, no matter how humble, is generally scrupulously clean, both within and without. The husband and wife consider it part of their duty, religiously observed, to frequently whitewash the wall round the door and to adorn the window with well-grown flowers, grown in pots in the cottage. This liking for whitewash, very reminiscent of exactly the same trait among the peasants in Ireland (the north especially) is most noticeable in the case of miners’ and fishermen’s cottages.

The room is always decorated with pictures of a religious character, cheap, old-fashioned, and hideous-coloured prints of sacred subjects or texts. These are hawked about the country—often by Jews!—and are always regarded with the greatest reverence, and give much pleasure to the owners. The windows adorned with clean white blinds; the table well scrubbed; the cloth for meals always present and clean; the children round the cottage door, or seen as they pour out of school, delightfully cleanly turned out, and all having boots and headgear.

How different from the poor Irish peasant! The children with dirty faces and heads; no shoes or stockings; clad in rags and tatters; boys even up to fourteen and even sixteen years of age (as I have seen so often in Connemara and Achill) still wearing petticoats and blouses—God save the

mark! No houses at all!—mere dwellings, which a well-to-do English farmer would not house his pigs in! Pigs, boys, girls, man and wife, hens, cows, and geese—all closed up together for the night in one room; the bare soil, beaten down, boardless, forming the floor, with one small window kept closely shut.

There is another singularly similar and yet at the same time singularly different trait between the Irish and the Cornish Celt. Each punctiliously observes Sunday, but each in his own way. These ways are divergently dissimilar. In Ireland your servant goes to Mass in the morning—no matter how long the walk to chapel may be—over bogs, across mountains, in mist, or during heavy rain. Not to do so is not only very deeply irreligious, it is absolutely revolutionary and reprehensible. If an Irish peasant decides not to attend Mass, he had far better quit the country and go—as so many do—to America, where freedom from religious punctiliousness is permitted without ostracism ensuing. After he (or she) has been to Mass, the evening may be devoted to work or pleasure. Sunday evening is usually the great day for dancing, fishing, and other sports, all of which may be freely indulged in without imperilling the immortal soul, provided, of course, that Mass was duly attended in the morning.

The Cornish Celt is equally punctilious about the observance of Sunday, but he observes it in a totally different manner.

Ralph Waldo Emerson says all Celts are Catholics, and all Saxons are Protestants, a dictum I cannot agree with in its entirety, for the Cornish Celts are strongly Protestant. But all Celts love worship and are enthusiastic in expressing their feelings, while the Saxon is more reticent. But I am quite at one with Emerson when he continues that Celts love unity of power, the Saxons the representative principle.

Each branch of the great emotional race strives always after an ideal, which if they do not realise, they at any rate idealise the real.

Ireland is priest-ridden. Cornwall is minister-ridden. By this I mean that those looking after the spiritual needs of their flocks meddle far too much with mundane affairs.

They interfere, dictate, and—not openly, let us hope, but at times in effect if not in actuality—almost boycott those not going in the exact worldly way they would they should go. We like a shoemaker to stick to his last; we should deprecate a solicitor's attempting to prescribe for our bodily ailments; we even prefer to deal with a baker who devotes his energies to baking, and does not combine it with, say, horse-shoeing. So far as I know, the interference of the Roman Catholic priests in Ireland with politics and the general worldly affairs around them is far greater than the similar exercise of perverted clerical or ministerial functions in Cornwall. Still, in both places it is to be sternly deprecated. In neither is liberty absolute. The trammels of the fear of what people may say; the dread of adverse influence in one's trade, business, or profession, if the honest dictates of one's conscience are followed and which run contrary to the local feeling, originated and inspired by the clerical head, are always present. Liberty under such restrictions is only a make-believe and a sham. Those who hold strong views on this subject, those who will not be dictated to by priest or minister, and who will not submit their loved ones to the social boycott, the supercilious eyegance following on even the slightest deviation from the usual sheep-like paths, simply leave the country and go where liberty of conscience and divergence of opinions and actions in honest men are respected and not interfered with. They go to a country where, for example, if fish in abundance are sent by Providence into the bay on Sunday, they believe it is intended that those fish should be caught and made use of as food. Ears of corn may be eaten on the Sabbath day if one be hungry; if an ox or ass falls into a pit on the Sabbath day it is no sin to pull the animal out. What is rest to one person on Sunday may very probably be hard work to another person. The extremes of puritanical austerity and priestly laxity are equally abhorrent to well-balanced and educated minds.

The Celts, say some of the authorities, have ever exhibited a tendency to the solitary and patriarchal mode of life. The lonely hermits in mountain dell and on out-of-the-world lake islands in Ireland are simply innumerable. The saints too in Cornwall are past counting. "There are more

saints in Cornwall than in heaven," according to an old Cornish saying, and apparently the process of creation is continued, for quite recently in a Cornish paper appeared Saint Newlyn. Now, on the contrary, the Saxons are characterised by the love of union for common purposes, a dislike to the solitary mode of living, a taste for segregation and even municipal organisation. The Celts care not for any of these communal benefits. Therefore the county of Cornwall differs from almost all the other counties of England in having no trace of common parish fields, though, of course, unenclosed commons—quite another thing—are abundant.

The miner, fisherman, or small tradesman of West Cornwall not only exhibits powers not often developed elsewhere in his rank of life, but influences also by his example the general tone of feeling among the labouring classes. The people imbibe education freely. Crime is unusually rare; although it must be acknowledged that such crimes as do occur borrow too often—as they do in Ireland—a darker hue from that deep-lying, uneradicated predisposition to violence which always lurks, like a couching lion, in the Celtic character.

Whether we sympathise or not with the particular religious spirit introduced into that district by the teaching of Wesley, no one can deny the deep and beneficial influence it exercises over the lives, manners, and sentiments of a large number of the people. The strength of it adds to their courage and enthusiasm; the dire severity, even austerity of it, to their moral principles.

Hitchins in his *History of Cornwall* (1824), though he ignores altogether the obvious Celtic origin of the race, in the account he gives of the general character of the inhabitants enumerates many well-defined Celtic traits. "On many occasions their language abounds with lively sallies of poignant wit, and their sarcasms are frequently keen and pointed, without being always either low or vulgar. To strangers they are civil to a high degree, being always ready to communicate the information they desire, and sometimes they astonish those with whom they converse by the promptitude of their replies and the quickness of their apprehension." This is testimony of some value, and

it is remarkably true of the Cornish of the Land's End district.

"Its men," says Warner, "are sturdy, bold, honest, and sagacious; its women lovely and modest, courteous and unaffected." Queen Elizabeth used to remark, "that the Cornish gentlemen were all born courtiers, with a becoming confidence."

Their hospitality was a subject of encomium as far back as the time of Diodorus Siculus, and that Paul-endorsed virtue, notwithstanding the lapse of nineteen centuries, still exists among them in a remarkable degree. Carew (1602) noticed the same admirable quality, for he says: "They keep liberal, but not costly builded or furnished houses; give kind entertainments to strangers; make even at the year's end with the profits of their living; are revered and beloved of their neighbours; live void of factions among themselves (at leastwise such as break out into any dangerous excess); and delight not in bravery of apparel; yet the women would be very loth to come behind the fashion, in newfangledness of the manner, if not in costliness of the matter, which perhaps might over-empty their husbands' purses. They converse familiarly together, and often visit one another. A gentleman and his wife will ride to make merry with his next neighbour, and after a day or twain, those two couples go to a third; on which progress they increase like snowballs, till through their burdensome weight they break again."

Though the Cornish are exceedingly courteous and civil to strangers, showing therein their true Celtic nature, they are, just like their Irish kinsfolk, very litigious among themselves. Even Carew noticed this trait, for he says: "It might be wished that divers amongst them had less spleen to attempt lawsuits for petty supposed wrongs, or not so much subtilty and stiffness to prosecute them: so should their purses be heavier and their consciences lighter." But they have become wiser since Carew's time, for lawsuits are not plentiful in Cornwall.

John Taylor, the Water-Poet, as he was wont to call himself, a Gloucester man, who was born in 1580, wrote, in "The Yeere 1649," "How he travelled neere 600 miles, from London to the Mount in Cornwall, and beyond the Mount,

to the Land's End, and home again." He describes Cornwall as the "Cornucopia, the complete and replete horn of abundance for churlish hills, and affable courteous people: they are loving to requite a kindness, placable to remit a wrong, and hardy to retort injuries: the country hath its share of huge stones, mighty rocks, free gentlemen, bountiful housekeepers, strong and stout men, handsome, beautiful women . . . in brief they are in most plentiful manner happy in the abundance of right and left hand blessings."

On July 9th of the year above-mentioned, this sailor, waterman, poet, composer—on the shortest possible notice, and on the most reasonable terms—of nipping satires, epigrams, anagrams, odes, elegies, and sonnets; a custom-house officer, an adventurer by sea and land, a licensed victualler, writer and publisher of short pieces in prose and verse, a peripatetic bookseller, a tuft-hunter, a very great schemer, and a firm Royalist with a game leg, left Stratton and "ambled twenty miles to the town of Camelford and to a village called Blisland," where he was suspected of being "a bringer of writs, and process to serve upon some gentlemen, and to bring men into trouble." But he sapiently remarks: "With much ado I scaped a beating, by beating into their beliefs that I was no such creature." On July 10th he came to Bodmin, which he concisely dismisses as "a market town," and thence to a village called St. Enoder, and the next day he "progressed" to Truro, "another market town which is the Lord Roberts his land. There I bought a fish called a bream for threepence; it would have served four men; after dinner I went eight miles further, to a town called Redruth. In all that day's travels eighteen miles, I saw nothing strange to me but a few Cornish daws (or choughs) with red bills and legs; they saluted me upon the wing, just in the language of our jack-daws about London, *Ka, Ka.*" On July 12th he "came within two miles of Saint Michael's Mount, to an ancient house called by the name of Trimineague; it hath been, and is the birthplace of worthy families, of the noble name of Godolphins." He stayed with the head of the family, Francis Godolphin, seven days, who sent a kinsman of his, Mr. Anthony Godolphin, with him to see the Mount, which

Mr. Taylor says : " I thus describe. It is about a mile in compass at the foot, and it rises about 700 paces very steep to the top ; it is in form a great haycock or rick, or much like a mountere ; on the top or piramis of it is a fine church called Saint Michaels, the said church is, now for no other use but a well-stored magazine with ammunition. From whence (for a relic of remembrance) I brought half a yard of Saint Michael's Mount monumental match : I went to the top of the church tower, seventy steps higher, and in my coming down I viewed the bells (which were five in number), being fair and handsome ; they cannot be rung, because the crack rope. Soldiers have broke all the bell ropes, insomuch as for any more ringing there, the bells being ropeless, the people are hopeless. To speak the truth of this so much talked of famous Mount ; it is lofty, rocky, inaccessible, impregnable, not to be taken or kept, not worth the taking or keeping ; it is a barren, stony little wen, or wart, that with men, ammunition, and victuals is able to defend itself ; but if it hath not the sea and land to friend, there is an enemy called Hunger (or famine) that will conquer mounts and mountains : it can do no service to the seaward, for the water is so shallow that no ship can sail within shot of it, and for land service the Town of Market-Jew stands better for defence : the Mount is an island, and no island, twice in every twenty-four hours : for when the sea is up, boats must be used to go to it ; but upon the ebb, troopers may ride to it forty in rank ; Market-Jew is about two flight shoot of it, the Mayor whereof (one Mr. William Mabb) caused me to dine with him," for which, quaintly concludes Mr. John Taylor, " I return him a few printed thanks."

In the Mount he saw a craggy, rugged seat of rocky upholstery, " which the old fabulous rumour calls St. Michael's chair." There he met a Captain Geary, who " did courteously regard and drink with me at the Mayor's house at Market-Jew." Mr. Godolphin persuaded him to see Land's End, " fourteen miles further ; for which journey, on the 16 day of July, he did lend me two horses, with his kinsman to ride with me, where (for his sake) I was welcome by the way, with a good dinner, at one Mr. Levale's house, from whence I rode, and went as far as I could ride,

go, or creep, for rocks and sea; and there I saw the island of Scilly, with other smaller islands, which are said to be sixteen or seventeen in number." The geography of those days was evidently uncertain, but Mr. Taylor was an observant traveller and fond of a good dinner as well. He also was not without his weaknesses, for he concludes his account of his visit to Land's End: "I did cut my name four inches deep in a small patch of earth amongst the rocks at the Land's End, and I am sure," he exultingly says, "no man can go thither and set his name or foot half a foot before me."

The same day this amusing pedestrian returned "to one Mr. Jones his house, a mile thence, in the farthest western parish of the County of Cornwall, called Sennen; there I had good entertainment all night, by the gentleman's and his wife's free welcome, which was out of their own courteous disposition."

This extraordinary character had, no doubt, many opportunities for reading, even on his busiest days as a waterman, and he evidently was a boon companion and possessed of a ready wit and powers of observation. The days of Queen Elizabeth were the zenith days for watermen, as "every summer, 1500 to 2000, sometimes even more of them, were employed in her ships." Taylor took every opportunity he could to travel, and pick up information and knowledge, and in any age he would have been a remarkable man. In his days, however, he began to complain that the waterway of the Thames was beginning to be not what it was:—

"All sorts of men, work all the means they can,
To make a *Thief* of every Waterman:
And as it were in one consent they join,
To trot by land i' th' dirt and save their coin.
Carroaches, coaches, jades, and Flanders mares,
Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our fares:
Against the ground we stand and knock our heels,
Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels,
And, whosoever but observes and notes,
The great increase of coaches and of boats,
Shall find their number more and e're they were,
By half and more within these thirty years.
Then watermen at sea had service still,
And those that staid at home had work at will:
Then upstart Hell-cart-coaches were to seek
A man could scarce see twenty in a week;

But now I think a man may daily see
 More than the wherrys on the Thames can be,
 When Queen Elizabeth came to the Crown,
 A coach in England then was scarcely known,
 Then 'twas as rare to see one, as to spy
 A Tradesman that had never told a lie."

If he wrote this in 1622, what would he have said if he could possibly see the omnibuses, the motors, the electric trams, the underground railway, and the tubes—the noise, bustle, and crowd of London of the twentieth century!

Michael Drayton, an Elizabethan poet, in his poem *The Barons' Wars in the reign of King Edward II*, says of the Cornishmen:—

"For courage no whit second to the best,
 The Cornish-men, most active, bold and light;
 Those near the plain, the pole-axe best that wield,
 And claim for theirs the vaward of the field."

This terse description of the Elizabethan poet is accurate in every detail, and shows that Drayton had distinguished Cornishmen from those of other counties, and probably they were even more distinguishable in those days than now.

It is certainly interesting to note how long distinguishing traits and marks of character linger, but such naturally remain longer in islands and peninsulas, like Cornwall, than in land-girt counties, where the intermingling of peoples is more easy, and where consequently noticeable idiosyncrasies get rubbed down and tend to become obliterated.

According to Professor William Henry Wright, F.R.G.S., the earliest inhabitant of Cornwall belonged to the Neolithic Age, that age characterised by the culture of the earliest Swiss lake-dwellings, the polishing of weapons, the practice of agriculture, the presence of domestic animals, and the knowledge of weaving. The period between that which saw the departure of the reindeer from Southern Europe and this Neolithic Age he designates the Mesolithic Age. On the Continent this was characterised by harpoons made from deer-horn, coloured pebbles—possibly the first attempt at writing—and the kitchen-middens of Denmark and Portugal. In Britain evidence of the corresponding age is found in such caves as those of Obor and Aronsay, in the kitchen-middens of Hastings and Sevenoaks, and in the rude flints from Grimes Graves and Cissbury.

Neolithic man, he thinks, is in all probability to be identified to-day with the short, dark, dolichocephalic inhabitants of Cornwall, Devon, Wales, and Ireland. His language was probably Gaelic.

Towards the end of the Neolithic period, or the beginning of the Bronze, a new type appeared along the eastern shores of our country. This type was in strongest possible contrast to the earlier type, and there could be little if any doubt that it came from the region of the Baltic. Skulls with the closest resemblance to the famous Borreby skull from Denmark have been obtained from the round burrows of East Yorkshire.

Then probably came, at the dawn of history, a downward movement of a tall, fair-haired people, upon the short, dark-haired people of the Mediterranean. At any rate, the very mixed character of Europe ethnologically is gathered from the Homeric poems and the earliest historical records.

The evidence of Cæsar is pretty clear as to the inhabitants of England, particularly his statement that the eastern portion of England was inhabited by tribes of Belgæ who had passed over, taking the names of the corresponding continental tribes with them, into England from Gallia Belgica. They spoke the Brythonic language.

The Celtic is evidently about the oldest blood of the world. Our sources of tradition, of time-worn fables and delicious stories are Celtic. The Greeks have come and gone, the Romans have had their day. Where are the Etruscans? The Celts or Sidonides are with us to-day. They are an old family of whose beginning there is no memory, and whose end is likely to be coeval with the end of the world, for they have stern endurance and marvellous productiveness—the Irish gone from Ireland at the present moment rule the United States of America. As Emerson says, they planted Britain; and gave to the seas and mountains names which are poems and imitate the pure voices of nature. They are favourably remembered in the oldest extant records of the human race in Europe. They had no violent feudal tenure, but the husbandman owned the land. They had an alphabet, astronomy, priestly culture, and a sublime creed. They have a hidden and precarious genius. They made the best popular literature of

the Middle Ages in the songs of Merlin, and the tender and delicious mythology of Arthur. Take away the rich and human Celtic influence from our literature, and it would indeed be poor. It would be less romantic, certainly less poetic. It would lack the vitality which is associated with human hopes, passions, and despair, and would be hardly worth preserving. And the predominant note in Celtic literature is an indefinable melancholy, an exquisitely long-drawn-out regret. The poetry may be, as Matthew Arnold said, drenched in the dew of natural magic, and the romances may be threaded with radiant lights; but there always remains the underlying sombreness of texture or the overhanging cloud-darkening of the scene. Joyous music ends in a minor key; bright, happy beginnings are broken up, as the tale unfolds, in sudden changes to deep pathos.

That highly eccentric gentlewoman, Lady Hester Stanhope, the "Princess of Djoun," who lived for many years and died in an old convent on the Lebanon range, was once visited by Kinglake, and in his *Eothen*¹ he relates that during his conversation with her there he learnt that "she had a vast idea of the Cornish miners, on account of their race, and said, if she chose, she could give me the means of rousing them to the most tremendous enthusiasm." Unfortunately Kinglake apparently did not obtain from the strange, mystic recluse her reasons for wanting to rouse the Cornish miners to enthusiasm nor any indication of the way in which the desirable latent energy should be directed. Still the incident shows the great-granddaughter of Chatham had a high opinion of their possibilities. R. L. Stevenson thought differently. In his *Fellow Passengers* he alludes to this conversation with Lady Hester, and tells how he, Stevenson, met on his emigrant travels west a knot of Cornish miners "who kept grimly by themselves, one reading the New Testament all day long through steel spectacles, the rest discussing privately the secrets of their old-world mysterious race." He takes quite a different view of Cornishmen, for he continues: "Lady Hester Stanhope believed she could make something great of the Cornish; for my part, I can make nothing of them at all. A division

¹ *Eothen*, third edition, London, John Ollivier, 1845, p. 139.

of races, older and more original than that of Babel, keep this close, esoteric family apart from neighbouring Englishmen. Not even a Red Indian seems more foreign in my eyes. This is one of the lessons of travel—that some of the strangest races dwell next door to you at home.”¹

I came across some thoughtful remarks on the Celtic character of the Cornish in the *Edinburgh Review*,² in a notice of the life of Sir Francis Drake. “Drake,” says the writer, “was a Cornishman, or next door to it. There is a vein of imagination which runs through the character of the old Celtic race; not, however, poetic imagination, for Cornwall has not a single poetical tradition, nor ever produced a versifier of a higher order than Peter Pindar; but rather that which displays itself in a warm belief in the marvellous, so often the companion of great and flexible talents; and when so united, enabling its possessor to sway the imaginations of others. Something may be ascribed to the peculiar industry of that corner of the world, in mines and fisheries, which makes every man a speculator and a dreamer of dreams. There is scarcely, we have heard it said, a farmer or a tradesman in the west of Cornwall who has not a most potent belief in two things: one, that he is heir to some great property, if he could only prove his pedigree; the other, that he will some day or other make his fortune by mining. Sometimes the temperament thus engendered is combined with genius; sometimes with shrewdness and thriftiness; sometimes it runs out into a wild and contagious enthusiasm: and the false Sir William Courtenay—Thom, the Cornish prophet—who led the credulous peasants of Kent against the musketry of the soldiers, was only a somewhat extravagant type of a not uncommon class among his countrymen. It is, and always has been, a land of practical visionaries—inventors, projectors, natural philosophers, and founders of sects. In Elizabeth’s age of golden dreams, the sanguine disposition of a projector was almost a necessary ingredient in the character of those who were to cut their way to eminence.”

Of course, in these days, as is obvious, the Cornish are

¹ Edinburgh edition of the works of R. L. Stevenson, Edinburgh, 1895. Vol. II, p. 153.

² LXXX (1844), p. 383.

to a certain extent a mixed race, but less mixed than the people in other of the English counties. They are certainly as a class more like the French than the English ; their blood chiefly Celtic ; containing also signs of the Vikings—"red-haired Danes"—and the Saxons.

As travelling facilities increase and peoples mix more with peoples, intermarriages more and more take place. National and race idiosyncrasies and peculiarities tend to disappear. It becomes, therefore, of more importance than ever to scrupulously preserve and record traits, manners, customs, antiquities, phrases, folk-lore, and songs, before they are lost for ever in the rush of modern life, in the maelstrom of overpowering modernity.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE HISTORIANS OF CORNWALL

THE men who write county histories are a set apart. They are unlike the writers of any other class of book. The peculiar qualities required to make a satisfactory county historian are not commonly found collected in one individual. Hence I have always taken a delight in searching into the life histories of the successful historians, who have given us those ponderous tomes, commonly known as county histories, one meets with on the bottom shelves of libraries. A book of short biographies of those who have written these well-known standard county histories would be interesting reading, and I have no doubt certain peculiarities common to the class—whether of temperament, education, general character, and so on—would be elucidated.

Patience, methodical persistency, great application, judgment, and sound common sense are only a few of the many characteristics needed to make a successful recorder of the history of that small piece of England's surface which we call a county.

In addition to all other qualifications, there has to be, largely developed, an intense patriotism—local, county patriotism—for without that no one in his senses would attempt the heavy, wearisome, and often depressing task.

The labour is great, the researches required to be made most laborious and minute, if there is to be any value in them at all; the reward can never repay the time and energy expended. Most of these fine quarto county histories we see in the deepest shelves of our libraries, and which fetch nowadays considerable sums of money—far in advance of their published prices—were produced at a loss and, in more than one instance, caused the financial ruin of the writers.

The county of Cornwall has been unusually fortunate in her historians. Her story has been told by some of the

most erudite and accomplished men of the times when they wrote. Amongst others, her history has also been related by a quack doctor whose vanity led him to undertake the task, which resulted in a very excellent book on the subject, but which unfortunately landed the author in the bankruptcy court.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* truthfully said :—

“Cornwall can lay claim to a greater number of native historians than any other county in the British Isles. From the time of the father of her history, Richard Carew of Antonie, who published his *Survey* in 1602, down to the present day, there have never been wanting men of application, not to say ability, located in the county itself, to whom the study of their *natale solum*—its natural productions, its languages and antiquities—has at once been a lifework, and a delight.”¹

The names of Carew, Hals, Tonkin, Gwavas, Scawen, Whitaker, Polwhele, Davies Gilbert, C. S. Gilbert, Hitchins, Drew, Tregellas, Lach-Szyrma, and others at once occur, if not to the general reader, to the poker into odd bypaths of learning and the seeker after antiquarian and oddment knowledge.

This wealth of local literary talent, directed to the affairs of the county by Cornishmen, may be due to the affectionate regard entertained by every Cornishman for the honour of his ancient “kingdom,” or to the real interest in the subject itself, or to a combination of these two causes.

Let us take first as shortly as possible the historian of Cornwall, Richard Carew.

In the sixteenth century, apparently, boys went to the university much earlier than they do now. At that time the universities must have taken the place, to a large extent, of our present public schools. The life of the scholar therefore then began earlier, and probably the experiences of youth vanished quicker than they do in these days. At any rate, the life of the great historian of Cornwall is remarkable. It is surely the most remarkable biography of all Cornishmen. It is undoubtedly one of the most notable in the whole of English history. Fancy a boy of eleven years of age going as a Gentleman Commoner to Christ Church, Oxford,

¹ *Quarterly Review*, 1875, Vol. 139, p. 368.

and when a scholar of three years' standing, that is, when only fourteen years of age, being called upon to dispute, *ex tempore*, before the Earls of Leicester and Warwick and the erudite, matchless Sir Philip Sidney! Young Richard Carew would in any age be called an infant prodigy; in those days he must have been phenomenal. Concerning the exercise of scholarship he was called upon to give in public before the two earls and Sir Philip Sidney, he modestly writes, that he was so invited "upon a wrong conceived opinion touching my sufficiency." But apparently he came off well in the encounter with those wits.

Richard Carew, the greatest of Cornwall's historians, was born in 1555 at East Antonie, a parish in the east of Cornwall, near Plymouth, and after his university career in 1584 he was returned for Saltash, and in 1597 he became M.P. for Michell. He was one of the deputy-lieutenants of Cornwall, and he served under Sir Walter Raleigh, the lord-lieutenant of the county, in the posts of lieutenant and colonel of the regiment, five hundred strong, which had for its charge the protection of Cawsand Bay. His leisure time was occupied with inquiry into the antiquities of his native county and the study of foreign languages, until he had mastered no less than five tongues—namely, those of Greece, Italy, Germany, France, Spain. Truly the reign of Elizabeth was remarkable for the high-water mark then reached in literary attainments of so many eminent people. He died on November 6th, 1620, "as he was at his private prayers in his study (his daily practice) at fower in the afternoon," and was buried in Antonie Church. An epitaph written for him by Camden dwells on the modesty of his manners, the generosity of his disposition, his varied learning, and his Christian zeal. Carew's history of Cornwall is one of the most entertaining works in the English language. As Mr. W. P. Courtney says: "In its pages may be discerned the character of an English gentleman in the brightest age of our national history, interesting himself in the pursuits of all around him and skilled in the pastimes of every class. The industries of the county and its topographical peculiarities are depicted with considerable detail, and if there is little genealogical information in its pages, the characters of its celebrities are described

with quaintness and with kindliness. Carew's 'pleasant and faithfull description' of Cornwall was the phrase of Fuller, and the words are well chosen."

His *Survey of Cornwall* was published in 1602, dedicated to his friend Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Warden of Stannaries, Lieutenant-General of Cornwall, etc.

Apparently in Carew's time the Irish emigrants added to the number of the poor in Cornwall. For, he says, "few shires can show more, or own fewer than Cornwall." Ireland, he continues, "prescribeth to be the nursery, which sendeth over yearly, yea and daily, whole shiploads of these crooked slips, and dishabited towns afford them rooting." In these days it is the able-bodied and the young who emigrate from Ireland to the States and elsewhere. In the seventeenth century Ireland seems to have got rid of her refuse and decrepit population, and dumped them down on Cornwall—"for a worse kind of people than these vagabonds, the realm is not pestered withal; what they consume in a day will suffice to relieve an honest poor parishioner for a week, of whose work you may also make some use."

Then comes Thomas Tonkin (1678-1742). He was born at Trevaunance, St. Agnes, matriculated at Queen's College, Oxford (1693-4), and became a student of Lincoln's Inn on February 20th, 1694-5. About 1700 he withdrew into Cornwall and prosecuted his researches into the topography of Cornwall. His works never were published, but at the death of Tonkin's niece, Miss Foss, in 1780, the MSS became the property of Francis, Lord de Dunstanville, who allowed Davies Gilbert to edit and to embody them in his history of the county. Dunstanville published in 1811 an edition of Carew's "Survey of Cornwall, with notes illustrative of its history and antiquities, by the late Thomas Tonkin, Esq."

Richard Polwhele (1760-1838) was born at Truro, and educated at Truro Grammar School, afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford; but he left the university without taking a degree. He was ordained in 1782. He wrote first, in 1793, the *History of Devonshire*, a very disappointing work. In 1794 he was appointed to the small living of Manaccan, near Helston, Cornwall. He seems to have had little worldly wisdom, for Croker records in 1820 that he "was in trouble

in restoring his church without proper authority, and that the parishioners had threatened him with law proceedings." He vacated the living of Manaccan in 1821 on his appointment to the vicarage of Newlyn East. He wrote many books, but his great work was *The History of Cornwall*, which came out piecemeal in seven detached volumes (1803-8), the most useful being the fifth, which deals with the language, literature, and literary characters.

William Borlase was the second son of John Borlase, M.P. for St. Ives. He was first educated at Penzance and then at Plymouth in 1709, after which he went to Tiverton School. In March, 1712-13, he entered at Exeter College, Oxford, and took the B.A. and M.A. In 1719 he was ordained deacon, and 1720, priest. In 1722 he was presented to the living of Ludgvan, near Penzance. He met Pope and Ralph Allen and other eminent persons in 1730, when visiting Bath for the benefit of his health. His correspondence with them is preserved in more than forty volumes in the library of Castle Horneck, Penzance. He presented Pope with some valuable ores and minerals for the adornment of his grotto on the Thames, and once sent him a Cornish diamond, which the poet evidently appreciated, for he wrote: "I have received your gift, and have so placed it in my grotto that it will resemble the donor, in the shade, but shining." In 1732 his brother, the Rev. Walter Borlase, LL.D., Vice-Warden of the Stannaries, died, and thereupon Borlase added the vicarage of St. Just, twelve miles distant, to his other benefice. In the summer of 1744 and 1745 Borlase came into conflict with John Wesley, whom, in his capacity of magistrate, he summoned before the bench. He must have been irreconcilably opposed to the Methodists. John Wesley relates that when he was at St. Ives for the third time, in 1745 (June 22nd), on the Sunday, June 23rd, "as we returned from the church, a famous man of the town attacked us, for the entertainment of his masters. I turned back and spoke to him, and he was ashamed."

Dr. Johnson termed his account of the Scilly Islands "one of the most pleasing and elegant pieces of local inquiry that our country has produced." Shortly after 1758 he presented the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford with the whole of his collections. In acknowledgment of this gift and of his

distinguished services to literature, etc., he was on March 23rd, 1766, created a Doctor of Laws. He died on August 31st, 1772, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. The appreciation of him by a writer on Cornwall, Cyrus Redding, who wrote in 1842 *An Illustrated Itinerary of the County of Cornwall*, is not at all too fulsome, but seems to me to adequately sum up Borlase's position among the county historians :—

“ He was an indefatigable student of the natural history and antiquities of Cornwall ; and though somewhat fanciful regarding Druidism, stone deities, and the supposed rites of ancient British worship, it must be recollected that he was utterly bereft of the light which scientific discoveries, since his day, have thrown upon many of the subjects of which he treated. He has the merit of collecting, and placing in a comprehensible form, almost everything that relates to the two great subjects which he was eager to record or explain. He wasted little time in hunting out the musty genealogies of families unknown beyond their own narrow circle. He contributed little to gratify the idle or foster the pride of the ignorant ; he flew at a nobler quarry, and followed up his object with indefatigable diligence. In his antiquarian researches, and his endeavours to elucidate the natural history of his native county, he borrowed from none, but he made Nature his book ; he looked himself upon the things which he described ; he reflected upon what he saw, and, uniting learning with a due regard to what seemed to him the just view of his subject, he became a careful recorder of the result. His observations, sometimes acute, always erudite, and often singularly ingenious, fix the reader's attention, even when he may not find it possible to concede justice to his views. Cornwall was more to Borlase than to all besides who have written upon the county. Curious as the imperfect notes of Hals and Tonkin may be deemed by those whom the progress of time has not instructed, that personal history can only be generally important or attractive where it is connected with individuals beyond the obscurity of a provincial circle, they are not to be counted with one whose aim was so much higher, and from whom every writer since has borrowed so largely. Borlase will wear his honours long, for they were honestly earned.”

Many writers on Cornwall have thought proper to censure Borlase because he ventured to start theories and advance explanations for much that he did not understand. But a simple record of facts devoid of imagination is no more useful or to be read than a dictionary, and Davies Gilbert—also a historian of the county, fairly remarks: “He rather merits praise than condemnation for his ebullition of imagination and conjectures, since these may have led others to strictly examine them, and elicit useful discoveries from his involuntary errors.”

To show what a careful observer Borlase was, I give the following extract from a letter he wrote in 1771, relating to the extravagance of the lower classes in Cornwall at that time. It is most interesting reading in these days:—

“We hear every day of murmurs of the common people; of want of employ; of short wages; of dear provisions; there may be some reason for this; our taxes are heavy upon the necessities of life; but the chief cause is the extravagance of the vulgar in the unnecessaries of life. In one tin-work near me, where most of the tinnors of my parish have been employed for years, there were lately computed to have been at one time three-score snuff-boxes; there may be in my parish about 50 girls about 15 years old, and I dare say about 49 of them have scarlet cloaks; there is scarcely a family in the parish, I mean of common labourers, but have tea, once if not twice a day, and in the parish almshouse, there are several families, but not one without their tea-kettle, and brandy, when they can purchase it. Your journey-men at London, and elsewhere have their clubbs, and newspapers, and sometimes worse amusements, if worse can be than some of them; in short all labourers live above their condition.”

Charles Sandoe Gilbert, historian of Cornwall, who was born in 1760, and died in 1831, was an itinerant seller of medicines. Gilbert and Powell's pills, plasters, tinctures, and drops brought in much wealth to their proprietors. It was during his journeys through Cornwall on his medicine-selling business that he took notes of what he saw. For the prosecution of his business he had no less than six travellers also on the road selling his nostrums, and these too he enlisted to take topographical notes and gather general

information about the county. As a parochial history, taken as a whole, C. S. Gilbert's is an admirable book and one of the best on the county. Sad to relate, the preparation of the work led to neglect of his business, and he was gazetted a bankrupt on October 29th, 1825, and died six years after. The publication of county histories, as I have said, is not always a profitable task, though many of them nowadays fetch in the market more than ten times their original price.

Davies Gilbert was not really a Gilbert at all, and was no relation to the C. S. Gilbert whose book is a much better one.

It is confusing that two men of the name of Gilbert should have written books on Cornwall.

Davies Gilbert (formerly Giddy) (1767-1839) was born at St. Erth, Cornwall; his father was the Rev. Edward Giddy. The Cornish historian was educated at Penzance Grammar School and matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford. He was a Fellow of the Linnean Society of London, and President of the Geological Society of Cornwall. He was High Sheriff of Cornwall 1792-3, and encouraged the early talents of Sir Humphry Davy. He was M.P. for Helston, and then for Bodmin. He married May Ann, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Gilbert, of Eastbourne, and took the name of Gilbert, instead of Giddy, in 1817. His most extensive work was "The Parochial History of Cornwall, founded on the Manuscript Histories of Mr. Hals and Mr. Tonkin," 1838, four volumes. The author was in failing health when these were brought out, and a great deal of the work had to be done by persons ignorant of Cornish names, so that the book has little repute as a county history, and is not to be relied upon for accuracy.

Though not a Cornishman, John Leland (or Leyland) is certainly one of the notable historians of the county. He was born in London about 1506 and died in 1552. He is the earliest of modern English antiquaries, and was a great traveller who accumulated facts with remarkable avidity. He was made "King's antiquarian" in 1533 by Henry VIII, a post created for him in which he has not had a successor. He was sent to St. Paul's School, under William Lily, whence he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, and he also studied at All Souls College, Oxford, and in

Paris. He was a sound scholar in both Latin and Greek, and also knew French, Italian, and Spanish. After taking Holy Orders he acted as tutor to a younger son of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, in 1523. The study of ancient manuscripts was more in his line than architecture or nature, and rarely does he condescend to notice local customs, plants, or animals. His style is rough and unpolished, and his books read more like masses of undigested notes than well-thought-out descriptions. His antiquarian studies overtaxed his brain, and on March 21st, 1550, the Privy Council gave him into the custody of his brother, and directed that the income derived from the benefices of Haseley and Pepeling should be applied for his maintenance. He died on April 18th, 1552, without recovering his reason, and was buried in the church of St. Michael le Querne, a church which stood at the west end of Cheapside, and which was destroyed at the Great Fire of London and not rebuilt.

John Norden, the first Englishman to design a complete series of county histories, was born in 1548 and died about 1625. The earliest notice known of him is in a Privy Council order, dated Hampton Court, January 27th, 1593. "To all Lieuts, etc., of Counties," declaring that "the bearer, John Norden, gent.," was "authorised and appointed by her Majesty to travel through England and Wales to make more perfect descriptions, charts and maps." He visited Cornwall about 1584, and his *Cornwall* was written in 1610, but was not published till 1728. He made a map of the county for J. Speed in 1610. In 1600 Norden was acting as surveyor of the Crown woods and forests in Berkshire, Devonshire, Surrey, and elsewhere; and on January 6th, 1605, he petitioned for the surveyorship of the Duchy of Cornwall, and complained that he had expended £1000 in former employments without receiving payment. On January 30th he was appointed to the post he sought. Norden maps are of great interest. In *Speculum Britannicæ for Cornwall*, 1728, are nine maps of the hundreds of East (or East Wivelshire), Verrier, Losenmouth, Powder, Pyder, Stratton, Trigg, and West Hundred. Here the roads are indicated for the first time in English cartography. Though not a Cornishman, this remarkable man is worthy of being mentioned, as he did so much for the county and

is certainly one of its early historians. He is probably best known as a map-maker, his maps now being valuable both monetarily and historically.

During recent years no one has written more concerning Cornwall than the Rev. Wladislaw Somerville Lach-Szyrma. He was formerly Vicar of Carnmenellis, near Redruth, and of Newlyn St. Peter, and is now vicar of Barkingside, Essex. He was born at Devonport on Christmas Day, 1841, his father being Colonel Krystyn Lach-Szyrma, a doctor of philosophy and professor in the University of Warsaw, who, having taken part in the Polish Revolution of 1831, was an exile in England. His mother was Sarah Frances Field Somerville, youngest daughter of Captain Philip Somerville, R.N., who fought under Nelson at Copenhagen, Boulogne, and elsewhere. In 1849 W. S. Lach-Szyrma entered the middle-class school of St. Stephen's Church, Devonport. Under his father's direction he early took an interest in languages, and was taught to speak and think in both French and Polish, besides learning the usual Greek and Latin. In 1859 he matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, when just seventeen years old. He took his "greats" when only nineteen, but went in for honours in second schools after his B.A. degree. He took a second class in honours in law and history. His first published work, a poem, was *Heroes of the Day—Franklin and Garibaldi*. His next, an ethnological paper on the Position of the Slavonians among the Indo-European nations. His first curacy was at Pensilva, in St. Ives parish, where he worked energetically among the Cornish miners. After three years' work there he accepted the curacy of Princetown, after which he went to St. Paul's, Truro. In 1871 he was nominated vicar of Carnmenellis, an important and extensive mining parish. Here in 1872 a curious event happened. The Vicar was ill in London and the servants forgot to pull up the blinds. A rumour arose that he was dead, and the *West Briton* and some other West Country papers published kindly obituary notices, which they happily had soon to correct. In 1871, with Mrs. Lach-Szyrma (whom he married in 1854), he paid a visit to Paris, then in the hands of the Commune, and while the bombardment of Port Issey was proceeding, was at one time under fire. He

was librarian and tutor at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. From here he went to the curacy of St. Faith, Stoke Newington. Bishop Temple (afterwards Archbishop) offered him the important parish of St. Peter's, Newlyn, where he remained fifteen years. There he wrote his *Short History of Penzance* and the *Church History of Cornwall*, the useful guide-book *222 Antiquities of Penzance, Newlyn and its Pier*, and several papers on Cornwall. His last published work (1912) was a paper read before the British Archæological Association on parochial registers, in which he gave some interesting facts about Madron and Galval.

Among the parochial improvements introduced by Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma into Newlyn were the erection of Newlyn Vicarage, the enlargement of St. Peter's with a new aisle, the erection of schools, the Newlyn Institute, of which he was for nine years president, and the insurance of fishing-boats. In 1890, desiring to be nearer London, he exchanged with the Rev. T. Norwood Perkins, Vicar of Barkingside, Ilford, Essex.

APPENDIX I

DEPLORABLE STATE OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE LAND'S END DISTRICT OF CORNWALL

ONE purpose of this book, which I trust has been made apparent in its pages, has been to call attention to the inestimable wealth of prehistoric and historic remains in the west district of Cornwall. No part of England is so rich in them, and yet in no part of England have they been so neglected, mutilated, and even destroyed. I attempted some time ago to call attention to this important matter, and did so by means of a letter I wrote to the Press, and which appeared in the *Morning Post*, *Queen*, *Academy*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Western Morning News*, *Western Daily Mercury*, *Antiquary*, *Morning Leader*, *Cornish Post*, *Cornish Telegraph*, and other journals. I cannot do better than here reproduce that letter (as I do not think I can improve upon it), only hoping, nay, sincerely trusting, that some national effort will at once be made to preserve for posterity the invaluable relics of the past of which we are merely the trustees. The trust should be a sacred one, and it behoves us to pass it on unimpaired to future generations.

This is the letter which appeared in or about May, 1908, in the journals mentioned :

“ I have recently visited nearly all the ancient monuments in the Land's End district of Cornwall, many of them in very inaccessible corners of the county. I regret to say that they sadly need attention with a view to preservation. Many of them are becoming quite buried and dilapidated, and in a few years will disappear altogether. They are all of immense archaeological value, many being of inestimable prehistoric interest. I venture to assert without fear of contradiction that no part of England possesses such a wealth of antiquarian remains within so small a portion of earth surface. Surely it is not asking the nation too much to preserve, even at some considerable cost, those that are left for the benefit of our successors, who will probably value them much more than we seem to do.

“ A glance at the Ordnance Map of Penzance, sheets 351 and 358, shows an extraordinary number of ancient British villages,

cromlechs, stone circles, logan rocks, barrows, hut circles, giant's rocks, quoits, earthen or walled castles, sacred wells, chapels and crosses. I have closely inspected nearly all of these from Land's End to St. Ives, from Cape Cornwall to Lelant and Penzance, and can only tell a sad tale. In the first place many of the stone circles—so marked on the Ordnance Map—have ceased to be. In vain have I searched for some of the logan stones and menhirs. They have long ago been used up for gateposts or building purposes. The stones in the ancient chapels are rapidly disappearing one by one. The 'ancient British villages,' as they are called, are without exception simply buried beneath masses of destructive briars and fern. The beehive huts are similarly overgrown and almost undiscernible. Even locally I have had, in many instances, much difficulty in finding them. The neighbouring farmers are forgetting their existence, and labourers living close by, perhaps purposely, don't know where they are. These priceless relics of the past history of our country should, in my opinion, be preserved from vandalism and predatory attacks of those ignorant of their value and the levelling friction of wind, rain, and storm. A few of the prominent ancient monuments in the more accessible spots are more or less preserved (such as *the* Logan Stone, Lanyon Quoit, the Nine Maidens, the Blind Fiddler, and, speaking generally, the churchyard Celtic crosses), but the historic and prehistoric relics in the out-of-the-way and wild parts of Penwith, of quite equal value and importance, are allowed to go to destruction, or have already gone.

"The remarkably fine ancient British village of Chysauter is so buried up with ruinous vegetation as to be difficult to find. The beehive hut near Crows-an-wra—the most perfect specimen remaining—may well be taken for a heap of stones collected from the surface of the field whence it rises, over-run with rank vegetation, and actually trees of a fair size growing out of its walls. Tree roots in the natural process of growth are deadly enemies of ancient buildings. The 'ancient British village' near by is similarly hidden with bramble and fern. The very interesting old chapels fare no better. Chapel Downs, in Sancreed parish, once protected by iron railings by a late rector not many years ago, is now most dilapidated and the railings in fragments. Chapel Uny, in the same parish, is practically non-existent, and the well of the saint has now only two stones remaining showing any traces of carving. Bosence Chapel, also in Sancreed parish, is a rank mass of unkempt vegetation in the corner of a field, and was difficult to find. The ancient dwellings of Bollowall, near Carn Gluze, St. Just, are

similarly dilapidated, most of the stones are already gone, and in a short time will be filled up and obliterated with debris from the neighbouring mine. It is common knowledge that some of the most ancient carved bench-ends have gone to make pigsty doors and other articles of domestic use. St. Helen's Oratory, Cape Cornwall, is also already nearly non-existent, and so I might go on—the facts are all more or less equally painfully monotonous. I merely have mentioned a few concrete instances, and probably many of your readers could give more.

"Now the parsons of Cornwall, even if they be not all antiquaries, are all keenly desirous of preserving these ancient monuments of past civilisation, which are certainly not of parochial but quite national interest, but they lack funds. Many of them are poor men, and can do nothing at all. I have in my travels through the Land's End district of Cornwall more than once been asked how to preserve these monuments; whether it were better to scrape or recut rich Celtic crosses; whether to paint or distemper old fonts; how best to preserve old tracery on arches, windows, and tombs. I was glad to find such a genuinely active spirit of preservation abroad, for it shows the keenness of the clergy in the district to aid in the preservation of the memorials of the past of which they are tenants for life. Still, it always struck me that such queries should not require to be put. The nation should have rendered such questions unnecessary.

"The clergy of Cornwall, I feel sure, will welcome any way that leads to the preservation of their monuments and aid any system that may be inaugurated to effect that end. The spirit truly is willing, but the pocket is empty. As it is, most of the fine old Celtic crosses in the churchyards have been placed there—rescued from serving other purposes, such as brook bridges, stepping-stones, gateposts—through the local parson's energies. These deliverances should be a national matter, and not left to the haphazard knowledge or ability of even a zealous set of men who have much else to do in other directions. The nation should awake to its responsibilities and take over the care of all these ancient monuments and remains, when perhaps signposts and fences will indicate where many of them are to be found. Local antiquarian societies do what they can, but their funds naturally are very limited and quite inadequate to cope with the pressing and urgent necessities of the case.

"Yours, etc.,

"J. HARRIS STONE.

"Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall."

APPENDIX II

THE ELDER TREE AND ITS STORY

(Page 51)

THE elder tree, which nowadays is usually considered rather a nuisance in gardens because of its rank and rapid growth, was formerly held in high repute, amounting in many instances to veneration. In certain places where it was not held in honour it was oftentimes feared. So that in one way or another, honourably and dishonourably, the tree has attracted much attention. It is about the last tree one would have suspected to be associated with a halo of romance.

An enormous amount of mysticism and folk-lore centres around it, and that too from very early historic times. From making the popgun of our childhood far back in time to the adoration of multitudes, the elder has a history of quite as much interest as any tree in the world. No tree is connected to such an extent with the follies and foolish imaginings, the absurd fancies and the old-wives' tales of mankind. And curiously enough, the association of the tree with the feelings, ailments, and desires of the human race is not peculiar to England. The tales and occult powers of *Sambucus nigra* are common among several other nations.

The tree is geographically widespread. It is the bourtree of Scotland, and is found generally all over Europe, the north of Africa, Western Asia, the Caucasus, and Southern Siberia. The young trees furnish a brittle wood which contains a large quantity of pith, and the wood of the trees when older is white, hard, and close-grained, which polishes well, and is used commercially for shoemakers' pegs, combs, skewers for butchers, mathematical instruments, and turned articles. From the ease with which the pith can be removed from the young elder branches, in former times the wood was much used for making pipes and even musical instruments.¹ In England there are two species of the plant—*Sambucus nigra*, the common elder, and *S. Ebulus*, the genus belonging to the Caprifoliaceæ.

It has come in for an immense amount of adoration, for the cross of our Lord is said to have been made from its wood. One result of the belief is that in some parts of England the poor people look carefully into the faggots before burning them, for

¹ The primitive musical instrument, the *Sambucus*, may have given its name to the tree, or vice versâ, it is uncertain which.

fear there should be any elder wood in them. And yet I think any wood more unsuitable than elder wood to make a cross for crucifixion would be hard to find. It is now quite impossible to say what circumstances led to the tree being thus distinguished.

On the other hand, the tree has a terribly bad reputation, derived from the alleged fact that Judas hanged himself on an elder tree. This superstition is at least as old as the fourteenth century. Sir John Mandeville,¹ in his description of Jerusalem (1322), after speaking of the Pool of "Siloe" (*Natatorie Siloe*), adds: "And fast by is yet the Tree of Elder that Judas hanged himself upon for despair that he had when he sold and betrayed our Lord."²

In commenting upon this remark of Sir John Mandeville, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (Vol. CXIV, 1863, p. 233) says: "It is probable that the piece of English folk-lore had its roots in the old heathenism of the North, and is not unconnected with a curious superstition about the elder still general in Denmark. On the border of the wood, with its white clusters glimmering through the dusk, the elder has an especially ghost-like and mysterious appearance; and it is held in Denmark that the tree is protected by a powerful being called the Elder-mother, without whose leave it is not safe to gather the flowers." Ben Jonson, Shakspeare,³ and other writers record the common mediæval tradition that Judas ended his life on the tree, showing how universal was the story. Shakspeare, in *Cymbeline* (Act IV, sc. 2), mentions "the stinking elder" as a symbol of grief:—

"*Arviragus.* Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine."

As is well known, the elder is devoid of heart-wood, but is full of pith, so perhaps the legend of Judas's association with the tree arose from the fact that the elder may be called the heartless wood. It was a heartless deed to betray so good a Master.

Piers Plowman in the *Vision* has :—

“Judas he japed
With Jewish siller
And sithen on an elder tree
Hanged himsel.”

¹ There are strong grounds for belief that his name is fictitious, and that "Mandeville" is to be identified with Jean de Bourgogne, who died at Liège in 1372, and who is credited by D'Oultremeuse with assuming the *alias* of Mandeville. It is probable that the writer of the Travels took most of the details from books existent at the period (see *Dict. of National Biog.*, Mandeville, Sir John).

² Page 175, Bohn's ed. Halliwell's ed., 1839, p. 93, with a quaint wood-cut of Judas hanging from a conventional tree, most unlike an elder. *N. and Q.*, 1, S. VII, p. 334.

³ *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act V, sc. 2: "Judas was hanged on an elder."

Gerard says: "The gelly of the elder, otherwise called Jew's ear, taketh away inflammations of the mouth and throat if they be washed therewith and doth in like manner help the uvula." He refers here to a fungus (*Hirneola Auricula Judæ*) often found growing on an elder trunk, the shape of which resembles the human ear.

Alluding to this fungus and to the supposed fact that the berries of elder are poisonous to peacocks, an old rhyme runs thus :—

"For the coughe take Judas' eare,
With the paring of a peare,
And drynke them without feare
If you will have remedy."

"Three syppes for the hycocke,
And six more for the chycocke,
Thus will my pretty pycocke
Recover bye and bye."

But the superstitious regard in which the elder tree was commonly held dates back in this country to as early as the tenth century at least, if not to a period considerably antecedent. In the Canons made in King Edgar's reign, A.D. 960, No. 16 (ed. Rev. J. Johnson, 1720), every priest is enjoined to forbid, amongst other things, the worship of fountains, and necromancy, and auguries, etc., "which carry men into various impostures, and to groves and *Ellens*, and also many trees of divers sorts and stones." The elder tree still passes by the name *Ellen* in some of the north-west counties.

Between two and three hundred years ago books were devoted to the properties of the elder. A remarkable one, unusually non-sensical, mystical—even whimsical—published in 1677 under the title *Anatomia Sambuci*, deals entirely with the occult, mystic, spirits, waters, "wives," "oyles," syrups, "rhobs," infusions, and conserves of elder leaves, elder bark, and elder berries that are described and recommended. These appear to be as numerous as the diseases they are intended to cure, and of the last the catalogue is so copious that very few bodily or even mental afflictions can have escaped.¹

In a book called *Anatomie of the Elder* (published 1651) an elaborate description of an amulet made of sticks of elder against erysipelas is given. You have to pluck a twig of elder in the month of October a little before the full moon, and cut the cane into nine pieces, and so on, and hang the pieces so that "they touch the spoon of the heart or the sword-formed cartilage."²

Apparently a peculiar physical property of the elder has led

¹ For a number of extracts from this book see *N. and Q.*, 6, S. II, p. 507.

² See *Credulities Past and Present*, by William Jones, 1880; *Herbal Simples*, by Dr. W. T. Fernie, 1897.

to another series of folk-lore customs and tales. The tree would seem for some reason or other to be immune to the action of lightning, and an example of this peculiarity is recorded where lightning struck a thorn bush in which an elder had grown up intermixed, but which escaped perfectly unscathed, though the thorn was completely destroyed.¹ So remarkable a property could not escape unobserved. Superstition has seized hold of the phenomenon. In the *Book of Days* (Vol. II, p. 322) is the account of a Suffolk child who said during a thunder-storm: "You will be quite safe under an *eldern* tree, because the Cross was made of that, and so the lightning never strikes it." In Germany after sunset on Good Friday wreaths of elder are hung up, as charms against lightning.

It naturally follows that an elder tree has to be treated with respect. According to German folk-lore, the hat should always be doffed in its presence. It must have been a strange sight, in the Middle Ages, seeing the stolid peasants deliberately thus acknowledging the presence of each elder tree they met in the hedgerows. But perhaps in those days the hat-doffing custom was so usual as not to attract attention.

It is, of course, unlucky to cut down an elder tree, and Danish peasantry tell of a man who cut down an elder tree, but he died suddenly soon after. Still, elder trees *have* to be cut down sometimes, and so, as is usually the case, a way out of the difficulty was found. If you wish to cut down an elder you must first ask its permission, and then, barring rebuke, you must spit three times and three times repeat the formula:—

"Lady Elda,
Give me some of thy wood,
Then I will give thee some of mine,
When it grows in the forest."²

Before I had unearthed this interesting superstition from the annals of the past I had cut down many an elder, which, by reason of its rapid growth and overpowering personality, had usurped more garden space than I could spare. Now I shall have to be more thoughtful, and always ask permission. It is well to be careful! Who knows?

The reference to spitting three times before cutting down an elder is curious, and the origin of that number of expectorations being required lies in the fact that the number three has always been looked upon by both Jews and Gentiles as a specially complete and mystic number. In the Bible three is given as an exact measure, while other numbers were used indefinitely,

¹ *N. and Q.*, 2, S. XII, p. 146.

² *N. and Q.*, 10, S. VIII, p. 213. *Friend's Flowers and Folk-lore* (1884), 2nd ed., p. 39.

merely to convey the notion of several. So there are three cities of refuge, three great feasts, three alternatives offered to David, and so on.¹

The Danes have a tradition that there is a female elf in the elder tree, which she leaves every midnight, and having strolled among the fields, returns to it before morning. This legend is preserved by George Borrow :—

“ Though tall the oak, and firm its stem,
 Though far abroad its boughs are spread,
 Though high the poplar lifts its head,
 I have no song for them.
 A theme more bright, more bright would be
 The winsome, winsome elder tree,
 Beneath whose shade I sit reclined :
 It holds a witch within its bark,
 A lovely witch who haunts the dark,
 And fills with love my mind.

“ When ghosts, at midnight, leave their graves,
 And roused is every phantom thing ;
 When mermaids rise and sweetly sing
 In concert with the waves ;
 When Palnatoka,² on his steed,
 Pursues the elves across the mead,
 Or gallops, gallops o'er the sea,
 The witch within the elder's bark,
 The lovely witch who haunts the dark,
 Comes out, comes out to me.

“ Of leaves the fairies make our bed ;
 The knight, who moulders 'neath the elm,³
 Starts up with spear and rusted helm,
 By him the grace is said ;
 And though her kiss is cold at times,
 And does not scent of earthly climes,
 Though glaring is her eye, yet still
 The witch within the elder's bark,
 The lovely witch who haunts the dark,
 I prize, and ever will.

“ Yet once I loved a mortal maid,
 And gazed, enraptured, on her charms ;
 Oft circled in each other's arms,
 Together, here we strayed ;
 But soon she found a fairer youth,
 And I a fairer maid, forsooth !
 And one more true, more true to me,
 The witch within the elder's bark,
 The lovely witch who haunts the dark
 Has been more true to me.”⁴

¹ See *The Evil Eye*, F. T. Elworthy (1895), p. 405. ² A spectre hunter.

³ It was frequently the practice of the ancient Norsemen, after having entombed their dead kings and heroes, to plant oaks or other trees over them, in order to prevent their remains being disturbed with facility.

⁴ *Romantic Ballads, translated from the Danish*, by George Borrow (London, 1826).

But I much doubt if Borrow ever curtailed his beauty-sleep—vagabond as he was—to see the fair lady. Imagination is better than realisation in many cases. It is a pity to destroy illusions.

The stem of the elder, cut in small pieces, threaded, and worn as a necklace, will prevent teething fits in children.¹ Mothers might note this with advantage at the present day, for the prescription is far less harmful than many of the soothing powders for teething children so largely advertised and presumably sold.

It is a Danish belief that he who stands under an elder bush at twelve o'clock on Midsummer Eve will see the King of Elves go by.² As there is no record of any benefit accruing to the beholder, the night vigil could only be for satisfying idle curiosity—always an undesirable thing to do.

In Denmark a twig of elder placed silently in the ground is a popular cure for toothache or ague; whilst no furniture, least of all a cradle, may be made of its wood, for the tree is protected by the Elder-mother, without whose consent not a leaf may be touched, and who would strangle the baby as it lay asleep.³

Cornish peasants still surreptitiously carry elder twigs in their pockets, and wind branches round the horns of their cattle in order to keep off the evil eye. In Lancashire sprigs of it are for the same reason hung up at bed-heads, and the churn-staff is generally made of its wood, so that no bad influence may prevent the extraction of butter from the milk. It used to grow in nearly every churchyard in Wales, being thus deliberately planted to keep off evil spirits, and crosses of it were regularly distributed on Christian festivals as sure preservatives against the powers of darkness.

Wearing a sprig of elder in the breeches pocket was said to prevent what is called “losing leather” in riding. So Coles, in his *Art of Simpling* (12mo, London, 1656, p. 68): “It hath been credibly reported to me from severall hands, that if a Man take an Elder stick, and cut it on both sides so that he preserve the joynt, and put in his pocket when he rides a Journey, he shall never gall.” This remarkable property of the elder is further alluded to in the *Athenian Oracle* (Vol. III, p. 545): “A Friend of mine being lately upon the road a horseback, was extreemly incommoded by loss of Leather; which coming to the knowledge of one of his fellow-travellers, he over-persuaded him to put two Elder sticks into his pocket, which not only eased

¹ Friend's *Flowers and Flower Lore* (1884), 2nd ed., p. 15.

² *Ibid.*, p. 32.

³ Farrer's *Primitive Manners and Customs*, p. 290.

him of his pain, but secured the remaining portion of posteriors, not yet excoriated, throughout the rest of his Journey."

One should never beat a growing youth with an elder stick, for there is a vulgar prejudice, or there used to be, that "if Boys be beaten with an elder stick, it hinders their growth" (Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, 1813, Vol. II, p. 588).

For renewing one's youth the following prescription used to be in vogue: "Make powder of the Flowers of Elder, gathered on Midsummer Day, being before well dried, and use a spoonfull thereof in a good draught of Borage Water, Morning and Evening, first and last, for the space of a Month: and it will make you seem young a great while" (Lupton, *Book of Notable Things*, 5th ed., 1660, p. 132).

John Evelyn, in his *Sylva* (1729), says of the elder: "If the medicinal properties of its leaves, bark, and berries were fully known, I cannot tell what our countrymen could ail, for which he might not fetch a remedy from every hedge, either for sickness or wounds."

Sir Thomas Browne said that in his day the elder had become a famous medicine for quinsies, sore throats, and strangulations.

"The recent rob of the elder spread thick upon a slice of bread and eaten before other dishes," says Dr. Blochwitz, 1760, "is our wives' domestic medicine which they use likewise in their infants and children whose bellies are stop't longer than ordinary; for this juice is most pleasant and familiar to children; or to loosen the belly drink a draught of the wine at your breakfast, or use conserve of the buds."

As a divining-rod elder must not be employed, at any rate it used to be supposed by diviners that that wood was incapable of indicating the presence of metal or water.

In Sussex it was customary to cut a notch on an elder for each wart that was to be cured. Lord Bacon refers to the custom of employing the elder for this purpose: "They say the like is done by rubbing of warts with a green elder stick and then burying the stick to rot in muck." But so many things cure warts that there is nothing remarkable in elder wood being added to the category.

In Sussex, Somerset, and Cornwall, at any rate, if not in other counties, the young damsels used to request their brothers to bring home bunches of elder flower, that they might make a lotion for washing off sunburn and freckles, and I believe even now elder-flower water has great vogue with the fair sex for toilet purposes.

The Romans made use of the black elder juice as a hair-dye.

The elder is supposed to protect persons who carry a piece

of it about with them from the charms of witches. It has been suggested that it was on this account that our forefathers planted it so freely by the side of their cottages.¹

In a curious, thick, square book of 816 pages, printed in 1823, entitled *Five Thousand Receipts in all the Useful and Domestic Arts*, are three elaborate receipts for making elderberry wine, and also (p. 229) the way to make "an imitation of Cyprus wine from elder berries." The particulars conclude: "This wine is so much like the fine, rich wine brought from the island of Cyprus, in colour, taste, and flavour, that it has deceived the best judges." Then follows a long receipt of how to make "imitation of port wine" from a mixture of elder berries, "good cider," brandy, cochineal! From the same volume (p. 229) I gather that elder flowers can be used to make "English Frontiniae": "Stop it close, and bottle in six months. When well kept this wine will pass very well for Frontiniae." Cyprus and Frontiniae are nowadays as unknown as Old Falernian.

In earlier times elder wood was buried with dead bodies, we are told, and the driver of the funeral hearse has in later years had his whip made of a stick cut from that tree. In Tyrol an elder bush is often trimmed up in the shape of a cross and planted on the newly closed grave. If it should come into blossom after that it is a satisfactory augury of the happy condition of the departed.²

In Bohemia three spoonfuls of the water which has been used to bathe an invalid are poured under an elder tree to benefit the patient; and a Danish cure for toothache consists in placing an elder twig in the mouth, and then sticking it in a wall saying, "Depart, thou evil spirit."³

The durability of the wood of the elder is expressed in the Wiltshire proverb:—

"An eldern stake and a blackthorn ether [hedge]
Will make a hedge to last for ever."

Another old proverb says:—

"When the elder is white, brew and bake a peck,
When the elder is black, brew and bake a sack";

which I take to mean that in the spring, when the odorous cymes of white flowers come into bloom, the weather is so open that lengthy thought for the morrow is not so necessary as when those flowers are followed by the small masses of round black berries.

¹ Friend's *Flowers and Flower Lore* (1884), 2nd ed., p. 543.

² *Ibid.*, p. 586.

³ T. F. Thiselton Dyer's *Folk-lore of Plants* (1889), p. 288.

The old Cornish name for the elder is *scauan*, which crops up in many place-names in Cornwall and is also apparent in such family names as Scawen and Boscawen. The name even now survives in Cornwall as *skew*-tree.

Dr. Prior once suggested that *elder*, *eller*, are connected with an early English word meaning "Kindler," a name which he says "we may suppose that it acquired from its hollow branches being used like the bamboo in the tropics, to blow up a fire."

Though then we may have no especial regard for the elder tree, we cannot help being interested in the curious mixed mass of superstition which surrounds it. With our modern scientific education clamouring at the door of reason we are too apt to jump to conclusions, too apt to ignore the faiths and beliefs of the past, and what they meant to those who lived with them.

Superstition being an excess, is ever better than a void—something is better than nothing ; it cannot co-exist with a disrespectful, disregarding state of mind. It is too a hope when there is nothing better :—

" Et des esprits impures l'âlégresse est extrême,
Quand un espoir s'abjure et se dit anathème."

APPENDIX III

THE NORTH WALL OF CHURCHES AND THE NORTH SIDE OF CHURCHYARDS

IT has occasionally, though very rarely, happened, as at St. Just (page 163), that when rebuilding old, dilapidated churches, skeletons, and sometimes coffins, have been discovered embedded in the north wall of the edifice. I have never heard of a body being found *in* the south or any other wall but the north. There may, of course, be burials *in* the south wall, and if so the explanations of them would be totally different from those of burials in the north wall.

To bury a body *in* the wall of a church is so unusual that such an interment naturally provokes comment and excites attention. It is not the accustomed place to bury in, and further, such interments must always tend to weaken the wall of the fabric. Even burials close up to the church wall have always been deprecated, whether inside or outside of the church, for that reason. When therefore we find a body placed *in* the wall we are led to ask the reason for so strange a departure from custom and long-established usage. We may consequently be sure, when a body or skeleton is found in a church wall, that not for nothing was it there deposited. Some potent reason or reasons for departing from long-established custom must be forthcoming to explain the abnormal circumstance, if we can only light upon them. We must further remember that burial customs are among the most persistent to be handed down unimpaired and unaltered, so that burial in a church wall—so startlingly out of the common—at once provokes our thinking faculties and makes us search for the explanation of so untoward an occurrence.

Such strange interments in the north wall of churches are sometimes said by tradition to be those of priests, usually of the rector or vicar of the parish, who were bad livers, or judged to be bad livers by their contemporaries. But we should charitably remember that a person held to be a bad liver in one age might very well be considered a good liver in another. The

alchemists of the Middle Ages were often held to have relations with the devil. Nowadays the student who devotes himself to chemical or other scientific research is looked up to as a man unselfishly working for the ultimate benefit of the race. Many a man of the *present* day who has made marvellous discoveries in science would, in the Middle Ages, have been called a wizard, and capitally treated as such.

At Brent, or Burnt, Pelham,¹ Herts, there is a curious example of this north-wall burial. In the parish church of that place is a monument in the north wall of the nave. It is supposed to commemorate one Piers Shonks, lord of a manor in the parish, who lived in the time of William the Conqueror. He was, according to tradition, a noted snake-killer, and having killed a dragon which was under the immediate protection of Satan, he so exasperated the spiritual serpent that he declared he would have the body of Shonks whether he were buried within or without the church. The wily Shonks, to avoid such a dire calamity overtaking his corporeal remains, ordered his body to be placed *in the wall* of the church. His attendants, and this is the noticeable fact, placed the corpse in the *north* wall. On the wall at the back of the tomb (which is of Petworth marble and is carved in an emblematic representation of the Resurrection, with a grotesque figure at the foot of the slab signifying the triumph of Christianity over sin) is the following inscription :

“Tantum fama manet, Cadmi Sanctique Georgi
Posthuma, Tempus edax ossa, sepulchra vorat ;
Hoc tamen in muro tutus, qui perdidit anguem,
Invito, positus Demonæ, Shonkus erat.
O PIERS SHONKS
WHO DIED ANNO 1086”

“Nothing of Cadmus nor St. George, those names
Of great renown, survives them but their fames :
Time was so sharp set as to make no bones
Of theirs, nor of their monumental stones.
But Shonks one serpent kills, t’other defies,
And in this wall as in a fortress lies.”

In the north wall of the church of Tremeirchion, near the banks of the Elwy, North Wales, another interment took place under traditional circumstances somewhat resembling those at Brent Pelham. It is said that a necromancer priest, Daffydd Dhu (or the black of Hiradduc), died, vicar of the parish, about 1340. He had made a compact with the devil that if Satan

¹ Also known as Pelham Sarners. In *Domesday* it is spelt Peleham. According to Norden, the name is derived “from the *Pells* and water-springs which rise there.”—Chauncy’s *Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire*, MDCC, p. 139.

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permitted him to successfully practise the Black Arts with impunity during his lifetime he should possess his body, after his decease, whether he were buried inside a church or outside of a church. Here again with casuistic ingenuity the knowing ecclesiastic got the better of the Unholy One by ordering his body to be buried neither inside nor outside of the church, but *in the wall*, and his servants naturally chose the *north wall* wherein to place the mortal remains of their late master.

In both of these cases it will be observed there was a sinister, or at least a doubtful reputation, associated in their lifetimes with those whose bodies found resting-places in the north wall of the sacred edifice.

In the north wall of Rouen Cathedral is the tomb of an early archbishop, who, having accidentally killed a man by hitting him with a soup-ladle because the soup given to the poor by the servant was of an inferior quality, thought himself unworthy of a resting-place within the church, and disliking to be buried without, was interred *in the wall*. It was doubtless wrong of the cook to swindle the poor, but it was a greater wrong of the high dignitary of the Church to let anger get the better of calm judgment, a sin which led to homicide.

At Clavering, in Essex, right *in the north wall* of the church, close up to the chancel, is the recumbent figure of a knight in chain armour, evidently a Crusader. This is by tradition said to be the tomb of the founder of the church, but with what authority I know not. The vicar of the parish, Rev. S. M. Morton, informs me that he has been unable to discover any records verifying the tradition. Still, it is singular, at any rate, that the tomb of evidently a notable personage should be allocated to the north wall, and it would, judging from analogy, seem to point to the knight sculptured on the tomb having had a sinister reputation. The present building, at least the nave of Clavering Church, dates from about 1450; and Mr. Morton informs me that he has reason to think the building was erected with flints used in the construction of the old baronial castle adjoining the churchyard.

In the spring of 1872 a skeleton was found in the north wall of Purton (or Periton) Church, in Wiltshire. It was in an upright position in a cavity just large enough to contain it, and with it were found some chicken bones, some images, and an old sword. At the time the skeleton was reported to be that of a female by the local doctor, and popular opinion at once jumped to the conclusion—on what evidence I have been unable to ascertain, though I have prosecuted many inquiries—that the skeleton was that of a nun who, having broken her vows, was walled up alive.

In fact, a local poet burst out into poetry on the subject to that effect :

“Take thy candle ! Hold thy cross !
Thou must die for mortal sin ;
Better bear the body's loss
Than the loss of soul within.

“Lady Abbess, lead the way ;
Sister, check the rising tear :
Do not pity—rather pray—
She is lost to all but fear.”

But the singular thing about this discovery is that there seems to have been handed down a tradition that the north wall of Purton Church contained something uncanny. Mrs. Henry Spottiswoode writes me : “My grandfather Canon Prower, vicar of Purton from 1827 to 1869, once told his curate never again to approach the subject of using the church vestry excepting as a place for keeping coals in, because a dark deed was once done there.” His father before him had been vicar from 1771 to 1827, and it must therefore have been from him he learnt of something unpleasant being associated with that part of the church. The skeleton was found, as I have stated, in the north wall, and in the part which divides the chancel from the vestry. The sword was, I am informed by a person who saw it, a short one of Spanish make, a busket rapier of Toledo, of date about the fifteenth century.

Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion* will at once occur to the reader in connection with this comparatively recent discovery at Purton. In a footnote in that poem to

“And now that blind old Abbot rose,
To speak the chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,
Alive within the tomb,”

Sir Walter Scott writes : “It is well known that the religious who broke their vows of chastity were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent ; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it, and the awful words *Vade in pace* were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to ; but among the ruins of the abbey of Coldingham were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.” *Marmion* was written, or rather finished, by Sir Walter Scott in 1831 ; but he probably never had had his attention

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directed to the fact that such awful interments as that sad one he describes would have been in the north wall of the chapel, or I think such a noted archæologist would have been sure to have mentioned it.

The north sides of the church and churchyard have always been tacitly regarded as less holy and desirable than the other sides, even if they possessed not active sinister reputations.

In the West of England an opinion used to be very prevalent that the north side of a churchyard was left unconsecrated, in order that the youth of the village might use it as a playground. It was also popularly supposed that the north side was not consecrated, in order that there excommunicated persons might be buried.

Whether a portion of ancient churchyards was sometimes left unconsecrated is, I think, doubtful, but it is only fair to mention that in Burn's *History of Parish Registers* (p. 96, footnote) it is stated: "A part of the churchyard was sometimes left unconsecrated for the purpose of burying excommunicated persons."

From the registers of Pentrobin it would certainly appear that there, at any rate, excommunicated persons were buried on the north side of the church, for *backside* evidently means that side.

"1750, Oct. 23. One May Davies, of Pentrobin, single woman, though excommunicated with the *Greater Excommunication*, was on this day, within night, on account of some particular circumstances alleged by neighbours of credit in her favour (as to her resolving to come and reconcile herself and do penance if she recovered), indulged by being interred on the backside the church, but no service or tolling allowed."

But I know of no reliable evidence for believing that this was a general practice, inasmuch as all consecrated ground was required to be fenced off from that which was not. Still, there is no doubt, as we have seen, the north side has always been considered—to put it mildly—inferior to the south.

From very early times the east was held in high estimation as the especial throne of God; the west was the domain of the people; the south, the land of the midday, was sacred to things heavenly and divine; the north was the devoted region of Satan and his hosts, the lair of demons and their haunts.

In many of our old rural churches you will find a door (often a small and insignificant one) in the north wall, over against the font, which was religiously kept shut except at the time of baptism, when it was thrown wide open in order that the natural inherent badness, or devil, driven out of the child by the holy rite, might escape through the opposite or north door (see *ante*,

pp. 261 and 373). Such a Devil's Door, dating from the Saxon period, is to be seen at Worth Church, in Sussex, and another is in the beautiful thirteenth-century church at Skelton, four miles from York. A similar Devil's Door, but now built up, also existed at Lamplugh, Cumberland.

The Home Secretary of the day in 1889 once declared in the House of Commons that he had never heard of the prejudice which exists so strongly in country districts against being buried on the north side of the church. A writer of that day, commenting upon the strange ignorance of this official, gave as an instance the fact that in Epworth churchyard there is a tombstone in this position, bearing date 1807, which might be cited in evidence. It has a long poetical inscription, of which the concluding couplet runs thus :

"That I might longer undisturb'd abide,
I choos'd to be laid on this northern side."

It is credibly reported that an old sexton in Yorkshire requested that he might be buried on the north side, because in any other part of the churchyard the Lord would have enough to do sorting bones at the last day without his being added to the number.

The north side of the altar is that where the Gospel is read, for the north is the dark part of the earth and the Gospel is the light of the world which shineth in darkness—"illuminare his qui in tenebris et in umbrâ mortis sedent." And then again there is a very prevalent tradition that Christ, when He died on the cross, turned His head to the south and so ever since the south side of a church has the pre-eminence.

In Coverdale on *Praying for the Dead* the same old antipathy to the north is evident : "As men die, so shall they arise ; if in faith in the Lord towards the south, they need no prayers ; they are presently happy, and shall arise in glory ; if in unbelief without the Lord towards the north, then are they past all hope."

Bishop Wilkins, in his *Discourse concerning a New Planet*, etc., 1640 (pp. 64-6), says that it was the opinion of the Jewish rabbis that man was created with his face to the east ; "therefore the Hebrew word signifies *ante*, or the east ; *post*, or the west ; *dextra*, or the south ; *sinistra*, or the north. . . . From hence it is that many of the ancients have concluded hell to be in the north, which is signified by the left hand ; unto which side, our Saviour tells us, that the goats shall be divided. . . . Upon these grounds, St. Jerome interprets that speech of the Preacher, Eccles. xi. 3, 'If the tree fall toward the south or toward

the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be,' concerning those who shall go either to heaven or hell . . . the Mahometans adore towards the south, the Jews towards the west, Christians towards the east, but none to the *north*."

In Job, Isaiah, and Jeremiah the north is clearly held to be the abode of the Prince of Darkness, the quarter whence evil influences come.¹

It is therefore not surprising to find that Milton imbibed the popular notion of his time in accordance with the Bible account that the north was the devoted region of Satan and his hosts, for he says:—

"At last,
Far in the horizon to the north appeared
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields
Various, with boastful argument pourtrayed,
The banded Powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they weened
That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the Envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer."²

In Somerset, where perhaps more old superstitions linger than in any other county, the north is so ingrained in the country people's minds as synonymous with evil that it is by no means uncommon to hear, "Nif you do meet wi' anybody wi' a north eye, spat dree times." It is worth noting that the complete and efficient number of exorcisations to avert the evil, or north, eye is three (see *ante*, p. 459).

In Thompson's *History of Swine*, published in 1824, is the following mention of the north side of the churchyard being appropriated to felons:

"The writer hereof remembers, that between fifty and sixty years ago, a man who was executed at Lincoln, was brought to Swine, and buried on the north side of the church, as the proper place in which to bury a felon."

The body of Robert Fitzgerald, Esq., who was tried, condemned, and executed for the murder of Patrick Randal M'Donnel, Esq., in Ireland in the year 1786, was immediately after execution waked in a stable adjoining Turlagh House, and next day carried to the churchyard of Turlagh, "where he was buried on what

¹ Job xxvi. 6, 7; Isa. xiv. 12, 13, 31 ("There shall come from the north a smoke"); Jer. iv. 6 ("I will bring evil from the north"); vi. 22; x. 22; li. 48 ("The spoiler shall come unto her from the north").

² *Paradise Lost*, VI, lines 78-90.

is generally termed the wrong side of the church, in his cloaths, without a coffin."

On the north side of Glasgow Cathedral is shown the hangman's burial-place.

These unpleasant associations may, in part, at any rate, account for the fact that the poor, seemingly all over England, have always had an objection to be buried on the north side of the churchyard in most rural parishes. The Rev. Alfred Gatty, in *Notes and Queries* (1st series, Vol. II, p. 126), says: "During a long series of years an average of 150 corpses has been annually deposited in Ecclesfield churchyard, which has rendered it an extremely crowded cemetery. But notwithstanding these frequent interments, my late sexton told me that he remembered when there was scarcely one grave to the north of the church, it being popularly considered that only suicides, unbaptised persons, and still-born children ought to be buried there. However, when a vicar died, unlike his predecessors, who had generally been buried in the chancel, he was laid in a tomb on the north side of the churchyard adjoining the vicarage. From this time forward the situation lost all its evil reputation amongst the richer inhabitants of the parish, who have almost entirely occupied it with family vaults."

I knew the rector (Rev. Pelham Rhodes Ogle) of a parish at Derby (Mackworth) who *expressly desired* to be buried on the north side of the churchyard, in order that the prejudice against that side might be broken down. His predecessors in office for many years past had all been buried on the south-west, but the rector in question was, in accordance with his wish, interred at the north-west extremity of the churchyard. The event is too recent to determine whether the position of his tomb has in any way removed the prejudice, as he desired it should do.¹

The north side of churchyards is therefore, as we have seen, always the last side to be occupied by the dead. When the other sides are full, and only then, is the north side resorted to, and because there is nowhere else in the parish churchyard for them to be placed.

Pennant, speaking of Whiteford Church (*History of Hollywell and Whiteford*, p. 102), says: "I step into the churchyard and sigh over the number of departed which fill the inevitable retreat. In no distant time the north side, like those of all other Welsh churches, was, through some superstition, to be occupied only by persons executed or suicides. It is now nearly as much crowded as the other parts."

¹ Page 154 *ante*.

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Instance after instance of the prevalence of this superstition may be advanced.

In the *Cambrian Register* (8vo, 1796, p. 374) is the following passage on this subject respecting churchyards in Wales: "In Country Church Yards the relations of the deceased crowd them into that part which is South of the Church; the North side, in their opinion, being unhallowed ground, fit only to be the dormitory of still-born infants and suicides. For an example to his neighbours, and as well to escape the barbarities of the Sextons, the Writer of the above account ordered himself to be buried on the North side of the Church Yard. But as he was accounted an Infidel when alive, his neighbours could not think it creditable to associate with him when dead. His dust, therefore, is likely to pass a solitary retirement, and for ages to remain undisturbed by the hands of men."

Endeavours have apparently repeatedly been made by well-educated and enlightened individuals—like the case of my old college friend, the late Rev. P. R. Ogle—to combat and eradicate the superstition and absurd objection to north-side burial in churchyards.

Mr. Benjamin Rhodes, steward to Thomas, Earl of Elgin, requested to be buried in the open churchyard, "on the North side (to crosse the received superstition, as he thought, of the constant choice of the South side) near the New Chappel" (*The Wise and Faithful Steward*, etc., by P. Samwales, 8vo, London, 1657, p. 27).

Sir John Cullum, in the *History and Antiquities of Hawsted in the County of Suffolk* (London, 1784. Bibl. Top. Brit., No. XXIII), p. 38, says: "There is a great partiality here to burying on the South and East sides of the Church Yard. About twenty years ago, when I first became Rector, and observed how those sides (particularly the South) were crowded with graves, I prevailed upon a few persons to bury their friends on the North, which was entirely vacant; but the example was not followed as I hoped it would; and they continue to bury on the South, where a corpse is rarely interred without disturbing the bones of its Ancestors." This author goes on to observe that in his opinion this partiality may have arisen from the ancient custom of praying for the dead, for as the usual approach to most country churches is by the south door, it was natural for burials to be on that side, that those who were going in to divine service might, on their way, inspired by the sight of the graves of their friends, offer up a prayer for the welfare of their souls.

In small churches where it happens that the only door, or the only available door, usually open for the congregation to

enter by, is on the north side of the church (as at St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe, Kent), the popular prejudice against burying on that side of the churchyard seems to have been overcome and counter-balanced by the desire to see the graves of the dear departed ones near to the accustomed path to church, near to that path which they had so often trod in life; in other words, this resisting of the usual prejudice is due to the ingrained dislike to lie alone in death.

But the prejudice against north burials, which up till quite recently in this country was almost universal, and even now largely exists, is most probably of extreme antiquity, and its origin may have to be looked for in prehistoric times. In opening barrows it is found that the secondary interments are most frequent on the south and east, rare on the west, and very rare on the north side.¹

But apart from the somewhat negative superstitions directed against burying on the north, there are certain *positive* reasons for burying on the south side.

In the first place the churchyard cross was always placed there, as we have seen in so many instances in the foregoing pages, and then again the south is the sunny side. The cross, the emblem of all Christians' hopes, the bright sun shining on the holy ground, figurative of the sun of righteousness, could not fail to bring to mind the comforting assurance that they who slept around would one day rise again. And then again, as the greater part of the congregation entered by the south door, they could catch sight of the resting-places of their relatives and friends, and even if they did not pray for their souls, could keep their personality in remembrance.

And, further, in this damp climate of ours, another reason may be advanced of a practical character for burials on the south side of a church, namely, that engraved tombstones are likely to last longer on the sunny side, sheltered from the north by the tall fabric of the church, and keep longer free from moss and disintegrating fungi.

¹ "Secondary burials occur in all parts of a barrow, and the several levels at which they have been met with seems to show that a mound has sometimes been increased in size on two or more occasions. They have been made on all the sides of a barrow, but much more frequently on the south and east than on the north and west; indeed, they are but rarely found on the last-mentioned sides. It is probable that the desire to face the sun guided them in this as it has other peoples" (*British Barrows*, William Greenwell, 1877, p. 12).

APPENDIX IV

“DEVIL’S SAFFRON” (DODDER, *Cuscuta*), p. 325.

I FOUND that in the Land’s End district of Cornwall the dodder was locally known as the Devil’s Saffron. I asked many of the local country people why this plant had received so curious a name, and none could tell. They all said such had been its name from time immemorial in that district. I have since made many inquiries (e.g. *Notes and Queries*, August 25, 1909) and no explanation has been forthcoming.

The plant is known in several parts of England as Devil’s Guts,¹ which is a generic vulgar name for the roots of the wild convolvulus as well. The wild convolvulus has been taken as an appropriate emblem of obstinacy. “It represents,” says an old writer, “an obstinate person who persists in his opinion and prefers being torn into a thousand pieces rather than yield benevolently to what is required of him.” And so the dodder has earned its name of Devil’s Guts on account of the mischief it causes, and from the resemblance of the stem, which winds around other plants and strangles them, to catgut.

The dodder is also known as Hell-Weed and Strangle-Tare. Though thus associated with the Evil One, the dodder is in other parts of the country dedicated to Mary and popularly known as Lady’s Laces. A variant of this title is also Bride’s Laces.

Cuscuta is also known by the name of Dother,² Fordboh,³ Strangle-Weed,⁴ whilst Laced Thyme is the appellation of the fragrant herb when found with the dodder growing upon it—so called by Turner.

I can only suggest that the “Saffron” portion of the local Cornish title of the dodder—at any rate in the Land’s End district—is in some way or other connected with the very early

¹ Friend’s *Flowers and Flower Lore*, 1884, pp. 50, 51.

² *Gard. Chron.*, 1864, p. 737.

³ “The herb dodder.” The Latin is *epitime* in MS Harl. 978. See also Britten’s *Dict. of English Plant-Names*, 1886, p. 191.

⁴ *Gard. Chron.*, Jan. 29th, 1870. See also Britten’s *Dict. of English Plant-Names*, 1886, p. 456.

history of the county, and comes down from those times when there was much intercommunication between the Land's End and the East (see page 228).

So unusual a conjunction of words as Devil's Saffron, to denote a wild plant, obviously did not accidentally arise.

Mr. E. M. Holmes, F.L.S., curator of the Museum of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, considers that the name Devil's Saffron is probably due to the resemblance of dodder in colour and thread-like habit to the reddish filaments of the trifid style of the saffron crocus, the Cornish having evidently been familiar with the appearance of saffron from the earliest times for use in colouring cakes, for which purpose it is still used throughout the county.

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